Julius Bien & Co Lith. N.Y.

Imperial Edition

A LIBRARY OF THE

WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

ANCIENT AND MODERN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

EDITOR

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE
GEORGE HENRY WARNER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XXXIII.

NEW YORK
THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY
MDCCCXCVII

Imperial Edition

LIMITED TO ONE THOUSAND COPIES

No. 212

Copyright, 1896, by
R. S. Peale and J. A. Hill
All rights reserved

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

CRAWFORD H. TOY, A. M., LL. D.,
Professor of Hebrew, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, LL. D., L. H. D.,
Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of
YALE UNIVERSITY, New Haven, Conn.

WILLIAM M. SLOANE, PH. D., L. H. D.,
Professor of History and Political Science,
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, Princeton, N. J.

BRANDER MATTHEWS, A. M., LL. B.,
Professor of Literature, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York City.

JAMES B. ANGELL, LL. D.,
President of the UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WILLARD FISKE, A. M., PH. D.,
Late Professor of the Germanic and Scandinavian Languages
and Literatures, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, Ithaca, N. Y.

EDWARD S. HOLDEN, A. M., LL. D.,
Director of the Lick Observatory, and Astronomer,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, Berkeley, Cal.

ALCÉE FORTIER, LIT. D.,
Professor of the Romance Languages,
TULANE UNIVERSITY, New Orleans, La.

WILLIAM P. TRENT, M. A.,
Dean of the Department of Arts and Sciences, and Professor of
English and History,
UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, Sewanee, Tenn.

PAUL SHOREY, PH. D.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Literature,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL. D.,
United States Commissioner of Education,
BUREAU OF EDUCATION, Washington, D. C.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, A. M., LL. D.,
Professor of Literature in the
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington, D. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME XXXIII

	LIVED	PAGE
JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER	1759–1805	12877

BY E. P. EVANS

To Laura (Rapture)
The Knight Toggenburg
The Sharing of the Earth
The Best State
German Art
The Maiden's Lament
The Maiden from Afar
Punch Song
Worth of Women
Riddles—
(1) The Rainbow
(2) The Moon and Stars
The Power of Song
Hymn to Joy
The Gods of Greece
The Artists
Extracts from 'The Song of the Bell'
The Epic Hexameter
The Distich
My Creed
Kant and his Interpreters
From 'Wallenstein's Death'
The Iconoclasts ('History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1556)
The Last Interview of Orange with Egmont (same: date 1567)
On the Æsthetic Education of Man (Extract from Letter No. 9)

FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL	1772–1829	12913

Of Romance: Spenser and Shakespeare ('Lectures on the History of Literature')

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER	1788–1860	12923

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

From 'The World as Will and Idea'
On Books and Reading
On Criticism
On Authorship
The Value of Personality

	LIVED	PAGE
OLIVE SCHREINER	1867–	12957
Shadows from Child Life ('Story of an African Farm'): The Watch; The Sacrifice; The Confession		
Three Dreams in a Desert ('Dreams')		
CARL SCHURZ	1829–	12974
BY JAMES FORD RHODES		
Clay the Citizen ('Life of Henry Clay')		
Clay the Statesman (same)		
Two Popular Leaders (same)		
The First American ('Abraham Lincoln: an Essay')		
SIR WALTER SCOTT	1771–1832	12995
BY ANDREW LANG		
Cheapening Fish: and the Village Post-Office ('Antiquary')		
The Covenanter ('Old Mortality')		
The Meeting of Jeanie and Effie Deans ('The Heart of Mid-Lothian')		
A Royal Rival ('Kenilworth')		
The Tournament ('Ivanhoe')		
The Hermit—Friar Tuck (same)		
Richard and Saladin ('The Talisman')		
The Last Minstrel (Prelude to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel')		
Lochinvar ('Marmion')		
Ellen Douglas's Bower ('Lady of the Lake')		
The Disclosure (same)		
Song: Jock o' Hazeldean		
Highland Song: Pibroch of Donuil Dhu		
The Ballad of the Red Harlaw ('Antiquary')		
Song: Brignall Banks ('Rokeby')		
Bonny Dundee		
Flora MacIvor's Song		
AUGUSTIN EUGÈNE SCRIBE	1791–1861	13083
Merlin's Pet Fairy		
The Price of Life		
JOHN SELDEN	1584–1654	13099
From the 'Table-Talk': The Scriptures; The Bishops; Books; Ceremony; Clergy; The House of Commons; Competency; Conscience; Consecrated Places; Councils;		

	LIVED	PAGE
JOHN SELDEN — *Continued:*		
From the 'Table-Talk' — *Continued:*		
Devils; Friends; Humility; Jews; The King; The Court of England; Language; Libels; Marriage; Measure of Things; Number; Oaths; Opinion; Peace; Pleasure; Prayer; Preaching; Preferment; Reason; Religion; Thanksgiving; Wife; Wisdom		
ETIENNE PIVERT DE SENANCOUR	1770–1846	13111
Alpine Scenery ('Obermann')		
Conditions of Happiness (same)		
Obermann's Isolation (same)		
SENECA	ABOUT 4 B. C.–65 A. D.	13119
Time Wasted		
Independence in Action		
Praises of the Rival School in Philosophy		
Inconsistency		
On Leisure (Otium)		
Accommodation to Circumstances		
MATILDE SERAO	1856–	13133
From 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'		
The Boarding-School ('Fantasy')		
The Schoolgirls' Vow (same)		
MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ	1627–1696	13153
Letters:		
To her Cousin, M. de Coulanges, Dec. 15th, 1670; Dec. 19th, 1670		
To her Daughter, Madame de Grignan, March 24th, 1671; April 24th, 1671; April 26th, 1671; Sept. 30th, 1671; March 16th, 1672; Dec. 20th, 1672; Oct. 5th, 1673; Dec. 8th, 1673; Dec. 25th, 1673; Jan. 5th, 1674		
SHAKESPEARE (THE POET)	1564–1616	13167
BY EDWARD DOWDEN		
SHAKESPEARE (THE MAN AND THE ACTOR)		
BY JOHN MALONE		
Ariel ('The Tempest')		
Ariel's Songs (same)		

SHAKESPEARE — *Continued:*

Marriage Song ('The Tempest')
Sylvia (Two Gentlemen of Verona)
Falstaff Tormented by the Supposed Fairies ('Merry Wives of Windsor')
Song: Take, Oh! Take ('Measure for Measure')
Balthazar's Song ('Much Ado about Nothing')
Lady Hero's Epitaph (same)
White and Red ('Love's Labour's Lost')
Love's Rhapsody (same)
Song: Spring and Winter (same)
Puck: ('Midsummer Night's Dream')
The Diversions of the Fairies (same)
The Fairies' Wedding Charm (same)
Where is Fancy Bred ('Merchant of Venice')
Under the Greenwood Tree ('As You Like It')
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind (same)
Love in Springtime (same)
One in Ten ('All's Well that Ends Well')
Sweet and Twenty ('Twelfth Night')
Love's Lament (same)
The Rain it Raineth (same)
When Daffodils Begin to Peer ('Winter's Tale')
What Maids Lack (same)
Sweet Music ('King Henry VIII.')
Doubt Not ('Hamlet')
Dead and Gone (same)
Ophelia's Lament (same)
In the Church-Yard (same)
Iago's Soldier-Songs ('Othello')
Desdemona's Last Song (same)
Hark! Hark! the Lark ('Cymbeline')
Fear No More (same)
Time's Glory ('Rape of Lucrece')
Sonnets
Crabbed Age and Youth ('The Passionate Pilgrim')
Beauty (same)
Live with Me (same)
The Merry Month of May (same)
Dogberry Captain of the Watch ('Much Ado About Nothing')
Shylock and Antonio ('The Merchant of Venice')
Launcelot and Old Gobbo (same)
The Quality of Mercy (same)

SHAKESPEARE — *Continued:*

Lorenzo and Jessica ('The Merchant of Venice')
Rosalind, Orlando, Jaques ('As You Like It')
Richard II. in Prison ('King Richard II.')
Falstaff and Prince Hal (First Part of 'King Henry IV.')
Falstaff's Army (same)
Falstaff in Battle (same)
Henry's Wooing of Katharine ('King Henry V.')
Gloster and Anne: Gloster's Soliloquy ('King Richard III.')
Love Scene from 'Romeo and Juliet'
Antony's Speech over Cæsar's Body ('Julius Cæsar')
Macbeth before the Deed ('Macbeth')
Hamlet's Soliloquy ('Hamlet')
Othello's Wooing ('Othello')

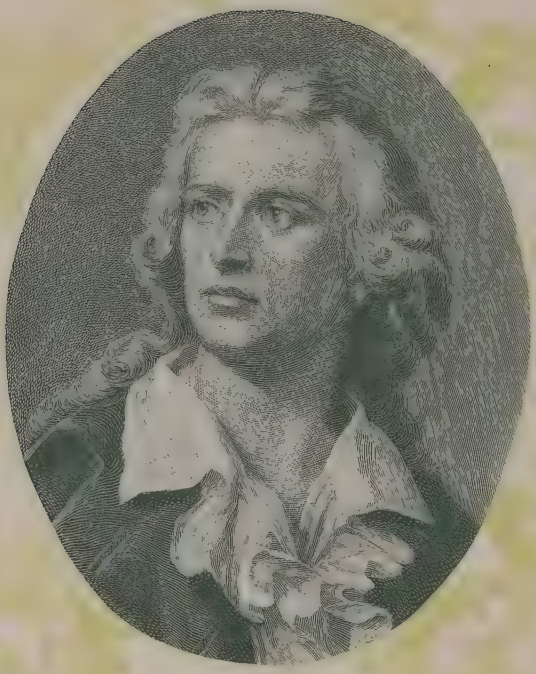
FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XXXIII

	PAGE
The Durham Book (Colored Plate)	Frontispiece
Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller (Portrait)	12877
"Schiller at Weimer" (Photogravure)	12900
Arthur Schopenhaur (Portrait)	12923
Sir Walter Scott (Portrait)	12995
Manuscript of "Kenilworth" (Fac-simile)	13024
"Ellen's Bower" (Photogravure)	13062
Seneca (Portrait)	13119
Madame de Sévigné (Portrait)	13153
Shakespeare (Portrait)	13167
Title Page First Edition of Shakespeare's Works (Fac-simile)	13180
"Ophelia" (Photogravure)	13209
"Hamlet and Ophelia" (Photogravure)	13250

VIGNETTE PORTRAITS

Friedrich von Schlegel — Carl Schurz
Olive Schreiner — Augustin Eugène Scribe
John Selden



SCHILLER.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

(1759–1805)

BY E. P. EVANS

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was born November 10th, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg situated near the junction of the Murr and the Neckar. He was the second child and only son of Johann Caspar Schiller, a worthy man of humble origin, but of sterling character and superior abilities; who began his career as barber and cupper, was advanced to surgeon in a Bavarian regiment of hussars, received the rank of captain and finally of major, and died as landscape gardener in the service of the Duke of Würtemberg. Schiller's mother, Elizabeth Dorothea Kodweiss, the daughter of an innkeeper in Marbach, was a woman of warm affections, as well as a person of uncommon intelligence and fine taste, with a special fondness for poetry, in which she showed a discrimination rare in people of her class. Both parents were sincerely and even fervently pious, and wished that their son should study theology; and this desire corresponded to his own early inclinations. He afterwards abandoned divinity for jurisprudence, and then exchanged law for medicine, before finding his true vocation in literature.

The dull military drill and preceptorial pedantry of the school founded by Duke Karl, and entered by Schiller at the age of fourteen, were extremely irksome to him, and tended to repress and stunt rather than to cherish and develop the natural propensities and powers of his mind. His love of letters, and especially his passion for poetry, could be gratified only by stealth, or by the feint of a headache or a sore throat, which enabled him to evade for a few hours the stern eye of the pedagogical task-master and to devote himself to his favorite pursuits in his own room. But notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, his genius kept its native bent with laudable firmness, and he succeeded in cultivating the best literature of his day,—Klopstock's 'Messias,' Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen' and 'Werther,' Miller's 'Siegwart,' Müller's 'Faust,' Gerstenberg's 'Ugolino,' Leisewitz's 'Julius von Tarent,' Lessing's dramas, Klinger's tragedies, and other products of the «storm and stress» period; and Shakespeare, through the somewhat imperfect medium of Wieland's translation. To his over-intense and effusive

sentimentalism the ruggedly healthy English poet seemed cold and cynical, and the introduction of clowns and fools with their jests in the most pathetic scenes of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' jarred upon his sensibilities; but as he afterwards confesses, this indignation had its source in his own limited knowledge of human nature.

He left the Ducal Academy December 14th, 1780, as a doctor of medicine, and even practiced this profession for a time as assistant surgeon in a grenadier regiment at a salary of eighteen florins ($7.50) a month. Meanwhile, when he was scarcely eighteen years of age, he had written 'The Robbers'; the existence of which he prudently kept secret until after his graduation, and then, not being able to find a publisher, printed it at his own expense, and even borrowed the money for this purpose. This play, in which not only his hatred of the galling personal restraints and daily vexations he had suffered, but also the restless and impetuous spirit of the storm and stress movement, found vigorous expression, excited great enthusiasm in Germany, and was soon translated into the principal languages of Europe. It also made a strong but by no means favorable impression on the mind of the Duke of Würtemberg, who punished the author with a fortnight's arrest for going clandestinely to Mannheim to see it performed in January 1782, and forbade him "henceforth and forever to compose comedies or anything of the sort." Having before his eyes the fate of the poet Schubart, whom for a less heinous offense the same paternal sovereign had confined for ten years in the fortress of Hohenasperg, he took advantage of some public festivity on September 17th, 1782, to slip out of the gates of Stuttgart and flee to Mannheim, beyond the reach of Würtemberg bailiffs.

'The Robbers' is a work of unquestionable but undisciplined genius; a generous wine in the first stages of fermentation. The characters are the mental creations of an ardent and enthusiastic youth, taking shape and color in a great measure from the dramatic literature on which his imagination had fed. As Schiller himself confessed, it was an attempt to portray men by one who had not the slightest knowledge of mankind. Its power and popularity, in spite of all defects, and the firm hold it still has of each rising generation, are due to the sincere spirit of revolt against social, political, and intellectual tyranny that permeates it, and is the sole source of its verity and vitality.

Not feeling himself safe from ducal catchpolls at Mannheim, Schiller went to Bauerbach near Meiningen, where he was hospitably received by Frau von Wolzogen, the mother of one of his schoolfellows; and remained for several months under the name of Dr. Ritter. In this friendly retreat and place of refuge he finished 'The Conspiracy of Fiesco,' brought in a rough draught from Stuttgart;

and wrote 'Cabal and Love,' or 'Luise Miller' as it was originally called. The first of these plays marks a decided advance in artistic execution: the situations are more probable and the characters truer to life; indeed, the ambitions, intrigues, loves, hatreds, pomp and pageantry of the Genoese nobility in the sixteenth century are vividly and vigorously delineated, although a certain crudeness in laying on the glowing colors, and a conspicuous lack of delicacy in blending them, still betray the hand of the novice. 'Cabal and Love' is a bold exposure of the selfish greed, corruption, and cruelty of contemporary court life in Germany; and puts the Hessian landgrave (who sold his subjects to England as soldiers to fight against American independence, to get money to squander on his mistresses) in the pillory forever. The plan of this tragedy formed itself in his mind while undergoing the fourteen days' arrest already referred to, and this circumstance doubtless added to the impressiveness of his protest against the oppression of the middle and lower classes by arbitrary power; the enthusiastic applause with which it was received, proved that it dared to utter the thoughts and feelings timorously concealed in the bosom of every citizen.

During his stay at Bauerbach he began a new drama, 'Don Carlos,' based chiefly on a historical novel with the same title published by the Abbé de Saint-Réal at Paris in 1672. This partially finished piece he took with him to Mannheim, whither he went as poet to the theatre in July 1783; but he did not complete and print it until 1786, when he was living with Körner at Loschwitz near Dresden. This is his first drama in blank verse, and it is in every respect maturer than the earlier ones, which are all in prose; it follows them also in its tendency as a fit and logical sequence. In the three former plays he inveighs vehemently against existing evils; in 'Don Carlos' he sets forth his own ideas of humanity and liberty, in the utterances of the Infante and especially of Marquis Posa. Schiller's intention was to make the prince the hero of the piece, and he did so in the first three acts: but as the composition was delayed, the marquis gradually usurped this place in the poet's imagination, and finally overshadowed Carlos altogether; and although this change may mar the artistic unity of the plot, it adds immensely to the energy of the action in the last two acts and to the impressiveness of the whole.

The poet now turned his attention to historical and philosophical studies, as the best means of correcting the defects — arising from inadequate acquaintance with human nature and human affairs, and from imperfect knowledge of æsthetic principles — that had hitherto characterized his dramatic productions. In 1787 he went to Weimar, where he enjoyed the friendship of Herder and Wieland. In 1788 he published 'The History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands,'

and in the following year was appointed to a professorship in the philosophical faculty of Jena. From 1790 to 1793 appeared his 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' in three volumes. These works, while showing careful and conscientious research, are most remarkable for the vivid descriptions of events and lifelike delineations of individual characters, congenial to the pre-eminently plastic taste and talent of the dramatist. In the province of æsthetics he wrote a series of thoughtful and readable dissertations bearing throughout the visible stamp of Kantean criticism and speculation: 'On Tragic Art,' 'On Grace and Dignity,' 'On the Sublime,' 'Letters on Man's Æsthetic Education,' and finally a less abstract and more distinctively literary essay 'On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.' Meanwhile he did not cease his devotion to the Muses; although exchanging for a time the service of the buskined Melpomene for that of Euterpe the delightful goddess of the softly breathing flute, and Erato with the lyre. Besides some occasional poems and amatory odes to Laura, evidently suggested by Petrarch's canzoni, he wrote at this time the exalted and exultant hymn 'To Joy,' subsequently set to music in Beethoven's ninth symphony. This was followed by numerous lyrics and ballads, the most noteworthy of which are 'The Gods of Greece,' 'The Artists,' 'The Knight Toggenburg,' 'The Sharing of the Earth,' 'The Visit' (dithyramb), 'The Power of Song,' 'Worth of Women,' 'German Art,' 'The Fight with the Dragon,' 'The Glove,' 'The Maiden from Afar,' 'Resignation,' and 'The Song of the Bell.' As a purely lyrical poet Schiller is decidedly inferior to Goethe; and the best of his minor poems are those in which the qualities of the historian, the philosopher, and the poet are combined, and epic narration and didactic meditation are blended and fused with lyrical emotion, as in 'The Song of the Bell.'

It is the historical drama for which Schiller showed a strong predilection and peculiar talent, and in which he stands pre-eminent. While engaged in his 'History of the Thirty Years' War' he was irresistibly attracted by the imposing form of Wallenstein, and resolved to make him the hero of a drama; which was originally conceived as a single piece in five acts, but was gradually expanded into three parts: 'Wallenstein's Camp' (one act), 'The Piccolomini' (five acts), and 'Wallenstein's Death' (five acts). In the following year (1800) appeared 'Maria Stuart'; then 'The Maid of Orleans' (1801), 'The Bride of Messina' (1803), and 'William Tell' (1804),—of which the last mentioned surpasses all the others in dramatic continuity and creative power: the individuals are admirably portrayed, and the idyllic life and occupations of the honest, fearless, freedom-loving Swiss peasants brought out with wonderful fidelity, in contrast to the blind brutality of their Austrian oppressors. Indeed, the very

fact (which some critics have regarded as a defect) that there is no outward connection between the deed of Tell and the oath of the men of Rütli, so far from disturbing the unity of the plot, renders it more effective; since they both work together, like unconscious forces of nature, for the attainment of the same noble end. The first part of 'Wallenstein' is a masterpiece of its kind; in the second part the action drags somewhat, but in the third moves on with the force and irresistibility of fate, in a tumult of conflicting aims and interests, and with touches of tender pathos, as in the relations of Max to Thekla, to its tragical conclusion. 'Maria Stuart' violates to some extent the truth of history, by making the conflict chiefly a matter of personal animosity instead of an antagonism of political principles and religious systems; but is distinguished for depth of psychological insight in the delineation of the characters of the rival queens and the principal statesmen and courtiers,—Burleigh, Talbot, Leicester, Mortimer, and Shrewsbury. In 'The Maid of Orleans' the heroine is the pure-souled and patriotic representative of her people, and the Divinely chosen defender of her country; and the contest is between nations. She is here no longer the devil's satellite and sorceress of her English foes and of Shakespeare, and her memory is cleansed of the filth with which Voltaire defiled it. In this "romantic tragedy," as Schiller called it, he images forth with wonderful accuracy the romantic spirit of the age, which rendered such apparitions and supernatural agencies credible. Touchingly human and true is the scene with Lionel, in which the invincible and inexorable virgin is suddenly transformed into a tender-hearted and weak-handed woman through the power of earthly love. The fable of 'The Bride of Messina,' the fatal enmity of two brothers, rivals in love, was the theme of Greek tragedy, and forms the plots of Klinger's 'The Twins' and Leisewitz's 'Julius of Tarentum.' The dialogue is interspersed with choral odes, suitable to the action and summing up the supposed reflections of the spectators; and the traditional idea of fate pervades the whole, although Schiller gives larger scope to free-will, and makes the individual in reality the author of his own destiny through the inevitable sequence of cause and effect. The poet comprises it all in the concluding verse: "Life is not the chief good, and the greatest of evils is guilt." Schiller's dramatic style is the grand style, and rather ornate and oratorical. He is truly eloquent, and in the glittering coils of his rhetoric there is no pinchbeck; but his speeches are often too long, and in the mouths of second-rate actors are apt to degenerate into rant. It would be unjust, however, to hold the poet responsible for the deficiencies of the player.

While holding his professorship at Jena, Schiller married, on February 22d, 1790, Charlotte von Lengefeld; by whom he had two sons (Carl and Ernst) and two daughters (Caroline and Emilie), and who

died at Bonn July 9th, 1826, thus surviving her husband more than twenty-one years. In 1799 he settled permanently in Weimar; in 1802 he was raised to the nobility,—a distinction for which he cared little himself, but which he thought might be of some advantage to his children. Personally he prized far more highly the honorary citizenship of the French Republic, which had been conferred upon him by the National Convention in 1793. In 1797 he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm. In 1791 he had a severe attack of catarrhal fever, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. Fortunately his pecuniary anxieties were partially relieved by the Danish poet Jens Baggesen, who induced the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, and the Danish minister Count von Schimmelmann, to grant him a pension of a thousand speciesdaler (equivalent to about $1000), with the injunction to take care of his health and not overwork. In the spring of 1804 he went to Berlin to a representation of 'William Tell,' but the exertion caused a recurrence of his old malady. He grew better, however; translated Racine's 'Phèdre' in twenty-six days, and completed two acts of a new play, 'The False Demetrius,'—when a return of catarrhal fever ended his days on May 9th, 1805.

During the last ten years of his life, Schiller's relations to Goethe were those of cordial friendship and literary co-operation; one of the most important results of which was the joint production of a series of satirical epigrams called 'Xenien,' and published in the Musenalmanach in 1797. The more philosophic and less personal, or what Schiller called the "harmless" ones, were also collected and printed under the title of 'Tabulæ Votivæ' (Votive Tablets). 'Xenia' (*ξείνια*, gifts to guests) is the title of the thirteenth book of the epigrams of the Roman poet Martial, from whom the term was borrowed by Goethe, who first mentioned it in a letter to Schiller dated December 23d, 1795; Schiller immediately replied that the idea "is splendid, and must be carried out." The epigrams contain many happy hits at the isms and ologies of the day, as well as at individual foibles. They were evidently thrown off hastily, and are not always perfect in form; but they are full of pointed wit and pungency, and made an immense sensation. Some writers by whom they were fiercely resented, ought to have been gratified and grateful, since the allusions to them in these distichs have alone saved their names from oblivion.

In the ordinary relations of life Schiller was a simple-hearted, noble-minded, and clear-sighted man, all alive with enthusiasm and full of delicate sensibility, but free from every sort of affectation. He was endowed with an intellect of high order, which he spared no pains to cultivate by assiduous and systematic study. The versatility of his genius was remarkable; and he might have excelled as a philosopher or historian, had it not been for the predominance of his

poetic gifts, to which he made all acquisitions of learning subordinate and contributory. Perhaps the least conspicuous of his mental powers was humor; but the scenes in 'Wallenstein's Camp,' 'The Famous Wife, an Epistle from One Husband to Another,' and some of his epigrams and parables, show that he was by no means destitute of this rare faculty. Remembering that he died before he was forty-six, and suffered severely from sickness during the last decade of his life, one cannot but wonder at the extent and brilliancy of his achievements as a poet and scholar.

E. P. Evans

TO LAURA

(RAPTURE)

LAURA, above this world methinks I fly,
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
When thy looks beam on mine!
And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
When mine own shape I see reflected there
In those blue eyes of thine!

A lyre sound from the Paradise afar,
A harp note trembling from some gracious star,
Seems the wild ear to fill;
And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd hours,
When from thy lips the silver music pours
Slow, as against its will.

I see the young Loves flutter on the wing—
Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
Wild life to forests gave;
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave.

Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreathe,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes, my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams,—
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

Bulwer's Translation.

THE KNIGHT TOGGENBURG

"KNIGHT, a sister's quiet love
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!
Calmly couldst thou greet me now,
Calmly from me go;
Calmly ever,—why dost thou
Weep in silence so?"

Sadly—not a word he said—
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Switzerland!"
Up, awake the brave!
Forth they go—the Red-Cross band—
To the Savior's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore;
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair,—
On to that belovèd land
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at the castle gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives—a Nun!
To the world she died
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.
There when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there — alone!

Looking to the cloister still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice till
Clinked the lattice bar.
Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er;
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping — till
Clinks the lattice bar;

Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale.
So upon that lonely spot
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not,
Towards the casement cast.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH

"TAKE the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given:
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire:
The harvest the husbandman seizes;
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the squire.

The merchant his warehouse is locking;
The abbot is choosing his wine;
Cries the monarch, the thoroughfare blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the poet,—he came from afar;
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me! is there nothing remaining
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of thy dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God, "Canst thou murmur at *me?*
Where wert *thou* when the earth was dividing?"
"*I was,*" said the poet, "by thee!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captured,
Mine ear by thy music of bliss:
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptured
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God, "earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!
What say you to quarters in heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

Bulwer's Translation.

THE BEST STATE

How the best state to know? It is found out:
Like the best woman — that least talked about.

Bulwer's Translation.

GERMAN ART

By no kind Augustus reared,
To no Medici endeared,
German Art arose:
Fostering glory smiled not on her;
Ne'er with kingly smiles to sun her,
Did her blooms unclose.

No,— she went by monarchs slighted,
Went unhonored, unrequited,
From high Frederick's throne;
Praise and pride be all the greater,
That man's genius did create her
From man's worth alone.

Therefore, all from loftier mountains,
Purer wells and richer fountains,
Streams our poet-art:
So no rule to curb its rushing;
All the fuller flows it gushing
From its deep,— the heart.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The maiden sits lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are dim with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.

Thou Holy One, call now thy child from below;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived and have loved."—

"In vain, oh how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanished love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear:
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanished love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's sorrows and tears.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR

WITHIN a vale each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds doth appear
A wondrous maiden fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place;
From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessèd was her presence there:
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens known to none
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers;
The products of a brighter sun,
Of nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared,—
To some the fruits, the flowers to some:

Alike the young, the aged, fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
Yet some the maiden held more dear;
And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
She saw two loving hearts draw near.

Bulwer's Translation.

PUNCH SONG

FOUR elements joined in
An emulous strife
Fashion the world and
Constitute life.

From the sharp citron
The starry juice pour:
Acid to life is
The innermost core.

Now let the sugar
The bitter one meet:
Still be life's bitter
Tamed down to the sweet.

Let the bright water
Flow into the bowl:
Water, the calm one,
Embraces the whole.

Drops from the spirit
Pour quickening within:
Life but its life from
The spirit can win.

Haste while it gloweth,
Your vessel to bring:
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring.

Bulwer's Translation.

WORTH OF WOMEN

HONOR to Woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
All blessed, she linketh the Loves in their choir,—
In the veil of her Graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that's hallowed to Feeling,
And keeps ever living the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the far,
Chasing his own dream forever
On through many a distant Star!

But Woman, with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck that wild truant again
By the spell of her presence beguiled;
In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child.

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife,—
Man the Wild One, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life:
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing,
Wish to withered wish succeeds.

But Woman at peace with all being reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses,
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong and proud and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone:
Heart with heart divinely blending
In the love that Gods have known,

Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears,—he never knows;
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
If wooed by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
How quiver the chords—how thy bosom is heaving—
How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor,
Might to right the Statute gave;
Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
Where the Mede reigned, see the Slave!
Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
Prowls the War lust, rude and wild;
Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth;
Of the mild realm of manners the sceptre she swayeth;
She lulls, as she looks from above,
The Discord whose hell for its victims is gaping,
And blending awhile the forever-escaping,
Whispers Hate to the Image of Love.

Bulwer's Translation.

RIDDLES

I

THE RAINBOW

From pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover!

Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas;
No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st to near—it flees!

First with the floods it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the artist's plastic hand?

Bulwer's Translation.

II

THE MOON AND STARS

O'ER a spacious pasture go
Sheep in thousands, silver-white;
As to-day we see them, so
In the oldest grandsire's sight.

They drink, never waxing old,
Life from an unfailing brook;
There's a shepherd to their fold,
With a silver-hornèd crook.

From a gate of gold let out,
Night by night he counts them over;
Wide the field they rove about,
Never hath he lost a rover.

True the *Dog* that helps to lead them,
One gay *Ram* in front we see:
What the flock, and who doth heed them,
Sheep and shepherd,—tell to me?

Bulwer's Translation.

THE POWER OF SONG

A RAIN-FLOOD from the mountain riven,
It leaps in thunder forth to-day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
The oaks uprooted whirled away!
Awed—yet in awe all wildly gladdening—
The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters maddening,
Nor wits the source from whence they go:
So, from their high, mysterious founts, along,
Stream on the silenced world the waves of song!

Knit with the threads of life forever,
By those dread powers that weave the woof,—
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
Whose breast has mail to music proof?
Lo, to the bard a wand of wonder
The herald of the gods has given;
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
Or lifts it breathless up to heaven,—
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As when in hours the least unclouded,
Portentous, strides upon the scene
Some fate before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of men,—
Before that stranger from *another*,
Behold how *this* world's great ones bow;
Mean joys their idle clamor smother,
The mask is vanished from the brow:
And from truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurled
Fly all the craven falsehoods of the world!

So Song—like Fate itself—is given
To scare the idler thoughts away,
To lift the earthly up to heaven,
To wake the spirit from the clay!
One with the gods the bard: before him
All things unclean and earthly fly;
Hushed are all meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharming by:
And while the soother's magic measures flow,
Smoothed every wrinkle on the brows of woe!

Even as a child, that after pining
For the sweet absent mother, hears
Her voice, and round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all its soul in tears:
So by harsh custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track,
To childhood's happy home unchanged
The swift song wafts the wanderer back,—
Snatched from the cold and formal world, and prest
By the great mother to her glowing breast!

Bulwer's Translation.

HYMN TO JOY

SPARK from the fire that gods have fed —
Joy — thou elysian child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other,
Thy magic all together brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

Chorus — Embrace, ye millions — let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp,—
Of one true friend the friend to be,
He who one faithful maid can clasp,—
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus — Homage to holy Sympathy,
Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;
Up to yon star pavilions — she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
Joy in each link: to *us* the treasure
Of Wine and Love; beneath the sod,
The worm has instincts fraught with pleasure;
In heaven the Cherub looks on God!

Chorus — Why bow ye down — why down — ye millions?
O World, thy Maker's throne to see,
Look upward — search the star pavilions:
There must his mansion be!

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons — suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,—
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus — Joyous as suns careering gay
Along their paths on high,
March, brothers, march your dauntless way,
As chiefs to victory!

Joy from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to virtue man's desires,
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.
High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shattered vaults of Death,
Lo, 'mid the choral Angels — Joy!

Chorus — Bear this life, millions, bravely bear —
Bear this life for the better one!
See the stars! a life is there,
Where the reward is won.

Men like the Gods themselves may be,
Though men may not the Gods requite;
Go soothe the pangs of Misery,
Go share the gladness with delight.
Revenge and hatred both forgot,
Have naught but pardon for thy foe;
May sharp repentance grieve him not,
No curse one tear of ours bestow!

Chorus — Let all the world be peace and love,
Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
For God shall judge of *us* above,
As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl:
Behold the juice whose golden color
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives Despair a hero's valor.

Up, brothers! Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright fount spring heavenward! Up!
To the Good Spirit this glass! *To him!*

Chorus—Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of stars, and tuneful Seraphim,—
To the Good Spirit, the Father-King
In heaven! This glass to him!

Firm mind to bear what fate bestows;
Comfort to tears in sinless eyes;
Faith kept alike with friends and foes;
Man's oath eternal as the skies;
Manhood,—the thrones of Kings to girth,
Though bought by life or limb the prize;
Success to merit's honest worth;
Perdition to the brood of lies!

Chorus—Draw closer in the holy ring;
Swear by the wine-cup's golden river,
Swear by the stars, and by their King,
To keep this vow forever.

Bulwer's Translation.

THE GODS OF GREECE

YE IN the age gone by,
Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!
And guided still the steps of happy men
In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

Then, through a veil of dreams
Woven by song, truth's youthful beauty glowed,
And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
Gave to the soulless, soul—where'er they flowed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

Where lifeless — fixed afar —
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,
Phœbus Apollo in his golden car
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
On yonder hill the Oread was adored;
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;
And from her urn the gentle Naiad poured
The wavelet's silver foam.

Yon bay chaste Daphne wreathed;
Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell;
Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,
The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill —
Shed for Proserpina to Hades borne;
And for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
Heard Cytherea mourn!

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto
The mortal race of old Deucalion:
Pyrrha's fair daughter humanly to woo,
Came down, in shepherd's guise, Latona's son;
Between men, heroes, gods, harmonious then,
Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine,
Blest Amathusia, — heroes, gods, and men,
Equals before thy shrine!

Not to that culture gay,
Stern self-denial or sharp penance wan!
Well might each heart be happy in that day,
For gods, the happy ones, were kin to man!
The beautiful alone the holy there!
No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race;
So that the chaste Camenæ favoring were,
And the subduing Grace!

A palace every shrine;
Your very sports heroic; — yours the crown
Of contests hallowed to a power divine,
As rushed the chariots thundering to renown.
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed
Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

The lively Thyrsus-swinger,
And the wild car the exulting panthers bore,
Announced the presence of the rapture-bringer;
Bounded the satyr and blithe faun before;
And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
Hymned in their madding dance the glorious wine,
As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl
The ruddy host divine!

Before the bed of death
No ghastly spectre stood; but from the porch
Of life—the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,
And the mute graceful genius lowered a torch.
The judgment balance of the realms below,
A judge himself of mortal lineage held;
The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spelled.

In the Elysian grove
The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the meads the charioteer;
There Linus poured the old accustomed strain;
Admetus there Alcestis still could greet; won
Orestes hath his faithful friend again,
His arrows Pœas's son.

More glorious then the meeds
That in their strife with labor nerved the brave,
To the great doer of renownèd deeds,
The Hebe and the heaven the Thunderer gave.
Before the rescued rescuer of the dead,
Bowed down the silent and immortal host;
And the twin stars their guiding lustre shed
On the bark tempest-tost!

Art thou, fair world, no more?
Return, thou virgin bloom on nature's face;—
Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footstep of sweet fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth, of gods bereft;
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
Shadows alone are left!

Cold from the north has gone
Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;
And to enrich the worship of the One,
A universe of gods must pass away!
Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
And — Echo answers me!

Deaf to the joys she gives,
Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed,
Unconscious of the spiritual power that lives
Around and rules her, by our bliss unblessed,
Dull to the art that colors or creates,—
Like the dead timepiece, godless nature creeps
Her plodding round, and by the leaden weights
The slavish motion keeps.

To-morrow to receive
New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;
And icy moons with weary sameness weave
From their own light their fullness and decay.
Home to the poets' land the gods are flown;
Light use in *them* that later world discerns,
Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,
On its own axle turns.

Home! and with them are gone
The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;
Life's beauty and life's melody; — alone
Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless word:
Yet rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng
Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish:
Ah, that which gains immortal life in song,
To mortal life must perish!

Bulwer's Translation.

THE ARTISTS

[Only the concluding lines of this long and beautiful poem are given, in which Schiller embodies his conceptions of the mission of art (in its broadest sense, including poetry and all creations of the imagination), and of its relations to philosophy and science.]

If on the course of Thought, now barrier-free,
Sweeps the glad search of bold Philosophy;
And with self-pæans and a vain renown
Would claim the praise and arrogate the crown,
Holding but as a soldier in her band
The nobler Art that did in truth command;
And grants, beneath her visionary throne,
To Art, her queen, the slave's first rank alone,—
Pardon the vaunt! For *you* Perfection all
Her star-gems weaves in one bright coronal!
With you, the first blooms of the spring, began
Awakening Nature in the soul of man!
With you fulfilled, when Nature seeks repose,
Autumn's exulting harvests ripely close.

If Art rose plastic from the stone and clay,
To mind from matter ever sweeps its sway;
Silent, but conquering in its silence, lo,
How o'er the spiritual world its triumphs go!
What in the land of knowledge, wide and far,
Keen science teaches, for *you* discovered are:
First in your arms the wise their wisdom learn,—
They dig the mine you teach them to discern;
And when that wisdom ripens to the flower
And crowning time of Beauty,—to the power
From whence it rose new stores it must impart,
The toils of science swell the wealth of art.
When to one height the sage ascends with you,
And spreads the vale of matter round his view
In the mild twilight of serene repose,—
The more the artist charms, the more the thinker knows.
The more the shapes in intellectual joy
Linked by the genii which your spells employ,
The more the thought with the emotion blends,—
The more upbuoyed by both the soul ascends
To loftier harmonies and heavenlier things,
And tracks the stream of beauty to its springs.

The lovely members of the mighty whole,
Till then confused and shapeless to his soul,
Distinct and glorious grow upon his sight;
The fair enigmas brighten from the night;
More rich the universe his thoughts inclose,
More wide the ocean with whose wave he flows;
The wrath of fate grows feebler to his fears,
As from God's scheme Chance wanes and disappears;
And as each straining impulse soars above,
How his pride lessens, how augments his love!
So, scattering blooms, the still guide Poetry
Leads him through paths, though hid, that mount on high,
Through forms and tones more pure and more sublime,—
Alp upon Alp of beauty,—till the time
When what we long as poetry have nurst,
Shall as God's own swift inspiration burst,
And flash in glory, on that youngest day,—
One with the truth to which it wings the way! . . .
O sons of Art! into your hands consigned,
O heed the trust, O heed it and revere!—
The liberal dignity of human-kind!
With you to sink, with you to reappear.
The hallowed melody of Magian song
Does to creation as a link belong,
Blending its music with God's harmony,
As rivers melt into the mighty sea.

Truth, when the age she would reform expels,
Flies for safe refuge to the Muses' cells.
More fearful for the veil of charms she takes,
From song the fullness of her splendor breaks;
And o'er the foe that persecutes and quails
Her vengeance thunders, as the bard prevails.
Rise, ye free sons of the free Mother, rise:
Still on the light of Beauty sun your eyes;
Still to the heights that shine afar aspire,
Nor meaner meads than those she gives, desire.
If here the sister Art forsake awhile,
Elude the clasp, and vanish from the toil:
Go seek and find her at the mother's heart;
Go search for Nature—and arrive at Art!
Ever the Perfect dwells in whatsoe'er
Fair souls conceive and recognize as fair!
Borne on your daring pinions, soar sublime
Above the shoal and eddy of the time.

Far-glimmering on your wizard mirror, see
The silent shadow of the age to be.
Through all life's thousandfold entangled maze,
One godlike bourne your gifted sight surveys;
Through countless means one solemn end foreshown,
The labyrinth closes at a single Throne.
As in seven tints of variegated light
Breaks the lone shimmer of the lucid white,
As the seven tints that paint the Iris bow
Into the lucid white dissolving flow,—
So truth in many-colored splendor plays:
Now on the eye enchanted with the rays;
Now in one lustre gathers every beam,
And floods the world with light—a single stream!

Bulwer's Translation.

EXTRACTS FROM 'THE SONG OF THE BELL'

See the mold of clay, well heated,
In the earth walled firmly, stand.
Be the bell to-day created!
Come, my comrades, be at hand!
From the glowing brow
Sweat must freely flow,
So the work the master showeth;
Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

The work we earnestly are doing
Befitteth well an earnest word;
Then toil goes on, more briskly flowing,
When good discourse is also heard.
So let us then with care now ponder
What through weak strength originates:
To him no reverence can we render,
Who never heeds what he creates.
'Tis this indeed that man most graceth,
For this 'tis his to understand,—
That in his inner heart he traceth
What he produces with his hand. . . .

See how brown the pipes are getting!
This little rod I dip it in;
If it show a glazèd coating,
Then the casting may begin.

Now my lads, enough!
Prove me now the stuff,
The brittle with the tough combining,
See if they be rightly joining.

For when the strong and mild are pairing,
The manly with the tender sharing,
Then is the concord good and strong.
See ye, who join in endless union,
If heart with heart be in communion!
For fancy's brief, repentance long. . . .

Be the casting now beginning;
Finely jaggèd is the grain.
But before we set it running,
Let us breathe a pious strain.
Let the metal go!
God protect us now!
Through the bending handle hollow
Smoking shoots the fire-brown billow.

Benignant is the might of flame,
When man keeps watch and makes it tame;
In what he fashions, what he makes,
Help from this heaven's force he takes:
But fearful is this heaven's force
When all unfettered in its course;

It steps forth on its own fierce way,
Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free.
Woe! when once emancipated,
With naught her power tò withstand,
Through the streets thick populated,
Waves she high her monstrous brand!
By the elements is hated
What is formed by mortal hand. . . .
From the tower,
Heavy and slow,
Tolls the funeral
Note of woe,
Sad and solemn, with its knell attending
Some new wanderer on the last way wending.

Ah! the wife it is, the dear one,
Ah! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is tearing
From the husband's arms endearing,

From the group of children, far,
Whom she, blooming, to him bare,
Whom she on her faithful breast
Saw with joy maternal rest;
Ah! the household ties so tender
Broken are for evermore,
For the shadow-land now holds her,
Who the household rulèd o'er!
For her faithful guidance ceases;
No more keepeth watch her care;
In the void and orphaned places
Rules the stranger, loveless there. . . .

Woe! if, heaped up, the fire-tinder
Should the still heart of cities fill,
Their fetters rending all asunder,
The people work then their own will!
Then at the bell-ropes tuggeth riot;
The bell gives forth a wailing sound,—
Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
For blood it rings the signal round.
"Equality and Freedom" howling,
Rushes to arms the citizen,
And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
And streets and halls are filled with men;
Then women, to hyenas changing,
On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
And with the thirst of panthers ranging,
The blood of hearts yet quivering quaff.
Naught sacred is there more, for breaking
Are all the bands of pious awe;
The good man's place the bad are taking,
And vice acknowledges no law.
'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
Deadly to cross the tiger's path,
But the most terrible of terrors
Is man himself in his wild wrath.
Alas! when to the ever blinded
The heavenly torch of light is lent!
It guides him not,—it can but kindle
Whole States in flames and ruin blent.

Translation of William H. Furness.

THE EPIC HEXAMETER

STRONGLY it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

Coleridge's Translation.

THE DISTICH

IN THE hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

Coleridge's Translation.

MY CREED

WHAT'S the religion I confess? Well, none of all those
Which you mention. Why none? From sense of religion.

Translation Anonymous.

KANT AND HIS INTERPRETERS

HOW one man of wealth gives a living to whole hosts of beggars!
If kings only build, the carters have plenty to do.

Translation Anonymous.

FROM 'WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH'

MAX PICCOLOMINI [*advancing to Wallenstein*] —
My general!
Wallenstein — That I am no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.
Max — Then thou wilt leave the army, general?
Wallenstein — I have renounced the service of the Emperor.
Max — And thou wilt leave the army?
Wallenstein — Rather I hope
To bind it nearer still and faster to me.
[*He seats himself.*
Yes, Max, I have delayed to open it to thee,
Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.
Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily
The absolute right,—yea, and a joy it is

To exercise the single apprehension
Where the sums square in proof;
But where it happens that of two sure evils
One must be taken, where the heart not wholly
Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,
There 'tis a blessing to have no election,
And blank necessity is grace and favor.
This is now present. Do not look behind thee!
It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!
Think not! Judge not! Prepare thyself to act!
The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,
Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.
We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,
And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.*

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.
I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises and retires to the back of the stage. Max remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish. At his first motion Wallenstein returns, and places himself before him.*]

Max— My general, this day thou makest me
Of age to speak in my own right and person;
For till this day I have been spared the trouble
To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
With most implicit, unconditional faith,
Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
Me to myself, and forcest me to make
Election between thee and my own heart.

Wallenstein—Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day:
Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
With undivided heart. It can remain
No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
Start from each other, duties strive with duties:
Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
Who is thy Emperor.

Max— War! is that the name?
War is as frightful as Heaven's pestilence;
Yet it is good, is it Heaven's will, as *that* is.
Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army?

O God of heaven! What a change is this!
Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who, like the fixed star of the Pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean?
Oh, what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obediency—
Must I pluck life asunder from thy name?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me:
It always was a god looking at me!
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed:
The senses still are in thy bonds; although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

Wallenstein— Max, hear me.

Max— Oh! do it not, I pray thee, do it not!
There is a pure and noble soul within thee
Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.
Thy will is chaste; it is thy fancy only
Which hath polluted thee—and innocence.
It will not let itself be driven away
From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
Thou canst not, end in this. It would reduce
All human creatures to disloyalty
Against the nobleness of their own nature.
'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief
Which holdeth nothing noble in free-will,
And trusts itself to impotence alone,
Made powerful only in an unknown power.

Wallenstein—The world will judge me sternly: I expect it.
Already have I said to my own self
All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
Th' extreme, can he by going round avoid it?
But here there is no choice. Yes, I must use
Or suffer violence,—so stands the case;
There remains nothing possible but that.

Max— So be it then! Maintain thee in thy post
By violence. Resist the Emperor,
And if it must be, force with force repel.
I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
But do not be a *traitor*—yes! the word
Is spoken out—be not a traitor.
That is no mere excess! that is no error
Of human nature; that is wholly different;
Oh, that is black, black as the pit of hell! . . .

Oh, turn back to thy duty. That thou canst
I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
I'll make thy peace for thee with the Emperor.
He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
Shall see thee, duke, with my unclouded eye,
And I bring back his confidence to thee.

Wallenstein— It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

Max— Were it too late, and were it gone so far,
That a crime only could prevent thy fall,
Then — fall! fall honorably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendor do it — do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others:
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

Wallenstein— It is too late. Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[*Max stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*]

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou* — no — thou canst not forsake me!
So let us do what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him?
Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
As I were if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

Coleridge's Translation.

THE ICONOCLASTS

From the 'History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1556

THE commencement of the attack on images took place in West Flanders and Artois, in the district between Lys and the sea. A frantic band of artisans, boatmen, and peasants, mixed with public prostitutes, beggars, and thievish vagabonds, about three hundred in number, provided with clubs, axes, hammers, ladders, and cords, only few among them furnished with firearms and daggers, cast themselves, inspired with fanatical fury, into the villages and hamlets near St. Omer; burst the gates of such churches and cloisters as they find locked, overthrow the altars, dash to pieces the images of the saints and trample them under foot. Still more inflamed by this execrable deed, and reinforced by fresh accessions, they press forward straightway to Ypres, where they can count on a strong following of Calvinists. Unopposed they break into the cathedral; the walls are mounted with ladders, the pictures are beaten into fragments with hammers, the pulpits and pews hewn to pieces with axes, the altars stripped of their ornaments, and the sacred vessels stolen. This example is immediately followed in Menin, Comines, Verrich, Lille, and Oudenarde; the same fury in a few days seizes the whole of Flanders. At the very time when the first tidings of these events arrived, Antwerp was swarming with a crowd of homeless people, which the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin had brought together in that city. The presence of the Prince of Orange can scarcely keep within bounds the licentious band, who burn to imitate their brothers in St. Omer; but an order of the court which summons him in haste to Brussels, where the regentess is just convening her council of State in order to lay before them the royal letters, obliges him to abandon Antwerp to the wantonness of this band. His departure is the signal for tumult. From fear of the lawless violence of the mob, which manifested itself in derisive allusions in the very first days of the festival, the image of the Virgin, after having been carried about for a short time, was brought for safety to the choir, without being set up as formerly in the middle of the church. This incited some impudent boys of the common people to pay it a visit there, and scoffingly to inquire why it had recently absented itself in such haste? Others mounted the pulpit, where they mimicked the preacher and challenged the papists to contest.

A Catholic boatman, who was indignant at this jest, wished to pull them down from thence; and it came to blows in the preacher's seat. Similar scenes occurred the following evening. The numbers increased, and many came provided with suspicious implements and secret weapons. Finally it occurred to one of them to cry "Long live the Geuses!" Immediately the whole rabble took up the cry, and the Virgin was called upon to do the same. The few Catholics who were there, and who had given up the hope of effecting anything against these desperadoes, left the church after they had locked all the doors except one. As soon as they found themselves alone, it was proposed to sing one of the psalms according to the new melody, which was forbidden by the government. While they were yet singing, they all cast themselves with fury upon the image of the Virgin, piercing it through with swords and daggers, and striking off its head; prostitutes and thieves snatched the great wax-lights from the altars and lighted them to the work. The beautiful organ of the church — a masterpiece of the art of that period — was broken in fragments; the paintings were defaced and the statues dashed to pieces. A crucified Christ of life size, which was set up between the two thieves opposite the high altar,— an old and highly prized work,— was pulled to the ground with cords and cut to pieces with axes, while the two murderers at its side were respectfully spared. The holy wafers were strewed on the ground and trampled under foot; in the wine for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which was accidentally found there, the health of the Geuses was drunk; with the holy oil they greased their shoes. Graves even were rummaged, and the half-decayed corpses taken out and trampled under foot. All this was done with as wonderful regularity as if the parts had been assigned to each one beforehand; every one worked into his neighbor's hands. Dangerous as this business was, no one met with any injury, notwithstanding the dense darkness, notwithstanding the heavy objects which fell around and near them, while many were scuffling on the highest steps of the ladders. Notwithstanding the many tapers which lighted them in their villainous doings, not a single individual was recognized. With incredible rapidity the deed was accomplished; in a few hours a hundred men, at most, despoiled a temple of seventy altars, and next to St. Peter's in Rome perhaps the largest and most magnificent in Christendom.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF ORANGE WITH EGMONT

From the 'History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands': date 1567

THE warning of Orange came from a sad and dispirited heart; and for Egmont the world still smiled. To quit the lap of abundance, of affluence and splendor, in which he had grown up to youth and manhood, to part from all the thousand comforts of life which alone made it of value to him, and all this in order to escape an evil which his buoyant courage regarded as still far off,—no, that was not a sacrifice which could be asked from Egmont. But even had he been less self-indulgent than he was, with what heart could he have made a princess pampered by long prosperity—a loving wife and children, on whom his soul hung—acquainted with privations at which his own courage sank, which a sublime philosophy alone can exact from sensuality? "Thou wilt never persuade me, Orange," said Egmont, "to see things in this gloomy light in which they appear to thy mournful prudence. When I have succeeded in abolishing the public preachings, in chastising the iconoclasts, in crushing the rebels and restoring their former quiet to the provinces, what can the King have against me? The King is kind and just, and I have earned claims upon his gratitude; and I must not forget what I owe to myself." "Well then," exclaimed Orange with indignation and inner anguish, "risk the trust in this royal gratitude! But a mournful presentiment tells me—and may Heaven grant that I may be deceived!—thou wilt be the bridge, Egmont, over which the Spaniards will pass into the country, and which they will destroy when they have passed over it." He drew him, after he had said this, with ardor to himself, and clasped him fervently and firmly in his arms. Long, as though for the rest of his life, he kept his eyes fixed upon him and shed tears. . . . They never saw each other again.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

ON THE ÆSTHETIC EDUCATION OF MAN

Extract from Letter No. 9

THE artist, it is true, is the son of his age; but woe be to him if he is also its pupil, or even its favorite. Let a beneficent divinity snatch him betimes as a suckling from his mother's breast, nurse him with the milk of a better time, and

let him ripen to manhood beneath a distant Grecian sky. Then when he has attained his full growth, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not however to delight it by his presence, but terrible, like Agamemnon's son, to purify it. The subject-matter he will of course take from the present; but the form he will derive from a nobler time, or rather from beyond all time,—from the absolute, unchangeable unity of his own being. Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual nature, flows down the fountain of beauty, uncontaminated by the corruption of generations and ages, which welter in turbid whirlpools far beneath it. The matter caprice can dishonor, as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her mutations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his emperors when the statues were still standing erect; the temples remained holy to the eye when the gods had long served as a laughing-stock, and the infamies of a Nero and a Commodus were put to shame by the noble style of the edifice which gave them its concealment. Man has lost his dignity, but art has saved it and preserved it in significant stones; truth lives on in fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored. As noble art survived noble nature, so too it goes before it in the inspiration that awakens and creates it. Before truth sends its conquering light into the depths of the heart, the poetic imagination catches its rays, and the summits of humanity begin to glow, while the damp night is still lying in the valleys.

But how is the artist to guard himself against the corruptions of his time, which encircle him on every side? By contempt for its judgments. Let him look upward to his dignity and the law of his nature, and not downward to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity that would fain make its impress on the fleeting moment, and from the impatient spirit of enthusiasm that measures the meagre product of the time by the standard of absolute perfection, let him leave to common-sense, which is here at home, the sphere of the actual; but let him strive from the union of the possible with the necessary to bring forth the ideal. Let him imprint this in fiction and truth; let him imprint it in the play of his imagination and in the earnestness of his deeds; imprint it in all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into endless time.

Translation of E. P. Evans.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL

(1772–1829)

THE older Romantic school of Germany, which had its origin in the movement inaugurated by Herder and Goethe, found in Friedrich von Schlegel its first philosophical expounder. It is in this sense that historians refer to him as the founder of the new school. In the pages of the Athenæum, which from 1798 to 1800 was the official organ of the Romanticists, Schlegel published his 'Fragments.' In these he sought to establish upon philosophic foundations a critical theory of romantic poetry.

F. VON SCHLEGEL

In the later development of his critical genius he was obliged to retract much that he had promulgated in the 'Fragments'; but these writings formed a rallying-point for the young enthusiasts whose works ushered in the nineteenth century. Lacking creative power himself, Schlegel nevertheless exerted a fine and broadening influence upon his time. With comprehensive knowledge, philosophical insight, and deep intuitional judgment, he was able to put forth a body of literary criticism which has been aptly called «productive.» His broad synthesis, based upon careful analysis, has given to his work a permanent inspirational value.

Friedrich von Schlegel was born in Hanover on March 10th, 1772. He came of a family of poets and distinguished men. His father, Johann Elias Schlegel, was the author of several tragedies in Alexandrines; and although he belonged to the periwig-pated age of Gottsched, he had called public attention to the beauties of Shakespeare. It was his son Wilhelm, the famous critic and poet, that furnished the classic and incomparable German versions of seventeen Shakespearean plays. Friedrich's two uncles, Johann Adolf and Johann Heinrich Schlegel, were, the former a well-known poet and pulpit orator, the latter royal historiographer of Denmark. Although Friedrich was reared among family traditions so entirely intellectual, he was, strangely enough, destined for a mercantile career; but the inherited tendencies proved too strong, and he joined his brother Wilhelm at Göttingen. There and at Leipzig he pursued the study

of law; in 1793, however, he abandoned this also, and the remainder of his life was devoted to scholarly and literary labors. His mind turned first to the Greeks, and for the literature of Greece he aspired to do what Winckelmann had done for her art; but beyond a few thoughtful essays his attainments in this field never grew, and in 1796 he turned all his energies to the study of modern literature and philosophy. Fichte was the largest influence in his intellectual life; Goethe was his idolized master in the realms of poetry. The offensive tone of his reviews, however, led to a bitter unpleasantness with Schiller. In 1797 Schlegel went to Berlin, where he began a campaign against the rationalistic philistinism that dominated the intellectual life of the Prussian capital. There too he entered the circle of Tieck and Schleiermacher, and published the 'Fragments.'

During this sojourn in Berlin, Schlegel met the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the wife of a Jewish merchant named Veit. This was the famous Dorothea, who played so prominent a part in the annals of the Romantic circle. One year later she separated from her husband, to live thenceforth with Friedrich von Schlegel. Their relations have been set forth in the guise of fiction with shameless frankness, and without poetic charm. Schlegel's 'Lucinde,' the most notorious and unsavory product of the Romantic school, is a dire exemplification of the author's dogma that the poet's caprice is the supreme æsthetic law. This book became the centre of a literary strife in which Schleiermacher undertook its defense. It has been omitted from the later editions of Schlegel's collected works. In April 1804 Friedrich and Dorothea were married. Four years later, following the Romantic tendency, both became Catholics. Dorothea outlived her husband by ten years. Her few writings all appeared under her husband's name. The standard German version of Madame de Staël's 'Corinne' was her work.

Schlegel's career was a brilliant one. For a brief space he was tutor at Jena; but his most effective work was as a lecturer. In Paris he made a thorough study of Persian and Hindu; and with a most unusual scholarly equipment, including a knowledge of ancient, modern, and remote literatures, he entered the lecture field. Nor should mention be omitted of his art studies, pursued both at Paris and in company with the Boisserées at Cologne. Honors were showered thickly upon him; crowds thronged to his lecture-room. When in 1809 he went to Vienna he was made court councilor, and became the literary secretary of the State Chancellery. The ringing proclamations with which Austria announced her uprising against Napoleon in 1809 were from his pen. In the campaign that followed, it was he who at the headquarters of the Archduke Karl took editorial charge of the army paper, known as the Austrian Gazette. But after the disenchanting peace in the autumn, Schlegel fell back into that state

of pessimistic resignation which characterized the Metternich régime. From 1815 to 1818 he was counsel of the Austrian legation at Frankfort. In 1819 he accompanied Metternich to Italy; but on his return he left the service of the State, and gave his energies exclusively to literature. He founded a magazine called Concordia, whose sole purpose was to bring all confessions back into the fold of the church. A course of lectures which in 1827 he delivered in Vienna on the 'Philosophy of History' showed that his Catholicism had injured his catholicity. In the following year, in Dresden, he began another course on the 'Philosophy of Language and of Words'; but it was never finished. He died on January 12th, 1829.

Schlegel's most important contributions to literature, with one notable exception, were conceived in the form of lectures. That exception was the ripe fruit of his Oriental studies, and appeared in 1808 under the title of 'Sprache und Weisheit der Indier' (Language and Wisdom of the [East] Indians). It gave an important impulse to the then young science of comparative philology. Of more far-reaching influence was the course of lectures, delivered in Vienna before crowded audiences in the years 1810 to 1812, on 'Die Geschichte der Alten und Neuen Litteratur' (History of Ancient and Modern Literature). Although the heyday of his youthful enthusiasm is tamed, and a growing intolerance is evident, there is an exultant vigor in these lectures that marks the man who consciously commands his subject, and develops it with a sure mastery along clearly thought-out and original lines. He fights for the ideal of a free individuality which he saw incorporated in Goethe; but the tinge of mediævalism is apparent in his exaltation of Dante and Calderon. Schlegel, if he was not creative, may be called productive; his work was vital, and the rich nobility of his essentially poetic mind has made his critical writings a positive constructive force.

OF ROMANCE: SPENSER AND SHAKESPEARE

From 'Lectures on the History of Literature'

THE romance of Cervantes has been, notwithstanding its high internal excellence, a dangerous and unfortunate model for the imitation of other nations. The 'Don Quixote,' a work in its kind of unexampled invention, has been the origin of the whole of modern romance; and of a crowd of unsuccessful attempts among French, English, and Germans, the object of which was to elevate into a species of poetry the prosaic representations of

the actual and the present. To say nothing of the genius of Cervantes,—which stands entirely by itself, and was sufficient to secure him from many of the faults of his successors,—the situation in which he cultivated prose fiction was fortunately far above what has fallen to the lot of any of them. The actual life of Spain in his day was much more chivalric and romantic than it has ever since been in any country of Europe. Even the want of a very exact civil subordination, and the free or rather lawless life of the provinces, might be of use to his imagination.

In all these attempts to raise the realities of Spanish life, by wit and adventure or by the extraordinary excitements of thought and feeling, to a species of poetic fiction, we can perceive that the authors are always anxious to create for themselves, in some way or other, the advantages of a poetic distance; if it were only in the life of Italian artists, a subject frequently treated in German romances, or in that of American woods and wildernesses, one very common among those of foreigners. Even when the scene of the fable is laid entirely at home, and within the sphere of the common citizen life, the narrative — so long as it continues to be narrative, and does not lose itself altogether in wit, humor, or sentiment — is ever anxious to extend in some degree the limit of that reality by which it is confined, and to procure somewhere an opening into the region where fancy is more at liberty in her operations: when no other method can be found, traveling adventures, duels, elopements, a band of robbers, or the intrigues and anxieties of a troop of strollers, are introduced pretty evidently more for the sake of the author than of his hero.

The idea of the Romantic in these romances — even in some of the best and most celebrated of them — appears to coincide very closely with that of unregulated and dissolute conduct. I remember it was the observation of a great philosopher, that the moment the world should see a perfect police, the moment there should be no contraband trade and the traveler's pass should contain an exact portrait and biography of its bearer, that moment it would become quite impossible to write a good romance; for that then nothing could occur in real life which might, with any moderate degree of ornament, be formed into the groundwork of such fiction. The expression seems quaint, but I suspect the opinion is founded very nearly upon the truth.

To determine the true and proper relation between poetry and the past or the present, involves the investigation of the whole

depth and essence of the art. In general, in our theories,—with the exception of some very general, meaningless, and most commonly false definitions of the art itself, and of the beautiful,—the chief subjects of attention are the mere forms of poetry; things without doubt necessary to be known, but by no means sufficient. As yet there has scarcely been any theory with regard to the proper subject of poetry, although such a theory would evidently be far the most useful of any in regard to the effect which poetry is to have upon life. In the preceding discourse I have endeavored to supply this defect, and to give some glimpses of such a theory, wherever the nature of my topics has furnished me with an opportunity.

With regard to the representation of actual life in poetry, we must above all things remember that it is by no means certain that the actual and the present are intractable or unworthy subjects of poetical representation, merely because in themselves they appear less noble and uncommon than the past. It is true that in what is near and present, the common and unpoetical come at all times more strongly and more conspicuously into view; while in the remote and the past, they occupy the distance and leave the foreground to be filled with forms of greatness and sublimity alone. But this difficulty is one which the true poet can easily conquer: his art has no more favorite mode of displaying itself than in lending to things of commonplace and every-day occurrence the brilliancy of a poetic illumination, by extracting from them higher signification and deeper purpose and more refined feeling than we had before suspected them of concealing, or dreamed them to be capable of exciting. Still, the precision of the present is at all times binding and confining for the fancy; and when by our subject we impose so many fetters upon her, there is always reason to fear that she will be inclined to make up for this restraint by an excess of liberty in regard to language and description.

To make my views upon this point intelligible to you in the shortest way, I need only recall to your recollection what I said some time ago with regard to subjects of a religious or Christian import. The invisible world, the Deity, and pure intellect, can never upon the whole be with propriety represented by us; nature and human beings are the proper and immediate subjects of poetry. But the higher and spiritual world can be everywhere embodied and shadowed forth in our terrestrial materials.

In like manner, the indirect representation of the actual and the present is the best and most appropriate. The bloom of young life, and the high ecstasies of passion, as well as the maturity of wise reflection, may all be combined with the old traditions of our nation: they will there have more room for exertion, and be displayed in a purer light, than the present can command. The oldest poet of the past, Homer, is at the same time to us a describer of the present in its utmost liveliness and freshness. Every true poet carries into the past his own age, and in a certain sense himself. The following appears to me to be a true account of the proper relation between poetry and time: The proper business of poetry is to represent only the eternal,—that which is at all places and in all times significant and beautiful; but this cannot be accomplished without the intervention of a veil. Poetry requires to have a corporeal habitation; and this she finds in her best sphere,—the traditions of a nation, the recollections and the past of a people. In her representations of these, however, she introduces the whole wealth of the present, so far as that is susceptible of poetical ornament; she plunges also into the future, because she explains the apparent mysteries of earthly existence, accompanies individual life through all its development down to its period of termination, and sheds from her magic mirror the light of a higher interpretation upon all things; she embraces all the tenses—the past, the present, and the future—in order to make a truly sensible representation of the eternal or the perfect time. Even in a philosophical sense, eternity is no nonentity, no mere negation of time; but rather its entire and undivided fullness, wherein all its elements are united, where the past becomes again new and present, and with the present itself is mingled the abundance of hope and all the richness of futurity.

Although, upon the whole, I consider the indirect representation of the present as the one most suitable for poetry, I would by no means be understood to be passing a judgment of condemnation upon all poetical works which follow the opposite path. We must leave the artist to be the judge of his own work. The true poet can show his power even though he takes a wrong way, and composes works which are far from perfection in regard to their original foundation. Milton and Klopstock must at all times be honored as poets of the first class, although no one will deny that they have both done themselves the

injustice to choose subjects which they never could adequately describe.

In like manner, to Richardson, who erred in a very opposite way, by trying to imitate Cervantes in elevating to poetry the realities of modern life, we cannot refuse the praise of a great talent for description, and of having at least manifested great vigor in his course, although the goal which he wished to reach was one entirely beyond his power. . . .

The chivalrous poem of Spenser, the 'Fairy Queen,' presents us with a complete view of the spirit of romance which yet lingered in England among the subjects of Elizabeth; that maiden queen who saw herself, with no ordinary delight, deified while yet alive by such playful fancies of mythology and the Muse. Spenser is a perfect master of the picturesque: in his lyrical pieces there breathes all the tenderness of the idyl, the very spirit of the Troubadours. Not only in the species and manner of his poetry, but even in his language, he bears the most striking resemblance to our old German poets of love and chivalry. The history of the English literature was indeed quite the reverse of ours. Chaucer is not unlike our poets of the sixteenth century; but Spenser is the near kinsman of the tender and melodious poets of our older time. In every language which is, like the English, the product of the blending of two different dialects, there must always be two ideals, according as the poet shall lean more to the one or the other of the elements whereof his language is composed. Of all the English poets the most Teutonic is Spenser; while Milton, on the contrary, has an evident partiality to the Latin part of the English tongue. The only unfortunate part of Spenser's poetry is its form. The allegory which he has selected and made the groundwork of his chief poem is not one of that lively kind which prevails in the elder chivalrous fictions, wherein the idea of a spiritual hero, and the mysteries of his higher vocation, are concealed under the likeness of external adventures and tangible events. It is only a dead allegory, a mere classification of all the virtues of an ethical system; in short, such a one that but for the proper names of the personages, we should never suspect any part of their history to contain "more than meets the ear."

The admiration with which Shakespeare regarded Spenser, and the care with which he imitated him in his lyrical and idyllic poems, are circumstances of themselves sufficient to make us

study, with the liveliest interest, the poem of the 'Fairy Queen.' It is in these minor pieces of Shakespeare that we are first introduced to a personal knowledge of the great poet and his feelings. When he wrote sonnets, it seems as if he had considered himself as more a poet than when he wrote plays: he was the manager of a theatre, and he viewed the drama as his business; on it he exerted all his intellect and power: but when he had feelings intense and secret to express, he had recourse to a form of writing with which his habits had rendered him less familiar. It is strange but delightful to scrutinize, in his short effusions, the character of Shakespeare. In them we see that he who stood like a magician above the world, penetrating with one glance into all the depths and mysteries and perplexities of human character, and having power to call up into open day the darkest workings of human passions,—that this great being was not deprived of any portion of his human sympathies by the elevation to which he was raised, but preserved amidst all his stern functions a heart overflowing with tenderness, purity, and love. His feelings are intense, profound, acute, almost to selfishness; but he expresses them so briefly and modestly as to form a strange contrast with most of those poets who write concerning themselves. For the right understanding of his dramatic works, these lyrics are of the greatest importance. They show us that in his dramas he very seldom speaks according to his own feelings or his own thoughts, but according to his knowledge. The world lay clear and distinct before his eyes, but between him and it there was a deep gulf fixed. He gives us a portrait of what he saw, without flattery or ornament, having the charm of unrivaled accuracy and truth. Were understanding, acuteness, and profoundness of thought (in so far as these are necessary for the characterizing of human life), to be considered as the first qualities of a poet, there is none worthy to be compared with Shakespeare. Other poets have endeavored to transport us, at least for a few moments, into another and an ideal condition of mankind. But Shakespeare is the master of reality; he sets before us, with a truth that is often painful, man in his degraded state, in this corruption which penetrates and contaminates all his being, all that he does and suffers, all the thoughts and aspirations of his fallen spirit. In this respect he may not unfrequently be said to be a satirical poet; and well indeed may the picture which he presents of human debasement, and the

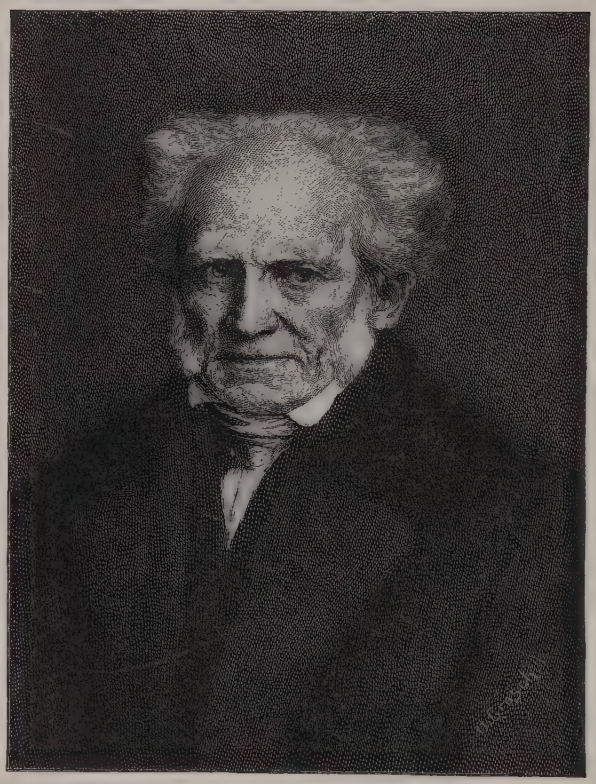
enigma of our being, be calculated to produce an effect far more deep and abiding than the whole body of splenetic and passionate revilers whom we commonly call by the name of satiric poets. In the midst of all the bitterness of Shakespeare we perceive continual glimpses of thoughts and recollections more pure than satirists partake in: meditation on the original height and elevation of man; the peculiar tenderness and noble-minded sentiment of a poet. The dark world of his representation is illuminated with the most beautiful rays of patriotic inspiration, serene philanthropy, and glowing love.

But even the youthful glow of love appears in his Romeo as the mere inspiration of death; and is mingled with the same skeptical and melancholy views of life which in Hamlet give to all our being an appearance of more than natural discord and perplexity, and which in Lear carry sorrow and passion into the utmost misery of madness. This poet, who externally seems to be most calm and temperate, clear and lively; with whom intellect seems everywhere to preponderate; who as we at first imagine, regards and represents everything almost with coldness,— is found, if we examine into the internal feelings of his spirit, to be above all others the most deeply sorrowful and tragic.

Shakespeare regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people, and at first treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it; and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors and of the audience in London. Even in the earliest of his tragic attempts, he takes possession of the whole superstitions of the vulgar; and mingles in his poetry not only the gigantic greatness of their rude traditions, but also the fearful, the horrible, and the revolting. All these, again, are blended with such representations and views of human debasement as passed, or still pass, with common spectators for wit; but were connected in the depths of his reflective and penetrating spirit with the very different feelings of bitter contempt or sorrowful sympathy. He was not in knowledge, far less in art, such as since the time of Milton it has been usual to represent him. But I believe that the inmost feelings of his heart, the depths of his peculiar, concentrated, and solitary spirit, could be agitated only by the mournful voice of nature. The feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of

nationality. He has represented the heroic and glorious period of English history, during the conquests in France, in a series of dramatic pieces which possess all the simplicity and liveliness of the ancient chronicles, but approach in their ruling spirit of patriotism and glory to the most dignified and effective productions of the epic Muse.

In the works of Shakespeare a whole world is unfolded. He who has once comprehended this, and been penetrated with its spirit, will not easily allow the effect to be diminished by the form, or listen to the cavils of those who are incapable of understanding the import of what they would criticize. The form of Shakespeare's writings will rather appear to him good and excellent because in it his spirit is expressed and clothed, as it were, in a convenient garment. The poetry of Shakespeare is near of kin to the spirit of the Germans; and he is more felt and beloved by them than any other foreign — I had almost said than any vernacular — poet. Even in England, the understanding of Shakespeare is rendered considerably more difficult in consequence of the resemblance which many very inferior writers bear to him in those points which come most immediately before the eye. In Germany, we admire Shakespeare and are free from this disadvantage; but we should beware of adopting either the form or the sentiment of this great poet's writings as the exclusive model of our own. They are indeed, in themselves, most highly poetical; but they are far from being the only poetical ones, and the dramatic art may attain perfection in many other ways besides the Shakespearean.



SCHOPENHAUER

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

(1788–1860)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

SCHOPENHAUER enjoys a unique distinction among the great philosophers of the modern world. Apart from the extraordinary powers of analysis that make him so important a factor in the development of philosophical thought, he possesses the literary faculty in a degree quite unexampled among the metaphysical writers of modern times, and must be reckoned with as a man of letters no less than as a thinker. The world of his thought lies before the reader as a fair sunlit meadow; and offers an enticing prospect to the traveler who has been toiling through the rugged ways of the Kantian categories, or the barren morass of the Hegelian logic. He not only has a definite set of ideas, deeply conceived and organically united, to present to his students, but he has clothed them in a verbal garb that makes metaphysics, for once, easy reading, and is perhaps too alluring to do the best possible service to exact thought. His clear, rich, and allusive style makes him one of the greatest masters of German prose; while of his chief philosophical work it is hardly too much to say, with Professor Royce, that it "is in form the most artistic philosophical treatise in existence," unless we hark back to Plato himself. When we add to these considerations the breadth of his culture,—which touched upon so many human concerns, and so adorned whatever it touched that a close acquaintance with the whole of his work is almost a liberal education in itself,—we may understand why his figure is the most interesting, if not the most significant, in the history of nineteenth-century thought; and why his influence, instead of becoming a matter of merely historical interest, or declining into the cult of a coterie, is now steadily growing nearly forty years after his death.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in Danzig, February 22d (Washington's and Lowell's birthday), 1788. His father was a merchant in prosperous circumstances; his mother was a brilliant woman, who afterwards became a novelist of some repute and a leader in the social life of Weimar. In 1793 Danzig lost its rank as a free city, being absorbed by Prussia; whereupon the Schopenhauers removed to Hamburg. At the age of nine Arthur was sent to France for two

years, and at the age of fifteen started upon two years of traveling with his family, although for a part of the time he was placed in an English school. He tried to follow the parental wishes in adopting a mercantile life; but the death of his father in 1805 changed these plans. The boy then determined to study the classics and work for a degree. He prepared himself at Gotha and Weimar, and entered the University of Göttingen in 1809. Here he studied for two years, then at Berlin; and then, in 1813, seeking to escape from the turmoil of warfare, he went first to Dresden, and afterwards to Rudolstadt, where he worked upon the dissertation which obtained for him, in the autumn of 1813, his degree at the University of Jena. This dissertation — which occupies an important place among his writings, because it contains the germ of his subsequent thinking — was entitled 'Ueber die Vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom Zureichenden Grunde' (The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason). The mind is constantly asking, Why is this or that thing so? Why does that stone fall to the earth? Why must a given judgment be either true or not true? Why are equilateral triangles equiangular? Why do I raise my hand when threatened by a blow? For each of these things there is a sufficient reason; but the reasons are not of the same sort. In the first case there is a physical cause, in the second a logical consequence, in the third the datum of the problem necessitates the conclusion, while in the fourth the will offers the immediate explanation. These cases are perhaps but four aspects of one general principle; but as Schopenhauer pointed out, much confusion may result from a failure to distinguish clearly between them, and a «cause» may be a very different thing from a «because.»

After obtaining his degree, our philosopher in embryo lived with his mother for a winter in Weimar; but they were separated the following year by incompatibility of temperament, and never met again. The four years 1814–18 were spent in Dresden, devoted chiefly to the composition of the philosopher's *magnum opus*. A pamphlet 'Ueber das Sehen und die Farben' (Sight and Color), published during this period, is of historical but hardly of scientific interest. What value it still has, depends upon the acuteness of many of its observations, and upon the emphasis which it places upon the subjective aspect of color perception; but as an attempt to vindicate Goethe's fantastic 'Farbenlehre' as against Newton's, it was foredoomed to failure. Schopenhauer's great work, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' (The World as Will and Idea), was turned over to his publisher in the spring of 1818, and without waiting for its appearance the author hastened to Italy, carrying with him the conviction that he had given to the world its first true and all-embracing system of philosophy; that he, and he alone, at the age of thirty, had unraveled «the master-knot of human

fate," and given their final solution to the problems that had been attempted by all the long line of philosophers from "Plato the Divine" to "Kant the Astounding." Before attempting a characterization of this masterpiece of philosophical thought, the history of the forty or more years remaining to him may be briefly set forth. The Italian journey filled two years. In 1820 he returned to Germany, lectured at Berlin, and waited in vain for the recognition that he felt to be his due. Another Italian journey followed; then a period of several years passed mainly in Berlin, until that city was threatened with cholera in 1831, and Schopenhauer fled to a safer place. He finally settled upon Frankfort, where the remainder of his life was spent; where his temper gradually mellowed as time brought to him his long-delayed desert of fame; and where he died September 20th, 1860. His body lies in the Friedhof of the old city on the Main, beneath a simple block of dark granite, upon which his name alone is engraved.

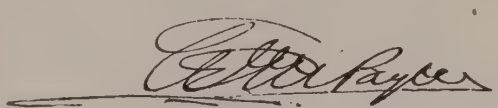
'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' is, as the preface declares, the expression of a single thought; and it may be added that all of Schopenhauer's subsequent writings are but further illustrations and amplifications of that thought. The work is divided into four books. The first, accepting as irrefragable the essential conclusions of the Kantian analysis of consciousness, discusses the world as Idea or Representation (Vorstellung). It fuses into one transparent whole the body of ideas that trace their lineage through Hobbes, Locke, and Berkeley to Kant; and shows how this so real world that we know, as presented to our senses, and built up into a self-consistent and harmonious structure by the acts of perception, conception, and reflection, must be viewed by the philosophical mind, after all, as but the Object with which the individual Subject is correlated, and can have no independent existence of its own in any way resembling the existence which it appears to have in our consciousness. For it is a world which lies in space and time, and is bound by the law of causality; and these things, as Kant once for all demonstrated, are but the forms of the intellect, the conditions which the Subject imposes upon whatever existence *per se* may turn out to be. It will thus be seen that there is nothing particularly novel in the first book; it is in the second that Schopenhauer makes his own most significant contribution to philosophy. For in this second book the question becomes, What is the "Ding an Sich" (Thing In-Itself) before which the Kantian analysis halted? What is the world, not as it appears to us, but in its innermost essence? It cannot be a world of space and time and causality, since they are only the forms of thought in which the Subject clothes the Object. The answer to this deepest of all problems must be sought by an interrogation of the consciousness. What is, apart from my sensation and my thinking, the very kernel of my being?

Schopenhauer triumphantly replies, "The Will." Not the will in the narrow sense,—the mere culmination of the conscious process which begins with sensation and ends with rational action,—but the will in the broader sense of a blind striving for existence; the power one and indivisible which asserts itself in our activity as a whole rather than in our separate acts, and not only in us, where it is in a measure lighted up by conscious intelligence, but in all the inanimate world, made one with ourselves by this transcendental synthesis. The stone that falls to earth, the crystal that grows from its solution, the flower that turns toward the sun, and the man who leads an army to victory, are all manifestations of the world-will; separate manifestations they seem to us, but in reality the same thing, for the Will knows nothing of space or time.

In the third book, we return to the World as Idea, led this time by the guiding hand of Plato. The Will, in its creation of the World as Idea, objectifies itself in a succession of archetypal forms, ranging from the lowest, the forms of crude matter, to the highest, man. Plato discerned this truth, and set it forth in his doctrine of ideas. If Schopenhauer had lived ten years longer, he would have seen the new light of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and have recognized that the objectification of the will takes place by a gradual process rather than by a series of leaps. This doctrine of archetypal forms leads the way to a philosophy of art, which is indeed the chief subject-matter of the third book. The artist is the one who perceives the idea that nature stammers in trying to express, and who holds it up for the admiration of mankind. Thus art is necessarily ideal in a literal sense, and an improvement upon nature. Moreover, in man's contemplation of the eternal idea as revealed by art he finds a temporary escape from the world of will, and knows now and then an hour of happiness. In the passionless calm of contemplation he forgets the miseries to which he is bound as the objectification of will, and is in a measure freed from the bondage of self. It is the object of the fourth book to show how this temporary freedom may become a final release. For the will, unconscious in its lower manifestations, has provided for itself in man the lamp of intelligence, whereby it may come to discern its own nature and the hopelessness of its strivings. In man alone the will, having risen to the full height of conscious power, is confronted with a momentous choice: it may affirm itself, may will to go on with the hopeless endeavor to pluck happiness from the tree of life; or it may, recognizing the futility of all such endeavor, deny itself, as with the Indian ascetic, and sink into Nirvana. Here we have manifest the powerful influence which the sacred books of India had upon Schopenhauer's thinking, an influence as great as that of either Plato or Kant. And allied with this

doctrine is his theory of ethics, which bases all right conduct upon the individual's recognition, dim or clear in various degrees, of the essential oneness of things; which finds in the illusive veil of Maya a figurative foreshadowing of the Kantian transcendentalism; and which discovers the deepest word of human wisdom in the reiterated formula, «Tat twam asi,» «This art thou,» of the 'Upanishads.'

A second edition of 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung' was called for in 1844, a third in 1859. In these editions the original work grew to more than double its earlier dimensions; but the added matter did not mar the symmetrical structure of the treatise first published, since it was relegated to a stout supplementary volume. Schopenhauer's other works, all of which may be regarded as ancillary to this one, include 'Ueber den Willen in der Natur' (The Will in Nature: 1836); 'Die Beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik' (The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics: 1841); and the two volumes of miscellaneous papers pedantically entitled 'Parerga und Paralipomena' (1851). The publication of the latter work marked the turning of the tide in the author's fame, and occasioned an accession of the popularity which he had so long in vain awaited. The public, which had fought shy of the systematic exposition of his philosophy, was attracted by these miscellaneous papers, so piquant, so suggestive, so reflective of a strong literary personality; and through the side-lights which the 'Parerga' cast upon the philosopher's more solid works, were led to take up the latter, and discover what a treasure it was that had so long been neglected. This tardy recognition was grateful to Schopenhauer, who had never lost faith in the enduring character of his work, and in the devotion of whose laborious days there had been mingled not a little of «the last infirmity of noble mind.» It is pleasant to think of this Indian Summer of fame that came to the Sage of Frankfort during the last ten years of his life; pleasant also, to know that when at last his work was finished, he passed painlessly away, assured that the world would not forget what he had done.



FROM 'THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA'

THE final demand I have to make on the reader might indeed be tacitly assumed, for it is nothing but an acquaintance with the most important phenomenon that has appeared in philosophy for two thousand years, and that lies so near to us: I mean the principal writings of Kant. It seems to me, in fact,—as indeed has already been said by others,—that the effect these writings produce in the mind to which they truly speak is very like that of the operation for cataract on a blind man; and if we wish to pursue the simile further, the aim of my own work may be described by saying that I have sought to put into the hands of those upon whom that operation has been successfully performed a pair of spectacles suitable to eyes that have recovered their sight,—spectacles of whose use that operation is the absolutely necessary condition. Starting then, as I do to a large extent, from what has been accomplished by the great Kant, I have yet been enabled, just on account of my earnest study of his writings, to discover important errors in them. These I have been obliged to separate from the rest and prove to be false, in order that I might be able to presuppose and apply what is true and excellent in his doctrine, pure and freed from error. But not to interrupt and complicate my own exposition by a constant polemic against Kant, I have relegated this to a special appendix. . . .

The philosophy of Kant, then, is the only philosophy with which a thorough acquaintance is directly presupposed in what we have to say here. But if, besides this, the reader has lingered in the school of the divine Plato, he will be so much the better prepared to hear me, and susceptible to what I say. And if, indeed, in addition to this he is a partaker of the benefit conferred by the Vedas (the access to which, opened to us through the Upanishads, is in my eyes the greatest advantage which this still young century enjoys over previous ones, because I believe that the influence of the Sanskrit literature will penetrate not less deeply than did the revival of Greek literature in the fifteenth century),—if, I say, the reader has already received and assimilated the sacred, primitive Indian wisdom, then is he best of all prepared to hear what I have to say to him. My work will not speak to him, as to many others, in a strange and even hostile tongue; for if it does not sound too vain, I might express the

opinion that each one of the individual and disconnected aphorisms which make up the Upanishads may be deduced as a consequence from the thought I am going to impart; though the converse — that my thought is to be found in the Upanishads — is by no means the case. . . .

"The world is my idea." This is a truth which holds good for everything that lives and knows, though man alone can bring it into reflective and abstract consciousness. If he really does this, he has attained to philosophical wisdom. It then becomes clear and certain to him that what he knows is not a sun and an earth, but only an eye that sees a sun, a hand that feels an earth; that the world which surrounds him is there only as idea,— *i. e.*, only in relation to something else, the consciousness which is in himself. If any truth can be asserted *a priori*, it is this, for it is the expression of the most general form of all possible and thinkable experience,— a form which is more general than time, or space, or causality, for they all presuppose it; and each of these, which we have seen to be just so many modes of the principle of sufficient reason, is valid only for a particular class of ideas: whereas the antithesis of object and subject is the common form of all these classes; is that form under which alone any idea, of whatever kind it may be,— abstract or intuitive, pure or empirical,— is possible and thinkable.

No truth therefore is more certain, more independent of all others, and less in need of proof, than this: that all that exists for knowledge, and therefore this whole world, is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver,— in a word, idea. This is obviously true of the past and the future, as well as of the present; of what is farthest off, as of what is near: for it is true of time and space themselves, in which alone these distinctions arise. All that in any way belongs or can belong to the world is inevitably thus conditioned through the subject, and exists only for the subject. The world is idea. . . .

Of all systems of philosophy which start from the object, the most consistent, and that which may be carried furthest, is simple materialism. It regards matter — and with it time and space — as existing absolutely; and ignores the relation to the subject in which alone all this really exists. It then lays hold of the law of causality as a guiding principle or clue, regarding it as a self-existent order or arrangement of things, *veritas æterna;* and so fails to take account of the understanding, in which and for which

alone causality is. It seeks the primary and most simple state of matter, and then tries to develop all the others from it; ascending from mere mechanism to chemism, to polarity, to the vegetable and to the animal kingdom. And if we suppose this to have been done, the last link in the chain would be animal sensibility, — that is, knowledge, — which would consequently now appear as a mere modification or state of matter produced by causality. Now if we had followed materialism thus far with clear ideas, when we reached its highest point we should suddenly be seized with a fit of the inextinguishable laughter of the Olympians. As if waking from a dream, we should all at once become aware that its final result — knowledge, which it reached so laboriously — was presupposed as the indispensable condition of its very starting-point, mere matter: and when we imagine that we thought matter, we really thought only the subject that perceives matter; the eye that sees it, the hand that feels it, the understanding that knows it. Thus the tremendous *petitio principii* reveals itself unexpectedly: for suddenly the last link is seen to be the starting-point, the chain a circle; and the materialist is like Baron Munchausen, who, when swimming in water on horseback, drew the horse into the air with his legs, and himself also by his cue. . . .

As from the direct light of the sun to the borrowed light of the moon, we pass from the immediate idea of perception — which stands by itself and is its own warrant — to reflection; to the abstract, discursive concepts of the reason, which obtain their whole content from knowledge of perception, and in relation to it. As long as we continue simply to perceive, all is clear, firm, and certain. There are neither questions nor doubts nor errors; we desire to go no further, can go no further; we find rest in perceiving, and satisfaction in the present. Perception suffices for itself: and therefore what springs purely from it, and remains true to it, — for example, a genuine work of art, — can never be false; nor can it be discredited through the lapse of time, for it does not present an opinion, but the thing itself. But with abstract knowledge, with reason, doubt and error appear in the theoretical, care and sorrow in the practical. In the idea of perception, illusion may at moments take the place of the real; but in the sphere of abstract thought, error may reign for a thousand years, impose its yoke upon whole nations, extend to the noblest impulses of humanity, and by the help of its slaves and its dupes may chain and fetter those whom it cannot deceive. It is the

enemy against which the wisest men of all times have waged unequal war, and only what they have won from it has become the possession of mankind. Therefore it is well to draw attention to it at once, as we already tread the ground to which its province belongs. It has often been said that we ought to follow truth, even although no utility can be seen in it, because it may have indirect utility which may appear when it is least expected; and I would add to this, that we ought to be just as anxious to discover and to root out all error, even when no harm is anticipated from it, because its mischief may be very indirect, and may suddenly appear when we do not expect it,—for all error has poison at its heart. If it is mind, if it is knowledge, that makes man the lord of creation, there can be no such thing as harmless error; still less venerable and holy error. And for the consolation of those who in any way and at any time may have devoted strength and life to the noble and hard battle against error, I cannot refrain from adding that so long as truth is absent, error will have free play,—as owls and bats in the night; but sooner would we expect to see the owls and the bats drive back the sun in the eastern heavens, than that any truth which has once been known, and distinctly and fully expressed, can ever again be so utterly vanquished and overcome that the old error shall once more reign undisturbed over its wide kingdom. This is the power of truth: its conquest is slow and laborious, but if once the victory be gained it can never be wrested back again. . . .

To him who has thoroughly grasped this, and can distinguish between the will and the Idea, and between the Idea and its manifestation, the events of the world will have significance only so far as they are the letters out of which we may read the Idea of man, but not in and for themselves. He will not believe with the vulgar that time may produce something actually new and significant; that through it, or in it, something absolutely real may attain to existence, or indeed that it itself as a whole has beginning and end, plan and development, and in some way has for its final aim the highest perfection (according to their conception) of the last generation of man, whose life is a brief thirty years. Therefore he will just as little, with Homer, people a whole Olympus with gods to guide the events of time, as with Ossian he will take the forms of the clouds for individual beings; for as we have said, both have just as much meaning as regards

the Idea which appears in them. In the manifold forms of human life, and in the unceasing change of events, he will regard the Idea only as the abiding and essential, in which the will to live has its fullest objectivity, and which shows its different sides in the capacities, the passions, the errors, and the excellences, of the human race; in self-interest, hatred, love, fear, boldness, frivolity, stupidity, slyness, wit, genius, and so forth,— all of which, crowding together and combining in thousands of forms (individuals), continually create the history of the great and the little world, in which it is all the same whether they are set in motion by nuts or by crowns. Finally he will find that in the world it is the same as in the dramas of Gozzi, in all of which the same persons appear, with like intention and with a like fate: the motives and incidents are certainly different in each piece, but the spirit of the incidents is the same; the actors in one piece know nothing of the incidents of another, although they performed in it themselves: therefore after all experience of former pieces, Pantaloon has become no more agile or generous, Tartaglia no more conscientious, Brighella no more courageous, and Columbine no more modest.

Suppose we were allowed for once a clearer glance into the kingdom of the possible, and over the whole chain of causes and effects: if the earth-spirit appeared and showed us in a picture all the greatest men, enlighteners of the world, and heroes, that chance destroyed before they were ripe for their work; then the great events that would have changed the history of the world and brought in periods of the highest culture and enlightenment, but which the blindest chance — the most insignificant accident — hindered at the outset; lastly the splendid powers of great men, that would have enriched whole ages of the world, but which, either misled by error or fashion, or compelled by necessity, they squandered uselessly on unworthy or unfruitful objects, or even wasted in play. If we saw all this, we should shudder and lament at the thought of the lost treasures of whole periods of the world. But the earth-spirit would smile and say, "The source from which the individuals and their powers proceed is inexhaustible and unending as time and space; for like these forms of all phenomena, they also are only phenomena,— visibility of the will. No finite measure can exhaust that infinite source; therefore an undiminished eternity is always open for the return of any event or work that was nipped in the bud. In this

world of phenomena, true loss is just as little possible as true gain. The will alone is: it is the thing in-itself, and the source of all these phenomena. Its self-knowledge and its assertion or denial, which is then decided upon, is the only event in-itself.

All *willing* arises from want; therefore from deficiency, and therefore from suffering. The satisfaction of a wish ends it; yet for one wish that is satisfied there remain at least ten which are denied. Further, the desire lasts long, the demands are infinite: the satisfaction is short and scantily measured out. But even the final satisfaction is itself only apparent; every satisfied wish at once makes room for a new one: both are illusions; the one is known to be so, the other not yet. No attained object of desire can give lasting satisfaction, but merely a fleeting gratification: it is like the alms thrown to the beggar, that keeps him alive to-day that his misery may be prolonged till the morrow. Therefore so long as our consciousness is filled by our will, so long as we are given up to the throng of desires with their constant hopes and fears, so long as we are the subject of willing,—we can never have lasting happiness nor peace. It is essentially all the same whether we pursue or flee, fear injury or seek enjoyment: the care for the constant demands of the will, in whatever form it may be, continually occupies and sways the consciousness; but without peace no true well-being is possible. The subject of willing is thus constantly stretched on the revolving wheel of Ixion, pours water into the sieve of the Danaids, is the ever-longing Tantalus.

But when some external cause or inward disposition lifts us suddenly out of the endless stream of willing,—delivers knowledge from the slavery of the will,—the attention is no longer directed to the motives of willing, but comprehends things free from their relation to the will; and thus observes them without personal interest, without subjectivity, purely objectively,—gives itself entirely up to them so far as they are ideas, but not in so far as they are motives. Then all at once the peace which we were always seeking, but which always fled from us on the former path of the desires, comes to us of its own accord; and it is well with us. It is the painless state which Epicurus prized as the highest good and as the state of the gods: for we are for the moment set free from the miserable striving of the will; we keep the Sabbath of the penal servitude of willing; the wheel of Ixion stands still. . . .

Tragedy is to be regarded, and is recognized, as the summit of poetical art, both on account of the greatness of its effect and the difficulty of its achievement. It is very significant for our whole system, and well worthy of observation, that the end of this highest poetical achievement is the representation of the terrible side of life. The unspeakable pain, the wail of humanity, the triumph of evil, the scornful mastery of chance, and the irretrievable fall of the just and innocent, is here presented to us; and in this lies a significant hint of the nature of the world and of existence. It is the strife of will with itself, which here, completely unfolded at the highest grade of its objectivity, comes into fearful prominence. It becomes visible in the suffering of men, which is now introduced: partly through chance and error, which appear as the rulers of the world,—personified as fate on account of their insidiousness, which even reaches the appearance of design; partly it proceeds from man himself, through the self-mortifying efforts of a few, through the wickedness and perversity of most. It is one and the same will that lives and appears in them all, but whose phenomena fight against each other and destroy each other. In one individual it appears powerfully, in another more weakly; in one more subject to reason and softened by the light of knowledge, in another less so: till at last, in some single case, this knowledge, purified and heightened by suffering itself, reaches the point at which the phenomenon, the veil of Maya, no longer deceives it. It sees through the form of the phenomenon the *principium individuationis*. The egoism which rests on this perishes with it, so that now the *motives* that were so powerful before have lost their might; and instead of them the complete knowledge of the nature of the world, which has a *quieting* effect on the will, produces resignation,—the surrender not merely of life, but of the very will to live. Thus we see in tragedies the noblest men, after long conflict and suffering, at last renounce the ends they have so keenly followed, and all the pleasures of life forever, or else freely and joyfully surrender life itself. So is it with Calderon's steadfast prince; with Gretchen in 'Faust'; with Hamlet, whom his friend Horatio would willingly follow, but is bade remain awhile, and in this harsh world draw his breath in pain, to tell the story of Hamlet and clear his memory; so also is it with the Maid of Orleans, the Bride of Messina: they all die purified by suffering,—*i. e.*, after the will to live which was formerly in them is dead. In the

'Mohammed' of Voltaire this is actually expressed in the concluding words which the dying Pelmira addresses to Mohammed: "The world is for tyrants: live!" On the other hand, the demand for so-called poetical justice rests on entire misconception of the nature of tragedy, and indeed of the nature of the world itself. It boldly appears in all its dullness in the criticisms which Dr. Samuel Johnson made on particular plays of Shakespeare, for he very naïvely laments its entire absence. And its absence is certainly obvious; for in what has Ophelia, Desdemona, or Cordelia offended? But only the dull, optimistic, Protestant-rationalistic, or peculiarly Jewish view of life will make the demand for poetical justice, and find satisfaction in it. The true sense of tragedy is the deeper insight that it is not his own individual sins that the hero atones for, but original sin,—*i. e.*, the crime of existence itself:—

"Pues el delito mayor
Del hombre es haber nacido,"

("For the greatest crime
Of man is that he was born,")

as Calderon exactly expresses it.

I shall allow myself only one remark more closely concerning the treatment of tragedy. The representation of a great misfortune is alone essential to tragedy. But the many different ways in which this is introduced by the poet may be brought under three specific conceptions. It may happen by means of a character of extraordinary wickedness, touching the utmost limits of possibility, who becomes the author of the misfortune: examples of this kind are Richard III., Iago in 'Othello,' Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice,' Franz Moor [of Schiller's 'Robbers'], the Phædra of Euripides, Creon in the 'Antigone,' etc., etc. Secondly, it may happen through blind fate,—*i. e.*, chance and error: a true pattern of this kind is the Œdipus Rex of Sophocles, the 'Trachiniæ' also; and in general most of the tragedies of the ancients belong to this class. Among modern tragedies, 'Romeo and Juliet,' Voltaire's 'Tancred,' and 'The Bride of Messina,' are examples. Lastly, the misfortune may be brought about by the mere position of the *dramatis personæ* with regard to each other, through their relations, so that there is no need either for a tremendous error or an unheard-of accident, nor yet for a character whose wickedness reaches the limits of human possibility; but characters of

ordinary morality, under circumstances such as often occur, are so situated with regard to each other that their position compels them, knowingly and with their eyes open, to do each other the greatest injury, without any one of them being entirely in the wrong.

This last kind of tragedy seems to me far to surpass the other two; for it shows us the greatest misfortune, not as an exception, not as something occasioned by way of circumstances or monstrous characters, but as arising easily and of itself out of the actions and characters of men,—indeed almost as essential to them,—and thus brings it terribly near to us. In the other two kinds, we may look on the prodigious fate and the horrible wickedness as terrible powers which certainly threaten us, but only from afar, which we may very well escape without taking refuge in renunciation. But in this last kind of tragedy, we see that those powers which destroy happiness and life are such that their path to us also is open at every moment; we see the greatest sufferings brought about by entanglements that our fate might also partake of, and through actions that perhaps we also are capable of performing, and so could not complain of injustice: then, shuddering, we feel ourselves already in the midst of hell. This last kind of tragedy is also the most difficult of achievement; for the greatest effect has to be produced in it with the least use of means and causes of movement, merely through the position and distribution of the characters: therefore even in many of the best tragedies this difficulty is evaded. Yet one tragedy may be referred to as a perfect model of this kind,—a tragedy which in other respects is far surpassed by more than one work of the same great master; it is 'Clavigo.' 'Hamlet' belongs to a certain extent to this class, as far as the relation of Hamlet to Laertes and Ophelia is concerned. 'Wallenstein' has also this excellence. 'Faust' belongs entirely to this class, if we regard the events connected with Gretchen and her brother as the principal action; also the 'Cid' of Corneille, only that it lacks the tragic conclusion, while on the contrary the analogous relation of Max to Thecla has it. . . .

Thus between desiring and attaining, all human life flows on throughout. The wish is, in its nature, pain; the attainment soon begets satiety, the end was only apparent; possession takes away the charm: the wish, the need, presents itself under a new form; when it does not, then follow desolateness, emptiness,

ennui,—against which the conflict is just as painful as against want. That wish and satisfaction should follow each other neither too quickly nor too slowly, reduces to the smallest amount the suffering which both occasion, and constitutes the happiest life. For that which we might otherwise call the most beautiful part of life, its purest joy (if it were only because it lifts us out of real existence and transforms us into disinterested spectators of it),—that is, pure knowledge, which is foreign to all willing, the pleasure of the beautiful, the pure delight in art,—this is granted only to a very few, because it demands rare talents; and to these few only as a passing dream. And then even these few, on account of their higher intellectual powers, are made susceptible of far greater suffering than duller minds can ever feel, and are also placed in lonely isolation by a nature which is obviously different from that of others; thus here also accounts are squared. But to the great majority of men, purely intellectual pleasures are not accessible. They are almost wholly incapable of the joys which lie in pure knowledge. They are entirely given up to willing. If therefore anything is to win their sympathy, to be *interesting* to them, it must (as is implied in the meaning of the word) in some way excite their *will*, even if it is only through a distant and merely problematical relation to it; the will must not be left altogether out of the question, for their existence lies far more in willing than in knowing: action and reaction is their one element. We may find in trifles and every-day occurrences the naïve expressions of this quality. Thus, for example, at any place worth seeing they may visit, they write their names, in order thus to react, to affect the place since it does not affect them. Again, when they see a strange rare animal, they cannot easily confine themselves to merely observing it; they must rouse it, tease it, play with it, merely to experience action and reaction: but this need for excitement of the will manifests itself very specially in the discovery and support of card-playing, which is quite peculiarly the expression of the miserable side of humanity. . . .

As far as the life of the individual is concerned, every biography is the history of suffering; for every life is, as a rule, a continual series of great and small misfortunes, which each one conceals as much as possible because he knows that others can seldom feel sympathy or compassion, but almost always satisfaction at the sight of the woes from which they are themselves

for the moment exempt. But perhaps at the end of life, if a man is sincere and in full possession of his faculties, he will never wish to have it to live over again; but rather than this, he will much prefer absolute annihilation. The essential content of the famous soliloquy in 'Hamlet' is briefly this: Our state is so wretched that absolute annihilation would be decidedly preferable. If suicide really offered us this,—so that the alternative "to be or not to be," in the full sense of the word, was placed before us,—then it would be unconditionally to be chosen as "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But there is something in us which tells us that this is not the case: suicide is not the end; death is not absolute annihilation. In like manner, what was said by the Father of History has not since him been contradicted,—that no man has ever lived who has not wished more than once that he had not to live the following day. According to this, the brevity of life, which is so constantly lamented, may be the best quality it possesses.

If, finally, we should bring clearly to a man's sight the terrible sufferings and miseries to which his life is constantly exposed, he would be seized with horror: and if we were to conduct the confirmed optimist through the hospitals, infirmaries, and surgical operating-rooms, through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave kennels, over battle-fields and places of execution; if we were to open to him all the dark abodes of misery, where it hides itself from the glance of cold curiosity, and finally allow him to glance into Ugolino's dungeon of starvation,—he too would understand at last the nature of this "best of possible worlds." For whence did Dante take the materials for his hell, but from this our actual world? And yet he made a very proper hell of it. And when, on the other hand, he came to the task of describing heaven and its delights, he had an insurmountable difficulty before him; for our world affords no materials at all for this. Therefore there remained nothing for him to do, but, instead of describing the joys of Paradise, to repeat to us the instruction given him there by his ancestor, by Beatrice, and by various saints.

But from this it is sufficiently clear what manner of world it is. Certainly human life, like all bad ware, is covered over with a false lustre. What suffers always conceals itself. On the other hand, whatever pomp or splendor any one can get, he openly makes a show of: and the more his inner contentment deserts

him, the more he desires to exist as fortunate in the opinion of others,—to such an extent does folly go; and the opinion of others is a chief aim of the efforts of every one, although the utter nothingness of it is expressed in the fact that in almost all languages vanity, *vanitas*, originally signifies emptiness and nothingness. But under all this false show, the miseries of life can so increase—and this happens every day—that the death which hitherto has been feared above all things is eagerly seized upon. Indeed, if fate will show its whole malice, even this refuge is denied to the sufferer; and in the hands of enraged enemies, he may remain exposed to terrible and slow tortures without remedy. In vain the sufferer then calls on his gods for help: he remains exposed to his fate without grace.

But this irremediableness is only the mirror of the invincible nature of his will, of which his person is the objectivity. As little as an external power can change or suppress this will, so little can a foreign power deliver it from the miseries which proceed from the life which is the phenomenal appearance of that will. In the principal matter, as in everything else, a man is always thrown back upon himself. In vain does he make to himself gods, in order to get from them by prayers and flattery what can only be accomplished by his own will-power. The Old Testament made the world and man the work of a god; but the New Testament saw that in order to teach that holiness, and salvation from the sorrows of this world, can only come from the world itself, it was necessary that this god should become man. It is and remains the will of man upon which everything depends for him. Fanatics, martyrs, saints of every faith and name, have voluntarily and gladly endured every torture, because in them the will to live had suppressed itself; and then even the slow destruction of its phenomenon was welcome to them. But I do not wish to anticipate the later exposition. For the rest, I cannot here avoid the statement that to me, optimism, when it is not merely the thoughtless talk of such as harbor nothing but words under their low foreheads, appears not merely as an absurd, but also as a really wicked way of thinking; as a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity. Let no one think that Christianity is favorable to optimism; for on the contrary, in the Gospels, «world» and «evil» are used as almost synonymous. . . .

All suffering, since it is a mortification and a call to resignation, has potentially a sanctifying power. This is the explanation

of the fact that every great misfortune or deep pain inspires a certain awe. But the sufferer only really becomes an object of reverence, when, surveying the course of his life as a chain of sorrows, or mourning some great and incurable misfortune, he does not really look at the special combination of circumstances which has plunged his own life into suffering, nor stops at the single great misfortune that has befallen him;—for in so doing, his knowledge still follows the principle of sufficient reason, and clings to the particular phenomenon; he still wills life, only not under the conditions which have happened to him;—but only then, I say, is he truly worthy of reverence when he raises his glance from the particular to the universal, when he regards his suffering as merely an example of the whole, and for him—since in a moral regard he partakes of genius—one case stands for a thousand; so that the whole of life, conceived as essentially suffering, brings him to resignation. Therefore it inspires reverence, when in Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso' the princess speaks of how her own life and that of her relations has always been sad and joyless, and yet regards the matter from an entirely universal point of view.

A very noble character we always imagine with a certain trace of quiet sadness, which is anything but a constant fretfulness at daily annoyances (this would be an ignoble trait, and lead us to fear a bad disposition), but is a consciousness derived from knowledge of the vanity of all possessions,—of the suffering of all life, not merely of his own. But such knowledge may primarily be awakened by the personal experience of suffering, especially some one great sorrow; as a single unfulfilled wish brought Petrarch to that state of resigned sadness concerning the whole of life which appeals to us so pathetically in his works,—for the Daphne he pursued had to flee from his hands in order to leave him, instead of herself, the immortal laurel. When through some such great and irrevocable denial of fate the will is to some extent broken, almost nothing else is desired; and the character shows itself mild, just, noble, and resigned. Finally, when grief has no definite object, but extends itself over the whole of life, then it is to a certain extent a going into itself; a withdrawal, a gradual disappearance of the will, whose visible manifestation, the body, it imperceptibly but surely undermines,—so that a man feels a certain loosening of his bonds, a mild foretaste of that death which promises to be the abolition at once of

the body and of the will. Therefore a secret pleasure accompanies this grief; and it is this, as I believe, which the most melancholy of all nations has called "the joy of grief." But here also lies the danger of *sentimentality*, both in life itself and in the representation of it in poetry; when a man is always mourning and lamenting without courageously rising to resignation. In this way we lose both earth and heaven, and retain merely a watery sentimentality. Only if suffering assumes the form of pure knowledge — and this, acting as a *quieter of the will*, brings about resignation — is it worthy of reverence.

In this regard, however, we feel a certain respect at the sight of every great sufferer, which is akin to the feeling excited by virtue and nobility of character, and also seems like a reproach of our own happy condition. We cannot help regarding every sorrow — both our own and those of others — as at least a potential advance towards virtue and holiness; and on the contrary, pleasures and worldly satisfactions as a retrogression from them. This goes so far that every man who endures a great bodily or mental suffering,— indeed, every one who merely performs some physical labor which demands the greatest exertion, in the sweat of his brow and with evident exhaustion, yet with patience and without murmuring,— every such man, I say, if we consider him with close attention, appears to us like a sick man who tries a painful cure; and who willingly, and even with satisfaction, endures the suffering it causes him, because he knows that the more he suffers the more the cause of his disease is affected, and that therefore the present suffering is the measure of his cure.

According to what has been said, the denial of the will to live — which is just what is called absolute, entire resignation, or holiness — always proceeds from that quieter of the will which the knowledge of its inner conflict and essential vanity, expressing themselves in the suffering of all living things, becomes. The difference — which we have represented as two paths — consists in whether that knowledge is called up by suffering which is merely and purely *known*, and is freely appropriated by means of the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, or by suffering which is directly *felt* by a man himself. True salvation — deliverance from life and suffering — cannot even be imagined without complete denial of the will. Till then, every one is simply this will itself; whose manifestation is an ephemeral existence, a

constantly vain and empty striving, and the world full of suffering we have represented, to which all irrevocably and in like manner belong. For we found above that life is always assured to the will to live; and its one real form is the present, from which they can never escape, since birth and death reign in the phenomenal world. The Indian mythus expresses this by saying "they are born again." The great ethical difference of character means this: that the bad man is infinitely far from the attainment of the knowledge from which the denial of the will proceeds, and therefore he is in truth *actually* exposed to all the miseries which appear in life as *possible;* for even the present fortunate condition of his personality is merely a phenomenon produced by the *principium individuationis*, and a delusion of Maya,—the happy dream of a beggar. The sufferings which in the vehemence and ardor of his will he inflicts upon others are the measure of the suffering, the experience of which in his own person cannot break his will, and plainly lead it to the denial of itself. All true and pure love, on the other hand, and even all free justice, proceed from the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, which, if it appears with its full power, results in perfect sanctification and salvation,—the phenomenon of which is the state of resignation described above, the unbroken peace which accompanies it, and the greatest delight in death.

If, however, it should be absolutely insisted upon that in some way or other a positive knowledge should be attained of that which philosophy can only express negatively as the denial of the will, there would be nothing for it but to refer to that state which all those who have attained to complete denial of the will have experienced, and which has been variously denoted by the names ecstasy, rapture, illumination, union with God, and so forth; a state, however, which cannot properly be called knowledge, because it has not the form of subject and object, and is moreover only attainable in one's own experience and cannot be further communicated.

We, however, who consistently occupy the standpoint of philosophy, must be satisfied here with negative knowledge,—content to have reached the utmost limit of the positive. We have recognized the inmost nature of the world as will, and all its phenomena as only the objectivity of will; and we have followed this objectivity from the unconscious working of obscure forces

of nature up to the completely conscious action of man. Therefore we shall by no means evade the consequence, that with the free denial, the surrender of the will, all those phenomena are also abolished: that constant strain and effort, without end and without rest, at all the grades of objectivity in which and through which the world consists; the multifarious forms succeeding each other in gradation; the whole manifestation of the will; and finally also the universal forms of this manifestation, time and space, and also its last fundamental form, subject and object, —all are abolished. No will no idea—no world.

Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which resists this passing into nothing—our nature—is indeed just the will to live which we ourselves are, as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another expression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this will, and know nothing besides it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to those who have overcome the world; in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all, and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates: then instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never-satisfied and never-dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills,—we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing upon this state, beside which the misery and wretchedness of our own is brought out clearly by the contrast. Yet this is the only consideration which can afford us lasting consolation, when on the one hand we have recognized incurable suffering and endless misery as essential to the manifestation of will, the world; and on the other hand, see the world pass away with the abolition of will, and retain before us only empty nothingness. Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints,—whom it is certainly rarely granted us to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history, and with the stamp of inner truth, by art,—we must

banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will is, for all those who are still full of will, certainly nothing; but conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world which is so real, with all its suns and Milky Ways, is nothing.

Translation of R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp.

ON BOOKS AND READING

It is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in all directions, crowding and soiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number, which no man can count, of bad books; those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public, which rightfully belong to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless: they do positive mischief. Nine tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league.

Let me mention a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practiced by littérateurs, hack writers, and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading-strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing,—viz., *the newest books;* and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated,— as Spindler, Bulwer-Lytton, Eugene Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this,— always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely common-

place persons who write for money only, and who are therefore never few in number? And for this advantage they are content to know by name only, the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers too are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons.

Hence, in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hands any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read,—such as political or religious pamphlets, novels, poetry, and the like, which make a noise, and may even attain to several editions in the first and last year of their existence. Consider, rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who o'ertop the rest of humanity,—those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct. You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison: they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other: the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry: its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow, and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by people who live *on* science or poetry: it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other permanent literature.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

ON CRITICISM

THE source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship. Even with the sense of beauty, it is unquestionably our own species in the animal world, and then again our own race, that appears to us the fairest. So too in intercourse with others: every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him; and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together. Every man must necessarily take his chief pleasure in his own work, because it is the mirror of his own mind,—the echo of his own thought; and next in order will come the work of people like him. That is to say, a dull, shallow, and perverse man, a dealer in mere words, will give his sincere and hearty applause only to that which is dull, shallow, perverse, or merely verbose: on the other hand, he will allow merit to the work of great minds only on the score of authority, —in other words, because he is ashamed to speak his opinion, for in reality they give him no pleasure at all; they do not appeal to him,—nay, they repel him: and he will not confess this even to himself. The works of genius cannot be fully enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. The first recognition of them, however, when they exist without authority to support them, demands considerable superiority of mind.

When the reader takes all this into consideration, he should be surprised, not that great work is so late in winning reputation, but that it wins it at all. And as a matter of fact, fame comes only by a slow and complex process. The stupid person is by degrees forced, and as it were tamed, into recognizing the superiority of one who stands immediately above him; this one in his turn bows before some one else; and so it goes on until the weight of the votes gradually prevails over their number: and this is just the condition of all genuine—in other words, deserved—fame. But until then, the greatest genius, even after he has passed his time of trial, stands like a king amidst a crowd of his own subjects who do not know him by sight, and therefore will not do his behests, unless indeed his chief ministers of State are in his train. For no subordinate official can be the direct recipient of the royal commands, as he knows only the signature of his immediate superior; and this is repeated all the way up into the highest ranks, where the under-secretary attests the minister's

signature, and the minister that of the king. There are analogous stages to be passed before a genius can attain wide-spread fame. This is why his reputation most easily comes to a standstill at the very outset,—because the highest authorities, of whom there can be but few, are most frequently not to be found; but the further down he goes in the scale, the more numerous are those who take the word from above, so that his fame is no more arrested.

We must console ourselves for this state of things by reflecting that it is really fortunate that the greater number of men do not form a judgment on their own responsibility, but merely take it on authority. For what sort of criticism should we have on Plato and Kant, Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe, if every man were to form his opinion by what he really has and enjoys of these writers, instead of being forced by authority to speak of them in a fit and proper way, however little he may really feel what he says? Unless something of this kind took place, it would be impossible for true merit, in any high sphere, to attain fame at all. At the same time, it is also fortunate that every man has just so much critical power of his own as is necessary for recognizing the superiority of those who are placed immediately over him, and for following their lead. This means that the many come in the end to submit to the authority of the few; and there results that hierarchy of critical judgments, on which is based the possibility of a steady and eventually wide-spreading fame.

The lowest class in the community is quite impervious to the merits of a great genius; and for these people there is nothing left but the monument raised to him, which, by the impression it produces on their senses, awakens in them a dim idea of the man's greatness.

Literary journals should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, and the ever-increasing deluge of bad and useless books. Their judgments should be uncorrupted, just, and rigorous; and every piece of bad work done by an incapable person, every device by which the empty head tries to come to the assistance of the empty purse,—that is to say, about nine tenths of all existing books,—should be mercilessly scourged. Literary journals would then perform their duty; which is to keep down the craving for writing, and put a check upon the deception of the public, instead of furthering these evils by a miserable

toleration which plays into the hands of author and publisher, and robs the reader of his time and his money.

If there were such a paper as I mean, every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster, would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand soon after publication. This would paralyze his twitching fingers, to the true welfare of literature; in which what is bad is not only useless but positively pernicious. Now, most books are bad and ought to have remained unwritten. Consequently praise should be as rare as is now the case with blame; which is withheld under the influence of personal considerations, coupled with the maxim, "Accedas socius, laudes lauderis ut absens."*

It is quite wrong to try to introduce into literature the same toleration as must necessarily prevail in society towards those stupid, brainless people who everywhere swarm in it. In literature such people are impudent intruders; and to disparage the bad is here duty towards the good, for he who thinks nothing bad will think nothing good either. Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien and often injurious element; because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of science and art is directly frustrated.

This ideal journal could, to be sure, be written only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment: so that perhaps there could at the very most be one, and even hardly one, in the whole country; but there it would stand, like a just Areopagus, every member of which would have to be elected by all the others. Under the system that prevails at present, literary journals are carried on by a clique, and secretly perhaps also by booksellers for the good of the trade; and they are often nothing but coalitions of bad heads to prevent the good ones succeeding. As Goethe once remarked to me, nowhere is there so much dishonesty as in literature.

But above all, anonymity, that shield of all literary rascality, would have to disappear. It was introduced under the pretext of protecting the honest critic, who warned the public, against the

*"Agree as a companion, praise that when absent you may be yourself praised."

resentment of the author and his friends. But where there is one case of this sort, there will be a hundred where it merely serves to take all responsibility from the man who cannot stand by what he has said; or possibly to conceal the shame of one who has been cowardly and base enough to recommend a book to the public for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket. Often enough it is only a cloak for covering the obscurity, incompetence, and insignificance of the critic. It is incredible what impudence these fellows will show, and what literary trickery they will venture to commit, as soon as they know they are safe under the shadow of anonymity. Let me recommend a general *Anticriticism*, a universal medicine or panacea, to put a stop to all anonymous reviewing, whether it praises the bad or blames the good: *Rascal, your name!* For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face, and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise,— this is not the part of a gentleman: it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

An anonymous review has no more authority than an anonymous letter; and one should be received with the same mistrust as the other. Or shall we take the name of the man who consents to preside over what is, in the strict sense of the word, *une société anonyme*, as a guarantee for the veracity of his colleagues?

Even Rousseau, in the preface to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' declares, "Tout honnête homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie;"* which in plain language means that every honorable man ought to sign his articles, and that no one is honorable who does not do so. How much truer this is of polemical writing, which is the general character of reviews! Riemer was quite right in the opinion he gives in his 'Reminiscences of Goethe': "An overt enemy," he says, "an enemy who meets you face to face, is an honorable man, who will treat you fairly, and with whom you can come to terms and be reconciled: but an enemy who conceals himself is a base, cowardly scoundrel, who has not courage enough to avow his own judgment; it is not his opinion that he cares about, but only the secret pleasure of wreaking his anger without being found out or punished." This must also have been Goethe's opinion, as he was generally the source from which Riemer drew his observations. And indeed, Rousseau's

*"Every honest man ought to acknowledge the books he publishes."

maxim applies to every line that is printed. Would a man in a mask ever be allowed to harangue a mob, or speak in any assembly, and that too when he was going to attack others and overwhelm them with abuse?

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author; and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted: so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far-sounding trumpet of the newspaper, he should be answerable for — at any rate with his honor, if he has any; and if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words. And since even the most insignificant person is known in his own circle, the result of such a measure would be to put an end to two thirds of the newspaper lies, and to restrain the audacity of many a poisonous tongue.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

ON AUTHORSHIP

THERE are, first of all, two kinds of authors: those who write for the subject's sake, and those who write for writing's sake. While the one have had thoughts or experiences which seem to them worth communicating, the others want money; and so they write — for money. Their thinking is part of the business of writing. They may be recognized by the way in which they spin out their thoughts to the greatest possible length; then too, by the very nature of their thoughts, which are only half true, perverse, forced, vacillating; again, by the aversion they generally show to saying anything straight out, so that they may seem other than they are. Hence their writing is deficient in clearness and definiteness, and it is not long before they betray that their only object in writing at all is to cover paper. This sometimes happens with the best authors; now and then, for example, with Lessing in his 'Dramaturgie,' and even in many of Jean Paul's romances. As soon as the reader perceives this, let him throw the book away; for time is precious. The truth is that when an author begins to write for the sake of covering

paper, he is cheating the reader; because he writes under the pretext that he has something to say.

Writing for money and reservation of copyright are at bottom the ruin of literature. No one writes anything that is worth writing, unless he writes entirely for the sake of his subject. What an inestimable boon it would be, if in every branch of literature there were only a few books, but those excellent! This can never happen as long as money is to be made by writing. It seems as though the money lay under a curse; for every author degenerates as soon as he begins to put pen to paper in any way for the sake of gain. The best works of the greatest men all come from the time when they had to write for nothing or for very little. And here too that Spanish proverb holds good, which declares that honor and money are not to be found in the same purse,—"Honra y provecho no caben en un saco." The reason why literature is in such a bad plight nowadays is simply and solely that people write books to make money. A man who is in want sits down and writes a book, and the public is stupid enough to buy it. The secondary effect of this is the ruin of language.

A great many bad writers make their whole living by that foolish mania of the public for reading nothing but what has just been printed,—journalists, I mean. Truly, a most appropriate name. In plain language it is *journeymen, day-laborers!*

Again, it may be said that there are three kinds of authors. First come those who write without thinking. They write from a full memory, from reminiscences; it may be, even straight out of other people's books. This class is the most numerous. Then come those who do their thinking whilst they are writing,—they think in order to write; and there is no lack of them. Last of all come those authors who think before they begin to write: they are rare.

Authors of the second class, who put off their thinking until they come to write, are like a sportsman who goes forth at random and is not likely to bring very much home. On the other hand, when an author of the third or rare class writes, it is like a *battue*. Here the game has been previously captured and shut up within a very small space; from which it is afterwards let out, so many at a time, into another space, also confined. The game cannot possibly escape the sportsman; he has nothing to do but aim and fire,—in other words, write down his thoughts.

This is a kind of sport from which a man has something to show.

But even though the number of those who really think seriously before they begin to write is small, extremely few of them think about *the subject itself:* the remainder think only about the books that have been written on the subject, and what has been said by others. In order to think at all, such writers need the more direct and powerful stimulus of having other people's thoughts before them. These become their immediate theme; and the result is that they are always under their influence, and so never, in any real sense of the word, original. But the former are roused to thought by the subject itself, to which their thinking is thus immediately directed. This is the only class that produces writers of abiding fame.

It must of course be understood that I am speaking here of writers who treat of great subjects; not of writers on the art of making brandy.

Unless an author takes the material on which he writes out of his own head,—that is to say, from his own observation,—he is not worth reading. Book manufacturers, compilers, the common run of history writers, and many others of the same class, take their material immediately out of books; and the material goes straight to their finger-tips without even paying freight or undergoing examination as it passes through their heads, to say nothing of elaboration or revision. How very learned many a man would be if he knew everything that was in his own books! The consequence of this is, that these writers talk in such a loose and vague manner that the reader puzzles his brains in vain to understand what it is of which they are really thinking. They are thinking of nothing. It may now and then be the case that the book from which they copy has been composed exactly in the same way; so that writing of this sort is like a plaster cast of a cast, and in the end the bare outline of the face—and that too hardly recognizable—is all that is left of your Antinoüs. Let compilations be read as seldom as possible. It is difficult to avoid them altogether, since compilations also include those text-books which contain in a small space the accumulated knowledge of centuries.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the last work is always the more correct; that what is written later on is in every case an improvement on what was written before; and

that change always means progress. Real thinkers, men of right judgment, people who are in earnest with their subject,— these are all exceptions only. Vermin is the rule everywhere in the world: it is always on the alert, taking the mature opinions of the thinkers, and industriously seeking to improve upon them (save the mark!) in its own peculiar way.

If the reader wishes to study any subject, let him beware of rushing to the newest books upon it, and confining his attention to them alone, under the notion that science is always advancing, and that the old books have been drawn upon in the writing of the new. They have been drawn upon, it is true; but how? The writer of the new book often does not understand the old books thoroughly, and yet he is unwilling to take their exact words; so he bungles them, and says in his own bad way that which has been said very much better and more clearly by the old writers who wrote from their own lively knowledge of the subject. The new writer frequently omits the best things they say, their most striking illustrations, their happiest remarks, because he does not see their value or feel how pregnant they are. The only thing that appeals to him is what is shallow and insipid.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

THE VALUE OF PERSONALITY

ARISTOTLE divides the blessings of life into three classes: those which come to us from without, those of the soul, and those of the body. Keeping nothing of this division but the number, I observe that the fundamental differences in human lot may be reduced to three distinct classes:—

(1) What a man is: that is to say, personality, in the widest sense of the word; under which are included health, strength, beauty, temperament, moral character, intelligence, and education.

(2) What a man has: that is, property and possessions of every kind.

(3) How a man stands in the estimation of others: by which is to be understood, as everybody knows, what a man is in the eyes of his fellow-men,— or more strictly, the light in which they regard him. This is shown by their opinion of him; and their

opinion is in its turn manifested by the honor in which he is held, and by his rank and reputation.

The differences which come under the first head are those which nature herself has set between man and man; and from this fact alone we may at once infer that they influence the happiness or unhappiness of mankind in a much more vital and radical way than those contained under the two following heads, which are merely the effect of human arrangements. Compared with *genuine personal advantages*, such as a great mind or a great heart, all the privileges of rank or birth, even of royal birth, are but as kings on the stage to kings in real life. The same thing was said long ago by Metrodorus, the earliest disciple of Epicurus, who wrote as the title of one of his chapters, "The happiness we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings." And it is an obvious fact, which cannot be called in question, that the principal element in a man's well-being — indeed, in the whole tenor of his existence — is what he is made of, his inner constitution. For this is the immediate source of that inward satisfaction or dissatisfaction resulting from the sum total of his sensations, desires, and thoughts; whilst his surroundings, on the other hand, exert only a mediate or indirect influence upon him. This is why the same external events or circumstances affect no two people alike: even with perfectly similar surroundings, every one lives in a world of his own. For a man has immediate apprehension only of his own ideas, feelings, and volitions; the outer world can influence him only in so far as it brings these to life. The world in which a man lives, shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men: to one it is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning. On hearing of the interesting events which have happened in the course of a man's experience, many people will wish that similar things had happened in their lives too; completely forgetting that they should be envious rather of the mental aptitude which lent those events the significance they possess when he describes them: to a man of genius they were interesting adventures; but to the dull perceptions of an ordinary individual they would have been stale, every-day occurrences. This is in the highest degree the case with many of Goethe's and Byron's poems, which are obviously founded upon actual facts;

where it is open to a foolish reader to envy the poet because so many delightful things happened to him, instead of envying that mighty power of fantasy which was capable of turning a fairly common experience into something so great and beautiful.

In the same way, a person of melancholy temperament will make a scene in a tragedy out of what appears to the sanguine man only in the light of an interesting conflict, and to a phlegmatic soul as something without any meaning;—all of which rests upon the fact that every event, in order to be realized and appreciated, requires the co-operation of two factors,—namely, a subject and an object; although these are as closely and necessarily connected as oxygen and hydrogen in water. When therefore the objective or external factor in an experience is actually the same, but the subjective or personal appreciation of it varies, the event is just as much a different one in the eyes of different persons as if the objective factors had not been alike; for to a blunt intelligence the fairest and best object in the world presents only a poor reality, and is therefore only poorly appreciated,—like a fine landscape in dull weather, or in the reflection of a bad *camera oscura*. In plain language, every man is pent up within the limits of his own consciousness, and cannot directly get beyond those limits any more than he can get beyond his own skin; so external aid is not of much use to him. On the stage, one man is a prince, another a minister, a third a servant or a soldier or a general, and so on,—mere external differences: the inner reality, the kernel of all these appearances, is the same, —a poor player, with all the anxieties of his lot. In life it is just the same. Differences of rank and wealth give every man his part to play, but this by no means implies a difference of inward happiness and pleasure; here too there is the same being in all,—a poor mortal, with his hardships and troubles. Though these may, indeed, in every case proceed from dissimilar causes, they are in their essential nature much the same in all their forms; with degrees of intensity which vary, no doubt, but in no wise correspond to the part a man has to play,—to the presence or absence of position and wealth. Since everything which exists or happens for a man exists only in his consciousness, and happens for it alone, the most essential thing for a man is the constitution of this consciousness, which is in most cases far more important than the circumstances which go to form its contents. All the pride and pleasure of the world, mirrored in the dull

consciousness of a fool, is poor indeed compared with the imagination of Cervantes writing his 'Don Quixote' in a miserable prison. The objective half of life and reality is in the hand of fate, and accordingly takes various forms in different cases; the subjective half is ourself, and in essentials it always remains the same.

Hence the life of every man is stamped with the same character throughout, however much his external circumstances may alter: it is like a series of variations on a single theme. No one can get beyond his own individuality. An animal, under whatever circumstances it is placed, remains within the narrow limits to which nature has irrevocably consigned it; so that our endeavors to make a pet happy must always keep within the compass of its nature, and be restricted to what it can feel. So it is with man: the measure of the happiness he can attain is determined beforehand by his individuality. More especially is this the case with the mental powers, which fix once for all his capacity for the higher kinds of pleasure. If these powers are small, no efforts from without, nothing that his fellow-men or that fortune can do for him, will suffice to raise him above the ordinary degree of human happiness and pleasure, half animal though it be: his only resources are his sensual appetite,—a cozy and cheerful family life at the most, low company and vulgar pastime; even education, on the whole, can avail little if anything for the enlargement of his horizon. For the highest, most varied, and lasting pleasures are those of the mind, however much our youth may deceive us on this point; and the pleasures of the mind turn chiefly on the powers of the mind. It is clear, then, that our happiness depends in a great degree upon what we *are*, upon our individuality; whilst lot or destiny is generally taken to mean only what we *have*, or our *reputation*. Our lot, in this sense, may improve; but we do not ask much of it if we are inwardly rich: on the other hand, a fool remains a fool, a dull blockhead, to his last hour, even though he were surrounded by houris in Paradise. This is why Goethe, in the 'West-östlicher Divan,' says that every man, whether he occupy a low position in life or emerge as its victor, testifies to personality as the greatest factor in happiness.

Translation of T. Bailey Saunders.

OLIVE SCHREINER

(1863–)

IN THE summer of 1883 a little unheralded book, by an unknown author, appeared in the rank and file of contemporary fiction. Its title, 'The Story of an African Farm,' arrested attention, for the ostrich farm of South Africa was then virgin soil; not only virgin in its solemn monotony of unbroken plain and fierce sunlight, but virgin in its traditions and its customs.

The most cursory glance at the first chapter was enough to show the author of 'The Story of an African Farm' to be a virile and dramatic genius, independent of her choice of setting. Two facts, somewhat disguised (for the book was written under the pen-name of "Ralph Iron," and incident and character were treated with masculine boldness), betrayed to the omniscient critic that the writer was a woman and young. Miss Schreiner has a remarkable intuition regarding the thoughts and feelings of men; but she reveals her sex by her profound preoccupation with the problem of its relation to the world. Moreover, only a girlish Amazon of the pen could have written a story so harsh and hopeless. Only to eyes of youthful intolerance could compromise and extenuation (qualities rich in the temperance which Hamlet loved) have been so immeasurably remote.

OLIVE SCHREINER

The girl author, it is plain, was enamored with the bottom of things; she had made straight for the central mysteries of life and faith, and looked, unblinking, at naked truths that wrest the soul.

So far and no farther, however, do age and sex affect the story. There is none of the negligent superiority to the received dictums of style, in which her literary kinswoman, Emily Brontë, expressed the conventionally impossible. In strong, brief words and telling phrase the tale is told. A few bold, masterly strokes — as though from very familiarity she had wearied of local color, or disdained to use it — indicate the hueless, treeless, monotonous landscape of the ostrich farm, the grotesque, terrible caricature of deity that broods over it,

and the strange, vulgar, elementary people who live there. These she draws with bitter and cynical humor, sparing nothing of coarseness or repulsiveness in the broad, high-light portraits. The rose has scent and thorn, but she takes the thorn; and line by line sets down the mean, ugly life, its commonplaceness, its gross content. Walsingham wrote, "Her Majesty counts much on fortune, I wish she would trust more to the Almighty;" and as we read this young girl's story, we feel her to be another Elizabeth. The horoscope of her characters once cast, they have no more power to divert it than to reverse the laws of gravitation.

To three unhappy beings — unhappy because they are of finer mold, physically and mentally, than the rest — she commits the task of showing the relentlessness of fate. The boy Waldo worships the fetish he has been taught to call God, and pours out his whole innocent, ignorant soul into its deaf ear; the little English girl, Em, begs for love; the beautiful, proud child Lyndall asks only for freedom — to experience — to know. They beat their wings against the bars and fall back, — the one despairing, the other rebellious, the third exhausted; but all fall back on the dull animal existence, wounded unto death.

Only at the last does a certain drowsy calm rest on their tired eyelids. In the author's hopeless creed there is a single sweet narcotic for the soul's unrest. "Come," she says, "to Nature, the great healer, the celestial surgeon, who, before quenching forever conscious identity, will, if thou wilt, fold thee in her kind arms."

The dramatic power of 'The Story of an African Farm' takes hold of the reader from the first chapter — when the African moon pours its light from the blue sky to the wide lonely plain, and the boy Waldo cries out in agony, "O God, save thy people, save a few of thy people" — to the sculpturesque scene where the dying Lyndall fights her last fight, inch by inch, along the weary road. In her gospel, ardor and hope are put to shame, and all men are equal only in the pity of their limitations and the terror of their doom. The austere young dramatist fights a dark and sinister world with incalculable and unclassified energy.

A period of characteristic silence followed the immense popular success of 'The Story of an African Farm.' In 1890 the curiously effective but unequal 'Dreams' appeared; and in 1893 'Dream Life and Real Life,' a little African story, whose theme was the self-sacrifice, the martyrdom, the aspirations of woman. 'Trooper Peter Halket' was published in 1897. More than an exercise in polemics, it is a scornful presentment of the policy and methods of the Chartered Company in South Africa. The experiment of writing a modern gospel is ambitious work, even for so bold and original a writer

as Olive Schreiner: but it must be conceded that she has blended the baldest realism and the ideal and the supernatural with such powerful dramatic handling, that the struggle between the forces of good and evil, between Christian obligation and the way of the world, becomes an absorbing, exciting conflict; while the tragedy of the end, the old hopelessness that bounded and pervaded 'The Story of an African Farm,' is its most pathetic episode. The author of these remarkable books is as artistic in construction as she is strong in dramatic power.

Olive Schreiner was born in 1863 in Cape Town, Africa. She was the daughter of a Lutheran minister, and at twenty years of age published her first book. In 1890 she married Mr. Cronwright, an Anglo-African resident of her native colony.

SHADOWS FROM CHILD LIFE

From the 'Story of an African Farm'

The Watch

The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy earth, with its coating of stunted "karroo" bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk-bushes with their long finger-like leaves, all were touched by a weird and an almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light.

In one spot only was the solemn monotony of the plain broken. Near the centre a small solitary "kopje" rose. Alone it lay there, a heap of round ironstones piled one upon another, as over some giant's grave. Here and there a few tufts of grass or small succulent plants had sprung up among its stones; and on the very summit a clump of prickly pears lifted their thorny arms, and reflected, as from mirrors, the moonlight on their broad fleshy leaves. At the foot of the "kopje" lay the homestead. First, the stone-walled sheep kraals and Kaffir huts; beyond them the dwelling-house,—a square red brick building with thatched roof. Even on its bare red walls, and the wooden ladder that led up to the loft, the moonlight cast a kind of dreamy beauty; and quite etherealized the low brick wall that ran before the house, and which inclosed a bare patch of sand and two straggling sunflowers. On the zinc roof of the great

open wagon-house, on the roofs of the outbuildings that jutted from its side, the moonlight glinted with a quite peculiar brightness, till it seemed that every rib in the metal was of burnished silver.

Sleep ruled everywhere, and the homestead was not less quiet than the solitary plain.

In the farm-house, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant' Sannie, the Boer-woman, rolled heavily in her sleep.

She had gone to bed, as she always did, in her clothes; and the night was warm, and the room close: and she dreamed bad dreams,—not of the ghosts and devils that so haunted her waking thoughts; not of her second husband, the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich camps, nor of her first, the young Boer, but only of the sheep's trotters she had eaten for supper that night. She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side and snorted horribly.

In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in in a flood, and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow-haired child, with a low forehead and a freckled face; but the loving moonlight hid defects here as elsewhere, and showed only the innocent face of a child in its first sweet sleep.

The figure in the companion bed belonged of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfin-like beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes, and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her.

"Em!" she called to the sleeper in the other bed, but received no answer. Then she drew the cover from the floor, turned her pillow, and pulling the sheet over her head, went to sleep again.

Only in one of the outbuildings that jutted from the wagon-house, there was some one who was not asleep. The room was dark; door and shutter were closed; not a ray of light entered anywhere. The German overseer, to whom the room belonged, lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded, and his bushy gray-and-black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not asleep. Two large eyes looked about in the darkness, and two small hands were smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box

under the window, had just awakened from his first sleep. He drew the quilt up to his chin, so that little peered above it but a great head of silky black curls, and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible; not even the outline of one worm-eaten rafter, nor of the deal table on which lay the Bible from which his father had read before they went to bed. No one could tell where the tool-box was, and where the fireplace. There was something very impressive to the child in the complete darkness.

At the head of his father's bed hung a great silver hunting-watch. It ticked loudly. The boy listened to it, and began mechanically to count. Tick — tick — tick! one, two, three, four! He lost count presently, and only listened. Tick — tick — tick — tick!

It never waited; it went on inexorably; and every time it ticked, *a man died!* He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off.

How many times had it ticked since he came to lie down? A thousand times, a million times, perhaps.

He tried to count again, and sat up to listen better.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were they going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly, and pulled the cover up over his head; but presently the silky curls reappeared.

"Dying, dying, dying!" said the watch; "dying, dying, dying!"

He thought of the words his father had read that evening: "*For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.*"

"Many, many, many!" said the watch.

"*Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*"

"Few, few, few!" said the watch.

The boy lay with his eyes wide open. He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that moved in one direction; then they came to the dark edge of the world, and went over. He saw them passing on before him, and there was nothing that could stop them. He thought of how that

stream had rolled on through all the long ages of the past — how the old Greeks and Romans had gone over; the countless millions of China and India, they were going over now. Since he had come to bed, how many had gone!

And the watch said, "Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

"Stop them! stop them!" cried the child.

And all the while the watch kept ticking on; just like God's will, that never changes or alters, you may do what you please.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of bed, and lay with his face turned to the mud floor.

"O God, God! save them!" he cried in agony. "Only some; only a few! Only, for each moment I am praying here, one!" He folded his little hands upon his head. "God! God! save them!"

He groveled on the floor.

Oh, the long, long ages of the past, in which they had gone over! Oh, the long, long future, in which they would pass away! O God! the long, long, long eternity, which has no end!

The child wept, and crept closer to the ground.

The Sacrifice

The farm by daylight was not as the farm by moonlight. The plain was a weary flat of loose red sand, sparsely covered by dry karroo bushes, that cracked beneath the tread like tinder, and showed the red earth everywhere. Here and there a milk-bush lifted its pale-colored rods, and in every direction the ants and beetles ran about in the blazing sand. The red walls of the farm-house, the zinc roofs of the outbuildings, the stone walls of the kraals, all reflected the fierce sunlight, till the eye ached and blenched. No tree or shrub was to be seen far or near. The two sunflowers that stood before the door, outstared by the sun, drooped their brazen faces to the sand; and the little cicada-like insects cried aloud among the stones of the "kopje."

The Boer-woman seen by daylight was even less lovely than when, in bed, she rolled and dreamed. She sat on a chair in the great front room, with her feet on a wooden stove, and wiped her flat face with the corner of her apron, and drank coffee, and in Cape Dutch swore that the beloved weather was

damned. Less lovely, too, by daylight was the dead Englishman's child, her little stepdaughter, upon whose freckles and low wrinkled forehead the sunlight had no mercy.

"Lyndall," the child said to her little orphan cousin, who sat with her on the floor threading beads, "how is it your beads never fall off your needle?"

"I try," said the little one gravely, moistening her tiny finger, "That is why."

The overseer, seen by daylight, was a huge German, wearing a shabby suit, and with a childish habit of rubbing his hands and nodding his head prodigiously when pleased at anything. He stood out at the kraals, in the blazing sun, explaining to two Kaffir boys the approaching end of the world. The boys, as they cut the cakes of dung, winked at each other, and worked as slowly as they possibly could; but the German never saw it.

Away beyond the "kopje," Waldo, his son, herded the ewes and lambs,—a small and dusty herd,—powdered all over from head to foot with red sand, wearing a ragged coat, and shoes of undressed leather, through whose holes the toes looked out. His hat was too large, and had sunk down to his eyes, concealing completely the silky black curls. It was a curious small figure. His flock gave him little trouble. It was too hot for them to move far; they gathered round every little milk-bush as though they hoped to find shade, and stood there motionless in clumps. He himself crept under a shelving rock that lay at the foot of the "kopje," stretched himself on his stomach, and waved his dilapidated little shoes in the air.

Soon, from the blue bag where he kept his dinner, he produced a fragment of slate, an arithmetic, and a pencil. Proceeding to put down a sum with solemn and earnest demeanor, he began to add it up aloud: "Six and two is eight, and four is twelve, and two is fourteen, and four is eighteen." Here he paused. "And four is eighteen — and — four — is — eighteen." The last was very much drawled. Slowly the pencil slipped from his fingers, and the slate followed it into the sand. For a while he lay motionless; then began muttering to himself, folded his little arms, laid his head down upon them, and might have been asleep but for a muttering sound that from time to time proceeded from him. A curious old ewe came to sniff at him; but it was long before he raised his head. When he did, he looked at the far-off hills with his heavy eyes.

«Ye shall receive, ye shall receive,—*shall, shall, shall,*» he muttered.

He sat up then. Slowly the dullness and heaviness melted from his face; it became radiant. Midday had come now, and the sun's rays were poured down vertically; the earth throbbed before the eye.

The boy stood up quickly, and cleared a small space from the bushes which covered it. Looking carefully, he found twelve small stones of somewhat the same size; kneeling down, he arranged them carefully on the cleared space in a square pile, in shape like an altar. Then he walked to the bag where his dinner was kept; in it was a mutton chop and a large slice of brown bread. The boy took them out, and turned the bread over in his hand, deeply considering it. Finally he threw it away, and walked to the altar with the meat, and laid it down on the stones. Close by, in the red sand, he knelt down. Sure, never since the beginning of the world was there so ragged and so small a priest. He took off his great hat and placed it solemnly on the ground, then closed his eyes and folded his hands. He prayed aloud:—

«O God, my Father, I have made thee a sacrifice. I have only twopence, so I cannot buy a lamb. If the lambs were mine I would give thee one: but now I have only this meat; it is my dinner-meat. Please, my Father, send fire down from heaven to burn it. Thou hast said, Whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou cast into the sea, nothing doubting, it shall be done. I ask for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.»

He knelt down with his face upon the ground, and he folded his hands upon his curls. The fierce sun poured down its heat upon his head and upon his altar. When he looked up he knew what he should see,—the glory of God! For fear, his very heart stood still, his breath came heavily; he was half suffocated. He dared not look up. Then at last he raised himself. Above him was the quiet blue sky, about him the red earth; there were the clumps of silent ewes and his altar—that was all.

He looked up: nothing broke the intense stillness of the blue overhead. He looked round in astonishment; then he bowed again, and this time longer than before.

When he raised himself the second time, all was unaltered. Only the sun had melted the fat of the little mutton-chop, and it ran down upon the stones.

Then the third time he bowed himself. When at last he looked up, some ants had come to the meat on the altar. He stood up, and drove them away. Then he put his hat on his hot curls, and sat in the shade. He clasped his hands about his knees. He sat to watch what would come to pass. The glory of the Lord God Almighty! He knew he should see it.

"My dear God is trying me," he said; and he sat there through the fierce heat of the afternoon. Still he watched and waited when the sun began to slope; and when it neared the horizon and the sheep began to cast long shadows across the karroo, he still sat there. He hoped when the first rays touched the hills, till the sun dipped behind them and was gone. Then he called his ewes together, and broke down the altar, and threw the meat far, far away into the field.

He walked home behind his flock. His heart was heavy. He reasoned so: "God cannot lie. I had faith. No fire came. I am like Cain,—I am not his. He will not hear my prayer. God hates me."

The boy's heart was heavy. When he reached the kraal gate the two girls met him.

"Come," said the yellow-haired Em, "let us play 'coop.' There is still time before it gets quite dark. You, Waldo, go and hide on the 'kopje'; Lyndall and I will shut eyes here, and we will not look."

The girls hid their faces in the stone wall of the sheep kraal, and the boy clambered half-way up the "kopje." He crouched down between two stones, and gave the call. Just then the milk-herd came walking out of the cow kraal with two pails. He was an ill-looking Kaffir.

"Ah!" thought the boy, "perhaps he will die to-night, and go to hell! I must pray for him, I must pray!"

Then he thought, "Where am *I* going to?" and he prayed desperately.

"Ah! this is not right at all," little Em said, peeping between the stones, and finding him in a very curious posture. "What *are* you doing, Waldo? It is not the play, you know. You should run out when we come to the white stone. Ah, you do not play nicely."

"I—I will play nicely now," said the boy, coming out and standing sheepishly before them; "I—I only forgot; I will play now."

"He has been to sleep," said freckled Em.

"No," said beautiful little Lyndall, looking curiously at him: "he has been crying."

She never made a mistake.

The Confession.

One night, two years after, the boy sat alone on the "kopje." He had crept softly from his father's room, and come there. He often did, because when he prayed or cried aloud his father might awake and hear him; and none knew his great sorrow, and none knew his grief but he himself, and he buried them deep in his heart.

He turned up the brim of his great hat, and looked at the moon, but most at the leaves of the prickly pear that grew just before him. They glinted, and glinted, and glinted, just like his own heart,—cold, so hard, and very wicked. His physical heart had pain also; it seemed full of little bits of glass that hurt. He had sat there for half an hour, and he dared not go back to the close house.

He felt horribly lonely. There was not one thing so wicked as he in all the world, and he knew it. He folded his arms and began to cry—not aloud: he sobbed without making any sound, and his tears left scorched marks where they fell. He could not pray: he had prayed night and day for so many months; and to-night he could not pray. When he left off crying, he held his aching head with his brown hands. If one might have gone up to him and touched him kindly—poor ugly little thing! Perhaps his heart was almost broken.

With his swollen eyes he sat there on a flat stone at the very top of the "kopje"; and the tree, with every one of its wicked leaves, blinked, and blinked, and blinked at him. Presently he began to cry again, and then stopped his crying to look at it. He was quiet for a long while, then he knelt slowly and bent forward. There was a secret he had carried in his heart for a year. He had not dared to look at it; he had not whispered it to himself; but for a year he had carried it. "I hate God!" he said. The wind took the words and ran away with them, among the stones, and through the leaves of the prickly pear. He thought it died away half down the "kopje." He had told it now.

"I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God."

The wind carried away that sound as it had done the first. Then he got up, and buttoned his old coat about him. He knew he was certainly lost now; he did not care. If half the world were to be lost, why not he too? He would not pray for mercy any more. Better so — better to know certainly. It was ended now. Better so.

He began scrambling down the sides of the "kopje" to go home.

Better so,— but oh, the loneliness, the agonized pain, for that night, and for nights on nights to come! The anguish that sleeps all day on the heart like a heavy worm, and wakes up at night to feed!

There are some of us who in after years say to Fate, "Now deal us your hardest blow, give us what you will; but let us never again suffer as we suffered when we were children."

The barb in the arrow of childhood's suffering is this: its intense loneliness, its intense ignorance.

THREE DREAMS IN A DESERT

From 'Dreams'

As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And in my sleep I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert; and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground; for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there, once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her; and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise: she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look—"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there, he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her; but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out: and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her: *she must help herself.* Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said "I am woman; and I am seeking for the Land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing; but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried!*"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hands; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert: they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of Dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white: the sun had not often shone on it,—the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way: where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay: what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings—"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long, so long, I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive: put him down that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes, and then another,

and then another; and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built, and the rest pass over."

She said, "And of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more — and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that —" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge —" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "*The entire human race.*"

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk-bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now — the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "In the Future."

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again.

CARL SCHURZ

(1829–)

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

IN 1848, that year of upheaval, the love of liberty and the spirit of revolution came to Carl Schurz, then nineteen years old (for he was born March 2d, 1829, at Liblar near Cologne, Prussia), a student at the University of Bonn. In union with other noble and bold spirits he endeavored to secure by force a freer government and constitutional rule. For his part in an attempt to promote an insurrection he was forced to flee from his university city; he went to the Palatinate and joined the revolutionary army. The revolutionists were defeated. In their failure the high aspirations of many liberty-loving men went down. Schurz escaped to Switzerland, which afforded an asylum for large numbers of the German political exiles. A year in Paris as a correspondent of German newspapers, a year in London as a teacher, brought him to 1852, when he came to the United States. Residing in Philadelphia and visiting Washington, he studied law, political institutions, and public men. He went to Wisconsin, and was admitted to the bar; but his enthusiastic interest in the antislavery movement drew him into politics. As a consequence of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the moral and political struggle against slavery had practically become one. The Republican party had been formed. The Northwest, which had been Democratic, took ground against the extension of slavery; and one of the factors in its conversion was the support which the party of freedom received from the large population of Germans. Schurz threw himself into that contest with ardor, advocated without ceasing the Republican cause, and then laid the foundation for his influence politically over his countrymen, which he has never lost, and which has been of true service to the republic. He spoke for Lincoln in the memorable senatorial campaign of 1858 against Douglas, and made the personal acquaintance of the man with whom the points of contact became

CARL SCHURZ

closer as the irrepressible conflict developed from the strife of words into the clash of arms. As the chairman of the Wisconsin delegation to the Republican national convention of 1860, held in Chicago, he advocated the nomination of Seward for President; but he did not feel, as some of the friends of Seward in the bitterness of their disappointment felt, that by the action of the delegates the cause had been betrayed and lost. From the debates with Douglas he had measured the ability and character of Lincoln: and when he gave an account of his stewardship to the Republicans of Wisconsin, it was no partisan opportunist who spoke, but an orator whose convictions were decided, whose words were sincere; he told them that their candidate was a "pure and patriotic statesman," "eminently fitted by the native virtues of his character, the high abilities of his mind, and a strong honest purpose," for the solution of the "problem before him." During the canvass of 1860 he was constantly on the stump, speaking in both English and German. Receiving the appointment of minister to Spain, and entering upon the duties of his mission, his heart remained in America: he watched with painful anxiety, as Motley did from Vienna, the progress of the war. He wrote a dispatch to the State department, giving an accurate and comprehensive account of European sentiment in reference to our civil conflict, and urging that the Government take steps toward the abolition of slavery, to "place the war against the rebellious slave States upon a higher moral basis, and thereby give us control of public opinion in Europe." Concerning the effect abroad his judgment was sound; but the President had to take into account the feeling of the plain people at home, and issued his 'Proclamation of Emancipation' at the earliest moment that it would have been sustained by the public, which Mr. Schurz inferentially in his essay on Lincoln admits. "It would have been a hazardous policy," he writes, "to endanger, by precipitating a demonstrative fight against slavery, the success of the struggle for the Union."

Late in 1861 he returned to the United States, and served with credit as a general in the field. After the war he became a journalist. For a while he was the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune; then founded a newspaper in Detroit, and later became the editor of a St. Louis journal. In 1869 Missouri sent him to the United States Senate, where his service was both solid and brilliant. He favored universal amnesty to the men of the South; he opposed President Grant's scheme for the annexation of San Domingo, and was one of the senators and leaders of public opinion who gave expression to the profound disappointment and dissatisfaction of many Republicans with the general drift of Grant's administration. Thus he became more than any other one man the head and front of the

movement of Liberal Republicans of 1872, whose convention at Cincinnati, under the influence of some manipulation and a wave of curious enthusiasm, nominated Horace Greeley for President. Schurz's choice was Charles Francis Adams, who represented logically the opposition to Grant, and whose candidature, whether defeat or victory came, would have been dignified, and might have laid the foundations for a new party capable of enduring good.

During the financial crisis of 1873, the popular remedy for the distress, which had able and powerful advocates in Congress, was the issue of more greenbacks. Schurz fought in the Senate a bill providing for such an inflation of the currency. In 1875 the contest was transferred to Ohio. Meanwhile the Republicans in Congress had committed themselves to the resumption of specie payments; and Hayes, who was nominated for governor of Ohio, advocated unequivocally the doctrine of sound money. The Democrats put forward William Allen, and demanded that «the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade,»—a declaration satisfactory to the generality of Democrats, and to many Republicans in financial straits. Then ensued a wholesome and momentous canvass. Schurz was called from a well-earned rest in Switzerland to take part in it. He spoke constantly all over the State in English and in German; with a power never before equaled, I think, of placing cogently before men who labored with their hands, the elementary truths of sound finance. It is unquestionably true that Schurz's and John Sherman's speeches, their campaign of education, carried the State for the Republicans; though so hard fought was the contest that Hayes's plurality was but 5,544. That Ohio election made Hayes President, and Schurz Secretary of the Interior. As Secretary he served with honor, and he had an opportunity to put into practice his principles of reform in the civil service. He supported Cleveland in 1884, 1888, and 1892. In 1896 he canvassed the principal cities of the middle West; opposing the election of Bryan, speaking for sound finance in this great educational campaign as he had spoken in 1875, and being so persuasive a teacher that the sagacious chairman of the Republican National Committee distributed 1,500,000 pamphlet copies of his principal speech, besides a large quantity of so-called «Schurz Nuggets.»

Such is a brief account of an active life. With George William Curtis, Mr. Schurz stands as the representative of the Independent in politics. No other man in this country, outside of a few who hold high office, has the political influence which he possesses. Wherever intelligent business men, college professors, advanced students, and political reformers gather together, there will you find the seed germinating which through many years and under different party

banners he has sown. The eagerness with which his work on the stump is at different times sought for alike by Republican and Democratic campaign managers, is proof of his large influence with the mass of voters. Many well-meaning men accuse him of inconsistency, for the reason that he has changed so frequently his party associations; but if consistency means adherence through the years to the same principles, he may challenge comparison on this ground with the strongest partisan in the land. He has also been accused of unsteadiness, from his frequent change of residence and occupation. We all know the benefit of attachment to family and location, which we see so clearly in Virginia and Massachusetts: such a feeling causes men to take root in the soil, and redounds to the safety of the State. But in our great republic, there is room for the cosmopolitan, for the citizen who has no attachment to any State, whose love is for the nation. Mr. Schurz, while pre-eminently a citizen of the world in society, literature, and art, is as true an American as any man born on American soil.

It is a remark of Bagehot that the men who know most, rarely have the time or the training to write books. Let it be noted then in the calendar, when a man of Mr. Schurz's varied life becomes a distinguished member of the republic of letters. His 'Life of Henry Clay' is one of the best biographies ever written. The view is purely objective. He had no manuscript material, no unprinted private letters which would of themselves present his hero in a new light. His material was books and speeches accessible to every one. The merit of the biography lies in the thorough assimilation of the facts, the power of telling a story, the bringing to bear upon the subject the wealth of his experiences, and the fusion of the whole into a form grateful to literary art. It seemed strange perhaps that the editor of the 'American Statesmen' series selected him who was a strenuous advocate of a tariff for revenue only, to write the life of Clay, the father of the principle of protection to home industries. But John T. Morse, Jr., the editor, chose wisely. Mr. Schurz treats the tariff question and Clay's relation to it with absolute candor. In truth, had he been in public life contemporary with Clay, he would probably have taken the opposite side, on nearly every public question, from his hero; yet such is his impartiality and sympathy that all who read the book must end it with loving Henry Clay. The historical part is of great value, and I question whether one who had not been Senator and Cabinet minister could have given to it such animation.

Mr. Schurz wrote an essay on Abraham Lincoln, originally published in the Atlantic Monthly. More has been written about Lincoln than about any other man in our history; but our author, by his power of generalization, and his presentment of the orderly unfolding

of this great life, has thrown new light on the character and work of the martyr President. To say that the essay is a classic is praise none too high.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Schurz was one of the editors of the Evening Post, in association with E. L. Godkin and Horace White. On the death of George William Curtis, he became the writer of the leading political article of Harper's Weekly. At first his contributions appeared unsigned, but in 1897 they began to be printed over his own signature. He discusses, for his audience of several hundred thousand, domestic and foreign politics, with an intelligence, acumen, and incisive literary style that certainly are not surpassed in America or in England. He writes English with accuracy, clearness, and vigor, and is never dull. A French writer has said: "To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years. To be eloquent in one is the labor of a life." In language the work of Mr. Schurz is that of two lives, for he is eloquent in both English and German.

James Ford Rhodes

CLAY THE CITIZEN

From the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Copyright 1887, by Carl Schurz. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AT THE period when Henry Clay arrived in Kentucky, in 1797, the population exceeded 180,000, about one-fifth of whom were slaves; the later immigrants having come from the same quarter as the earlier.

The original stock consisted of the hardiest race of backwoodsmen. The forests of Kentucky were literally wrested from the Indians by constant fighting. The question whether the aborigines had any right to the soil seems to have been utterly foreign to the pioneer's mind. He wanted the land, and to him it was a matter of course that the Indian must leave it. The first settlements planted in the virgin forest were fortified with stockades and block-houses; which the inmates, not seldom for months at a time, could not leave without danger of falling into an Indian ambush and being scalped. No part of the country has therefore more stories and traditions of perilous adventures, bloody fights, and hairbreadth escapes. For a generation or more the

hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins of deerskin more or less gaudily ornamented, and the long rifle, powder-horn, and hunting-knife formed the regular "outfit" of a very large proportion of the male Kentuckians. We are told of some of the old pioneers, who, many years after populous towns had grown up on the sites of the old stockades, still continued the habit of walking about in their hunter's garb, with rifle and powder-horn, although the deer had become scarce, and the Indian had long ago disappeared from the neighborhood. They were loath to make up their minds to the fact that the old life was over. Thus the reminiscences and the characteristic spirit and habits left behind by that wild life were still fresh among the people of Kentucky at the period of which we speak. They were an uncommonly sturdy race of men, most of them fully as fond of hunting, and perhaps also of fighting, as of farming; brave and generous, rough and reckless, hospitable and much given to boisterous carousals, full of a fierce love of independence, and of a keen taste for the confused and turbulent contests of frontier politics. Slavery exercised its peculiar despotic influence there as elsewhere, although the number of slaves in Kentucky was comparatively small. But among freemen a strongly democratic spirit prevailed. There was as yet little of that relation of superior and inferior between the large planter and the small tenant or farmer which had existed, and was still to some extent existing, in Virginia. As to the white population, society started on the plane of practical equality.

Where the city of Lexington now stands, the first block-house was built in April 1775 by Robert Patterson, "an early and meritorious adventurer, much engaged in the defense of the country." A settlement soon formed under its protection, which was called Lexington, in honor of the Revolutionary battle then just fought in Massachusetts. The first settlers had to maintain themselves in many an Indian fight on that "finest garden spot in all Kentucky," as the Blue Grass region was justly called. In an early day it attracted "some people of culture" from Virginia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania. In 1780 the first school was built in the fort; and the same year the Virginia legislature — for Kentucky was at that time still a part of Virginia — chartered the Transylvania Seminary to be established there. In 1787 Mr. Isaac Wilson, of the Philadelphia College, opened the "Lexington grammar school," for the teaching of Latin, Greek, "and the different branches of science." The same year saw the

organization of a "society for promoting useful knowledge," and the establishment of the first newspaper. A year later, in 1788, the ambition of social refinement wanted and got a dancing-school, and also the Transylvania Seminary was fairly ready to receive students: "Tuition five pounds a year, one half in cash, the other in property; boarding, nine pounds a year, in property, pork, corn, tobacco, etc." In ten years more the seminary, having absorbed the Kentucky Academy established by the Presbyterians, expanded into the "Transylvania University," with first an academical department, and the following year adding one of medicine and another of law. Thus Lexington, although still a small town, became what was then called "the literary and intellectual centre west of the Alleghanies," and a point of great attraction to people of means and of social wants and pretensions. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that it was a quiet and sedate college town like those of New England. Many years later, in 1814, a young Massachusetts Yankee, Amos Kendall, who had drifted to Lexington in pursuit of profitable employment, and was then a private teacher in Henry Clay's family, wrote in his diary: "I have, I think, learned the way to be popular in Kentucky, but do not as yet put it in practice. Drink whisky and talk loud, with the fullest confidence, and you will hardly fail of being called a clever fellow." This was not the only "way to be popular," but was certainly one of the ways. When the Lexington of 1797, the year of Clay's arrival there, is spoken of as a "literary and intellectual centre," the meaning is that it was an outpost of civilization, still surrounded, and to a great extent permeated, by the spirit of border life. The hunter in his fringed buckskin suit, with long rifle and powder-horn, was still a familiar figure on the streets of the town. The boisterous hilarity of the bar-room, and the excitement of the card table, accorded with the prevailing taste better than a lecture on ancient history; and a racing-horse was to a large majority of Lexingtonians an object of far greater interest than a professor of Greek. But compared with other Western towns of the time, Lexington did possess an uncommon proportion of educated people; and there were circles wherein the social life displayed, together with the freedom of tone characteristic of a new country, a liberal dash of culture.

This was the place where Henry Clay cast anchor in 1797. The society he found there was congenial to him, and he was

congenial to it. A young man of uncommon brightness of intellect, of fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more, of high spirits, warm sympathies, a cheery nature, and sociable tastes,— he easily became a favorite with the educated as a person of striking ability, and with the many as a good companion, who, notwithstanding a certain distinguished air, enjoyed himself as they did. It was again as a speaker that he first made his mark. Shortly after his arrival at Lexington, before he had begun to practice law, he joined a debating club, in several meetings of which he participated only as a silent listener. One evening, when, after a long discussion, the vote upon the question before the society was about to be taken, he whispered to a friend, loud enough to be overheard, that to him the debate did not seem to have exhausted the subject. Somebody remarked that Mr. Clay desired to speak, and he was called upon. Finding himself unexpectedly confronting the audience, he was struck with embarrassment; and as he had done frequently in imaginary appeals in court, he began, "Gentlemen of the jury!" A titter running through the audience increased his embarrassment, and the awkward words came out once more. But then he gathered himself up; his nerves became steady, and he poured out a flow of reasoning so lucid, and at the same time so impassioned, that his hearers were overcome with astonishment. Some of his friends who had been present said, in later years, that they had never heard him make a better speech. This was no doubt an exaggeration of the first impression; but at any rate that speech stamped him at once as a remarkable man in the community, and laid open before him the road to success.

He had not come to Lexington with extravagant expectations. As an old man looking back upon those days, he said: "I remember how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make one hundred pounds a year, Virginia money, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee." He approached with a certain awe the competition with what he called "a bar uncommonly distinguished by eminent members." But he did not find it difficult to make his way among them. His practice was, indeed, at first mostly in criminal cases; and many are the stories told of the marvelous effects produced by his eloquence upon the simple-minded Kentucky jurymen, and of the culprits saved by him from a well-merited fate. . . .

It was not long however that he remained confined to criminal cases. Soon he distinguished himself by the management of civil suits also, especially suits growing out of the peculiar land laws of Virginia and Kentucky. In this way he rapidly acquired a lucrative practice and a prominent place at the bar of his State. That with all his brilliant abilities he never worked his way into the front rank of the great lawyers of the country was due to his characteristic failing. He studied only for the occasion, as far as his immediate need went. His studies were never wide and profound. His time was too much occupied by other things,—not only by his political activity, which gradually grew more and more exacting, but also by pleasure. He was fond of company, and in that period of his life not always careful in selecting his comrades; a passion for cards grew upon him, so much so indeed that he never completely succeeded in overcoming it: and these tastes robbed him of the hours and of the temper of mind without which the calm gathering of thought required for the mastery of a science is not possible. Moreover, it is not improbable that his remarkable gift of speaking, which enabled him to make little tell for much and to outshine men of vastly greater learning, deceived him as to the necessity for laborious study. The value of this faculty he appreciated well. He knew that oratory is an art, and in this art he trained himself with judgment and perseverance. For many years, as a young man, he made it a rule to read if possible every day in some historical or scientific book, and then to repeat what he had read in free, off-hand speech, "sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in a distant barn with the horse and ox for auditors." Thus he cultivated that facility and affluence of phrase, that resonance of language, as well as that freedom of gesture, which, aided by a voice of rare power and musical beauty, gave his oratory, even to the days of declining old age, so peculiar a charm.

Only a year and a half after his arrival at Lexington, in April 1799, he had achieved a position sufficiently respected and secure to ask for and to obtain the hand of Lucretia Hart, the daughter of a man of high character and prominent standing in the State. She was not a brilliant, but a very estimable woman, and a most devoted wife to him. She became the mother of eleven children. His prosperity increased rapidly; so that soon he was able to purchase Ashland, an estate of some six hundred

acres near Lexington, which afterward became famous as Henry Clay's home.

Together with the accumulation of worldly goods he laid up a valuable stock of popularity. Indeed, few men ever possessed in greater abundance and completeness those qualities which attract popular regard and affection. A tall stature; not a handsome face, but a pleasing, winning expression; a voice of which some of his contemporaries say that it was the finest musical instrument they ever heard; an eloquence always melodious, and in turn majestic, fierce, playful, insinuating, irresistibly appealing to all the feelings of human nature, aided by a gesticulation at the same time natural, vivid, large, and powerful; a certain magnificent grandeur of bearing in public action, and an easy familiarity, a never-failing natural courtesy in private, which even in his intercourse with the lowliest had nothing of haughty condescension in it; a noble generous heart, making him always ready to volunteer his professional services to poor widows and orphans who needed aid, to slaves whom he thought entitled to their freedom, to free negroes who were in danger of being illegally returned to bondage, and to persons who were persecuted by the powerful and lawless, in serving whom he sometimes endangered his own safety; a cheery sympathetic nature withal, of exuberant vitality, gay, spirited, always ready to enjoy, and always glad to see others enjoy themselves,—his very faults being those of what was considered good-fellowship in his Kentuckian surroundings; a superior person, appearing indeed immensely superior at times, but making his neighbors feel that he was one of them,—such a man was born to be popular. It has frequently been said that later in life he cultivated his popularity by clever acting, and that his universal courtesy became somewhat artificial. If so, then he acted his own character as it originally was. It is an important fact that his popularity at home, among his neighbors, indeed in the whole State, constantly grew stronger as he grew older; and that the people of Kentucky clung to him with unbounded affection.

CLAY THE STATESMAN

From the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Copyright 1887, by Carl Schurz. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BUT however incomplete, that record showed how large a place Henry Clay had filled in the public affairs of the republic during almost half a century of its existence. His most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it. He was without question the greatest parliamentary orator, and one of the greatest popular speakers, America has ever had. Webster excelled him in breadth of knowledge, in keenness of reasoning, in weight of argument, and in purity of diction. But Clay possessed in a far higher degree the true oratorical temperament,—that force of nervous exaltation which makes the orator feel himself, and appear to others, a superior being, and almost irresistibly transfuses his thoughts, his passions, and his will into the mind and heart of the listener. Webster would instruct and convince and elevate, but Clay would overcome his audience. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of his power than the immediate effect we know his speeches to have produced upon those who heard them, compared with the impression of heavy tameness we receive when merely reading the printed reports.

In the elements, too, which make a man a leader, Clay was greatly the superior of Webster, as well as of all other contemporaries excepting Andrew Jackson. He had not only in rare development the faculty of winning the affectionate devotion of men, but his personality imposed itself without an effort so forcibly upon others that they involuntarily looked to him for direction, waited for his decisive word before making up their minds, and not seldom yielded their better judgment to his will-power.

While this made him a very strong leader, he was not a safe guide. The rare brightness of his intellect, and his fertile fancy, served indeed to make himself and others forget his lack of accurate knowledge and studious thought; but these brilliant qualities could not compensate for his deficiency in that prudence and forecast which are required for the successful direction of political forces. His impulses were vehement, and his mind not well fitted for the patient analysis of complicated problems and of difficult political situations. His imagination frequently ran away

with his understanding.' His statesmanship had occasionally something of the oratorical character. Now and then he appeared to consider it as important whether a conception or a measure would sound well, as whether if put into practice it would work well. He disliked advice which differed from his preconceived opinions; and with his imperious temper and ardent combativeness he was apt, as in the struggle about the United States Bank, to put himself, and to hurry his party, into positions of great disadvantage. It is a remarkable fact that during his long career in Congress he was in more or less pronounced opposition to all administrations, even those of his own party; save that of Jefferson, under which he served only one short session in the Senate, and that of John Quincy Adams, of which he was a member. During Madison's first term, Clay helped in defeating the recharter of the United States Bank recommended by Gallatin as Secretary of the Treasury; and he became a firm supporter of Madison's administration only when, as to the war against Great Britain, it had yielded to his pressure. No fault can be found with him for asserting in all important things the freedom of his opinion; but a less impetuous statesman would have found it possible to avoid a conflict with Monroe, and to maintain harmonious relations with General Taylor.

On the other hand, he never sought to organize or strengthen his following by the arts of the patronage-monger. The thought that a political party should be held together by the public plunder, or that the party leader should be something like a paymaster of a body of henchmen at the public expense, or that a party contest should be a mere scramble for spoils, was entirely foreign to his mind, and far below the level of his patriotic aspirations.

It has been said that Clay was surrounded by a crowd of jobbers and speculators eager to turn his internal-improvement and tariff policies to their private advantage. No doubt those policies attracted such persons to him. But there is no reason for suspecting that he was ever in the slightest degree pecuniarily interested in any scheme which might have been advanced by his political position or influence. In no sense was he a money-maker in politics. His integrity as a public man remained without blemish throughout his long career. He preserved an equally intact name in the conduct of his private affairs. In money matters he was always a man of honor, maintaining the principles

and the pride of a gentleman. The financial embarrassments which troubled his declining days were caused, not by reckless extravagance nor by questionable speculations, but by the expenses inseparable from high public station and great renown, and by engagements undertaken for others, especially his sons. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father. There is ample evidence of his warm solicitude as to the welfare of his children, of his constant readiness to assist them with his counsel, and of his self-sacrificing liberality in providing for their needs and in aiding them in their troubles. . . .

The desire of so distinguished a political leader to be President was natural and legitimate. Even had he cherished it less ardently, his followers would have more than once pushed him forward. But no one can study Clay's career without feeling that he would have been a happier and a greater man if he had never coveted the glittering prize. When such an ambition becomes chronic, it will be but too apt to unsettle the character and darken the existence of those afflicted with it, by confusing their appreciation of all else. As Cæsar said that the kind of death most to be desired was "a sudden one," so the American statesman may think himself fortunate to whom a nomination for the Presidency comes, if at all, without a long agony of hope and fear. During a period of thirty years — from the time when he first aspired to be Monroe's successor until 1848 — Clay unceasingly hunted the shadow whose capture would probably have added nothing either to his usefulness or his fame, but the pursuit of which made his public life singularly restless and unsatisfactory to himself. Nor did he escape from the suspicion of having occasionally modified the expression of his opinions according to supposed exigencies of availability. The peculiar tone of his speech against the Abolitionists before the campaign of 1840, his various letters on the annexation of Texas in 1844, and some equivocations on other subjects during the same period, illustrated the weakening influence of the Presidential candidate upon the man; and even his oft-quoted word that he would "rather be right than be President" was spoken at a time when he was more desirous of being President than sure of being right.

But on the whole, save his early change of position on the subject of the United States Bank, Clay's public career appears remarkably consistent in its main feature. It was ruled by the idea that, as the binding together of the States in the Union and

the formation of a constitutional government had been accomplished by the compromising of diverse interests, this Union and this constitutional government had to be maintained in the same way; and that every good citizen should consider it his duty, whenever circumstances required it, to sacrifice something, not only of his material advantages, but even of his sentiments and convictions, for the peace and welfare of the common Republic.

Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been, almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South-American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong,—there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish him the key."

TWO POPULAR LEADERS

From the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Copyright 1887, by Carl Schurz. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ANDREW JACKSON, when he became President, was a man of sixty-two. A life of much exposure, hardship, and excitement, and also ill-health, had made him appear older than he was. His great military achievement lay fifteen years back in the past, and made him the "old hero." He was very ignorant. In his youth he had mastered scarcely the rudiments of education; and he did not possess that acquisitive intellectuality which impels men, with or without preparation, to search for knowledge and to store it up. While he had keen intuitions, he never

thoroughly understood the merits of any question of politics or economics. But his was in the highest degree the instinct of a superior will, the genius of command. If he had been on board a vessel in extreme danger, he would have thundered out his orders without knowing anything of seamanship, and been indignantly surprised if captain and crew had not obeyed him. At a fire, his voice would have made bystanders as well as firemen promptly do his will. In war, he was of course made a general; and without any knowledge of military science he went out to meet the enemy, made raw militia fight like veterans, and won the most brilliant victory in the War of 1812. He was not only brave himself: his mere presence infused bravery into others.

To his military heroship he owed that popularity which lifted him into the Presidential chair; and he carried the spirit of the warrior into the business of the government. His party was to him his army; those who opposed him, the enemy. He knew not how to argue, but how to command; not how to deliberate, but how to act. He had that impulsive energy which always creates dramatic conflicts, and the power of passion he put into them made all his conflicts look tremendous. When he had been defeated in 1825 by the influence of Clay, he made it appear as if he were battling against all the powers of corruption, which were threatening the life of the republic. We shall see him fight Nicholas Biddle, of the United States Bank, as if he had to defend the American people against the combined money power of the world seeking to enslave them. In rising up against nullification, and in threatening France with war to make her pay a debt, we shall see him saving the Union from deadly peril, and humiliating to the dust the insolence of the Old World. Thus he appeared like an invincible Hercules, constantly meeting terrible monsters dangerous to the American people, and slaying them all with his mighty club.

This fierce energy was his nature. It had a wonderful fascination for the popular fancy, which is fond of strong and bold acts. He became the idol of a large portion of the people to a degree never known before or since. Their belief was that with him defeat was impossible; that all the legions of darkness could not prevail against him; and that whatever arbitrary powers he might assume, and whatever way he might use them, it would always be for the good of the country,— a belief which he sincerely shared. His ignorance of the science of statesmanship,

and the rough manner in which he crossed its rules, seemed to endear him all the more to the great mass of his followers. Innumerable anecdotes about his homely and robust sayings and doings were going from mouth to mouth, and with delight the common man felt that this potent ruler was "one of us."

This popularity gave him an immense authority over the politicians of his party. He was a warm friend and a tremendous foe. By a faithful friend he would stand to the last extremity. But one who seriously differed from him on any matter that was near his heart was in great danger of becoming an object of his wrath. The ordinary patriot is apt to regard the enemies of his country as his personal enemies. But Andrew Jackson was always inclined, with entire sincerity, to regard his personal opponents as the enemies of his country. He honestly believed them capable of any baseness, and it was his solemn conviction that such nuisances must be abated by any power available for that purpose. The statesmen of his party frequently differed from him on matters of public importance; but they knew that they had to choose between submission and his disfavor. His friends would sometimes exercise much influence upon him in starting his mind in a certain direction; but when once started, that mind was beyond their control.

His personal integrity was above the reach of corruption He always meant to do right; indeed, he was always firmly convinced of being right. His idea of right was not seldom obscured by ignorance and prejudice, and in following it he would sometimes do the most unjust or dangerous things. But his friends, and the statesmen of his party, knowing that when he had made up his mind, especially on a matter that had become a subject of conflict between him and his "enemies," it was absolutely useless to reason with him, accustomed themselves to obeying orders, unless they were prepared to go to the rear or into opposition. It was therefore not a mere invention of the enemy, but sober truth, that when Jackson's administration was attacked, sometimes the only answer left to its defenders, as well as the all-sufficient one with the Democratic masses, was simply a "Hurrah for Jackson!"

Henry Clay was, although in retirement, the recognized chief of the National Republicans. He was then fifty-two years old, and in the full maturity of his powers. He had never been an arduous student; but his uncommonly vivacious and receptive

mind had learned much in the practical school of affairs. He possessed that magnificent confidence in himself which extorts confidence from others. He had a full measure of the temper necessary for leadership, the spirit of initiative, but not always the discretion that should accompany it. His leadership was not of that mean order which merely contrives to organize a personal following: it was the leadership of a statesman devoting himself to the great interests of his country. Whenever he appeared in a deliberative assembly, or in councils of his party, he would as a matter of course take in his hands what important business was pending, and determine the policy to be followed. His friends, and some even among his opponents, were so accustomed to yield to him that nothing seemed to them concluded without the mark of his assent; and they involuntarily looked to him for the decisive word as to what was to be done. Thus he grew into a habit of dictation, which occasionally displayed itself in a manner of peremptory command, and intolerance of adverse opinion, apt to provoke resentment.

It was his eloquence that had first made him famous, and that throughout his career mainly sustained his leadership. His speeches were not masterpieces of literary art, nor exhaustive dissertations. They do not offer to the student any profound theories of government or expositions of economic science. They will not be quoted as authorities on disputed points. Neither were they strings of witty epigrams. They were the impassioned reasoning of a statesman intensely devoted to his country and to the cause he thought right. There was no appearance of artifice in them. They made every listener feel that the man who uttered them was tremendously in earnest, and that the thoughts he expressed had not only passed through his brain but also through his heart. They were the speeches of a great debater; and as may be said of those of Charles James Fox, cold print could never do them justice. To be fully appreciated they had to be heard on the theatre of action, in the hushed Senate chamber, or before the eagerly upturned faces of assembled multitudes. To feel the full charm of his lucid explanations, and his winning persuasiveness, or the thrill which was flashed through the nerves of his hearers by the magnificent sunbursts of his enthusiasm, or the fierce thunder-storms of his anger and scorn, one had to hear that musical voice cajoling, flattering, inspiring, overawing, terrifying in turn,—a voice to the cadences of which it was a physical

delight to listen; one had to see that face, not handsome but glowing with the fire of inspiration, that lofty mien, that commanding stature constantly growing under his words, and the grand sweep of his gesture, majestic in its dignity, and full of grace and strength,— the whole man a superior being while he spoke.

Survivors of his time, who heard him at his best, tell us of the effects produced by his great appeals in the House of Representatives or the Senate,— the galleries trembling with excitement, and even the members unable to contain themselves; or in popular assemblies, the multitudes breathlessly listening, and then breaking out in unearthly shouts of enthusiasm and delight, weeping and laughing, and rushing up to him with overwhelming demonstrations of admiring and affectionate rapture.

Clay's oratory sometimes fairly paralyzed his opponents. A story is told that Tom Marshall, himself a speaker of uncommon power, was once selected to answer Clay at a mass meeting; but that he was observed, while Clay was proceeding, slowly to make his way back through the listening crowd, apparently anxious to escape. Some of his friends tried to hold him, saying, "Why, Mr. Marshall, where are you going? You must reply to Mr. Clay. You can easily answer all he has said." "Of course I can answer every point," said Marshall; "but you must excuse me, gentlemen,— I cannot go up there and do it just now, after his speech."

There was a manly, fearless frankness in the avowal of his opinions, and a knightly spirit in his defense of them, as well as in his attacks on his opponents. He was indeed, on the political field, the *preux chevalier*, marshaling his hosts, sounding his bugle blasts, and plunging first into the fight; and with proud admiration his followers called him "the gallant Harry of the West."

No less brilliant and attractive was he in his social intercourse with men; thoroughly human in his whole being; full of high spirits; fond of enjoying life and of seeing others happy; generous and hearty in his sympathies; always courteous, sometimes studiously and elaborately so, perhaps beyond what the occasion seemed to call for, but never wounding the most sensitive by any demonstrative condescension, because there was a truly kind heart behind his courtesy; possessing a natural charm of conversation and manner so captivating that neither scholar nor backwoodsman could withstand its fascination; making friends wherever he

appeared, and holding them — and surely to no public man did friends ever cling with more affectionate attachment. It was not a mere political, it was a sentimental devotion, — a devotion abandoning even that criticism which is the duty of friendship, and forgetting or excusing all his weaknesses and faults, intellectual and moral, — more than was good for him.

Behind him he had also the powerful support of the industrial interests of the country, which saw in him their champion; while the perfect integrity of his character forbade the suspicion that this championship was serving his private gain.

Such were the leaders of the two parties as they then stood before the country, — individualities so pronounced and conspicuous, commanders so faithfully sustained by their followers, that while they were facing each other, the contests of parties appeared almost like a protracted political duel between two men. It was a struggle of singular dramatic interest.

THE FIRST AMERICAN

From 'Abraham Lincoln: an Essay.' Copyright 1891, by Carl Schurz and Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE hour of triumph called out the characteristic impulses of his nature. The opposition within the Union party had stung him to the quick. Now he had his opponents before him, baffled and humiliated. Not a moment did he lose to stretch out the hand of friendship to all. "Now that the election is over," he said in response to a serenade, "may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result. May I ask those who were with me to join with me in the same spirit toward those who were against me?" This was Abraham Lincoln's character as tested in the furnace of prosperity.

The war was virtually decided, but not yet ended. Sherman was irresistibly carrying the Union flag through the South. Grant had his iron hand upon the ramparts of Richmond. The

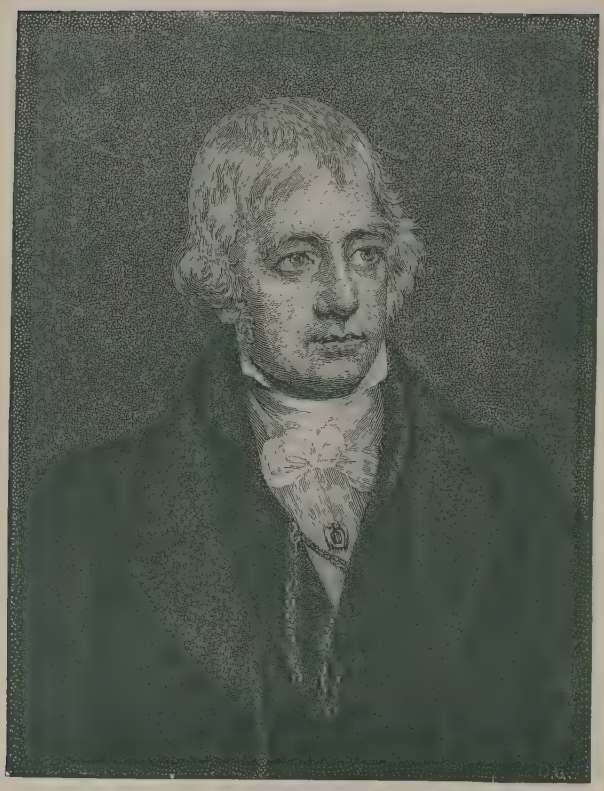
days of the Confederacy were evidently numbered. Only the last blow remained to be struck. Then Lincoln's second inauguration came, and with it his second inaugural address. Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg speech" has been much and justly admired. But far greater, as well as far more characteristic, was that inaugural in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die. These were its closing words:—

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart.

To the younger generation, Abraham Lincoln has already become a half-mythical figure, which, in the haze of historic distance, grows to more and more heroic proportions, but also loses in distinctness of outline and feature. This is indeed the common lot of popular heroes; but the Lincoln legend will be more than ordinarily apt to become fanciful, as his individuality, assembling seemingly incongruous qualities and forces in a character at the same time grand and most lovable, was so unique, and his career so abounding in startling contrasts. As the state of society in which Abraham Lincoln grew up passes away, the world will read with increasing wonder of the man who, not only of the humblest origin, but remaining the simplest and most unpretending of citizens, was raised to a position of power unprecedented in our history; who was the gentlest and most peace-loving of mortals, unable to see any creature suffer without a pang in his own

breast, and suddenly found himself called to conduct the greatest and bloodiest of our wars; who wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature; who was a cautious conservative by temperament and mental habit, and led the most sudden and sweeping social revolution of our time; who, preserving his homely speech and rustic manner even in the most conspicuous position of that period, drew upon himself the scoffs of polite society, and then thrilled the soul of mankind with utterances of wonderful beauty and grandeur; who, in his heart the best friend of the defeated South, was murdered because a crazy fanatic took him for its most cruel enemy; who, while in power, was beyond measure lampooned and maligned by sectional passion and an excited party spirit, and around whose bier friend and foe gathered to praise him — which they have since never ceased to do — as one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

12995

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771–1832)

BY ANDREW LANG

FTEN as it has been my fortune to write about Sir Walter Scott, I never sit down to do so without a sense of happiness and elation. It is as if one were meeting a dear friend, or at the least were to talk with other friends about him. This emotion is so strong, no doubt, because the name and memory and magic of Sir Walter are entwined with one's earliest recollections of poetry, and nature, and the rivers and hills of home. Yet the phrase of a lady, a stranger, in an unpublished letter to Scott, "You are such a friendly author," contains a truth not limited to Scott's fellow-countrymen and fellow-Borderers. To read him, to read all of him almost, to know his works familiarly, is to have a friend, and as it were, an invisible playmate of the mind. Goethe confessed this spell; it affected even Carlyle; all Europe knew its charm; Alexandre Dumas, the Scott of France, not only felt it but can himself inspire it,—the spell of a great, frank, wise, humorous, and loving nature, accompanied by a rich and sympathetic imagination, and equipped with opulence of knowledge. In modern England, few men have had wider influence than two who in many respects are all unlike Scott,—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Ruskin; yet their writings are full of admiration for "the Magician who dwelleth in the castle on the Border." To-day, some very "modern" people of letters, in no way remarkable either for knowledge, fancy, or humor, affect to speak of Scott with disdain. The latest criticism which I chanced to read talked of his "romances of chivalry," as if they had no connection with actual "life." He wrote only about three prose "romances of chivalry." It is life itself that throbs in a score, perhaps a hundred, of his characters. Davie Deans, Jeanie Deans, Bessie Maclure, Nantie Ewart, Wandering Willie, Andrew Fairservice, Louis XI., James VI., Ratcliffe, Madge Wildfire, the Dugald Creature, Callum Beg, Diana Vernon, Dugald Dalgetty, the fishers of 'The Antiquary,' Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Claverhouse, Meg Dods,—these are but a few of Scott's immortally living characters. From kings to gillies, they all display life as it has been, and is, and will be lived. Remoteness and strangeness of time and place and society can never alter nature,

nor hide from minds not prejudiced and dwarfed by restricted faculties and slovenly sham education, the creative greatness of Scott.

His life has been told by the first biographer in British literature save Boswell. It has been my lot to read most of the manuscript materials used by Scott's son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart; and the perusal only increases one's esteem for his work. Lockhart's tact in selection was infallible. But his book is a long book; and parts of it which interest a Scot do not strongly appeal to the interest of an Englishman or an American not of Scottish descent. Nevertheless Lockhart's 'Biography' is in itself a delightful, if not indispensable, accompaniment of Sir Walter's works. No biographer had ever less to conceal: a study of the letters and other unpublished documents makes this certain. The one blot on Sir Walter's scutcheon — his dabbling in trade — was matter of public knowledge during his own lifetime. Occasional defects of temper, such as beset the noblest natures, Lockhart did not hide; for which he was foolishly blamed. Speaking from the most intimate knowledge now attainable, one may confidently say that Lockhart's Scott is the real man, "as known to his Maker."

There is no room here for even a sketch of a life already familiar in outline. Persons so unfortunate as "not to have time" to read Lockhart, will find all that is necessary in Mr. R. H. Hutton's sketch ('English Men of Letters' series), or in Mr. Saintsbury's 'Sir Walter Scott' ('Famous Scots' series). The poet and novelist was descended from the Border house of Harden: on the spindle side he had the blood of Campbells, Macdonalls, Haliburtons, and Rutherfords in his veins. All of these are families of extreme antiquity,— the Macdonalls having been almost regal in Galloway and Argyle. Scott's father (born 1729) was a Writer to the Signet, the Saunders Fairford of 'Redgauntlet.'

The poet and novelist was born on August 15th, 1771, and died in 1832. The details of his infancy, his lameness, his genius in childhood, his studious and adventurous boyhood, his incomplete education (like St. Augustine he would not learn Greek), his adoption of the profession of advocate, may be found in every 'Life.' "The first to begin a row and the last to end it," Scott knew intimately all ranks of society before he had published a line. Duchesses, gipsies, thieves, Highlanders, Lowlanders, students, judges, attorneys' clerks, actors, gamekeepers, farmers, tramps,— he was at home with all of them, while he had read everything in literature that most people do not know. It was his fortune to be a poet while England yet had two kings: George III. *de facto*, Charles III. and Henry IX. *de jure*. Hopeless as the Jacobite cause now was, the sentiment lingered; and Scott knew intimately the man who sent the Fiery Cross through Appin in

1745,—Invernahyle. A portrait of Prince Charles was one of his earliest purchases. He had seen Burns, who wrote the last 'Birthday Ode' for a royal Stuart. Yet his youth was contemporary with the French Revolution, which only made him more of a Tory. His infancy dwelt with sad excitement on our disasters in the American War of Independence. Thus he lived in the Medea's-caldron of history, with a head and heart full of the knowledge and love of the past,—in poetry, ballad, legend, charter, custom. From all this rich experience of men and women, of the European "Twilight of the Gods," of clashing societies and politics, of war and literature, came the peculiar and original ply of his genius.

This was ripened probably by a love affair which ended when he was twenty-five (1796); ended as far as hope was concerned, otherwise it closed only with his earthly life, if then. If aught of man's personality persists after death, then what has so deeply colored and become one with the self as a love like Scott's, never dies. You find its traces in his novels, and poems, and Journal: it even peeps out in his review of Miss Austen's novels. From living tradition—on the authority of a lady who, having seen her once, loved her to her own death in extreme age—we are able to say that Scott's lost love was "an angel rather than a woman."

To please her he began to aim at success in letters, starting with a translation of Bürger's romantic ballad, 'Lenore.' But it was in vain. Scott bore his loss like a man. The result was not elegiac poetry, but, as Mr. Saintsbury justly remarks, the conquest of "the violence of Scott's most irritable and ungovernable mind," so described by an early and intimate friend.

To understand Scott, all this must be kept in memory. People complain of his want of "passion." Of passion in its purest and strongest phase no man had known more. But if his passion was potent, more potent was his character. He does not deal in embraces, and such descriptions of physical charms and raptures as fill the lines of Burns and Carew, and Paulus Silentiarius. "I may not, must not sing of love," says his minstrel; but whoever has read 'Rob Roy,' and lost his heart to Diana Vernon, ought to understand. "The rest, they may live and learn." Scott, in Carlyle's phrase, "consumed his own smoke"; which Carlyle never did.

Next year (1797) Scott married the lady—Miss Carpenter or Charpentier—to whom he was the fondest and most faithful of husbands. Hogg calls her "a perfect beauty"; small, dark, and *piquante*, and "a sweet, kind, affectionate creature." Mrs. Scott had humor and high spirits, as one or two of her letters show; she made no kind of literary pretensions; and a certain fretfulness in her latest years may be attributed to the effects of a lingering and fatal illness. Scott and she were very happy together.

The details of his professional career at the bar may be omitted. He was an unsuccessful pleader, but got the remunerative office of «sheriff of the forest» of Ettrick. He roamed in Galloway, Liddesdale, and the Highlands; he met «Monk» Lewis, and began some ballads for a collection of his. Already, in 'The Eve of St. John,' we see the qualities of Scott — and the defects. In 1802 appeared his 'Border Minstrelsy,' printed at Kelm by his school friend, James Ballantyne. This was the beginning of a fatal connection. Scott became secretly a printer and publisher. Though he owns, and justly, to «a thread of the attorney» in his nature, he had neither the leisure nor the balance for a man of business. He became entangled in the system of fictitious credit; he never shook off its meshes; and when a commercial crash came in 1825–26, he was financially ruined. The poet in him had been acquiring treasures of things old, books and curios; he had built for these Abbotsford, an expensive villa on a bad site, but near Tweed; he had purchased land, at exorbitant rates, mainly for antiquarian and poetical reasons of association, partly from the old Scottish territorial sentiment; he had kept open house, and given money with royal munificence; a portion of his gains was fairy gold, mere paper. So Sir Walter was ruined; and he killed himself, and broke his brain, in the effort to pay his creditors. He succeeded, but did not live to see his success. That, in the briefest form, and omitting his politics (which were chivalrous), is the story of a long life, strenuous almost beyond literary example, and happy as men may look for happiness. Of his sons and daughters only one left offspring, — Sophia, wife of John Gibson Lockhart. Of their children, again, only one, the wife of Mr. Hope, later Hope-Scott, left issue, — Mr. Maxwell Scott, from whom descend a flourishing family.

Of Scott's poems it must be said that he is, first of all and above all, a teller of tales in rhyme. Since Spenser, perhaps, no one had been able to interest the world in a rhymed romaunt. Byron, following Scott, outdid him for the hour in popularity; our own age has seen Tennyson's Idylls and Mr. William Morris. Thus rare is success in the ancient art of romance in verse. The *genre* is scarcely compatible (except in Homer's hands) with deep reflection, or with highly finished language. At Alexandria, in the third century before our era, poets and critics were already disputing as to whether long narrative poems were any longer possible; and on the whole they preferred, like Lord Tennyson, brief «idylls» on epic themes.

Sir Walter, of course, chose not epic but romance; he follows the mediæval romanticists in verse, adding popular ballad qualities after the example, in method and versification, of Coleridge's 'Christabel.' The result was a new form; often imitated, but never successfully. How welcome it was to an age wearied with the convention of the Popeian heroic couplet, in incompetent hands, need not be said. In

our age Scott's narrative verse mainly appeals (as he said himself that he appealed) to young people. Older lovers of poetry want subtler style and deeper thought.

«Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my Tale,»

said the poet. He judged himself, on the negative side, with perfect accuracy. Nobody knew his own defects better. «Our father says that nothing is so bad for young people as reading bad poetry,» says his daughter; and he did not wish his children to read his 'Lays' and 'Ladys.' Yet he knew by an amiable inconsistency that his appeal was to young people.

In responding to that appeal, the present writer is, and hopes to remain, young. The nine-and-twenty knights of fame who stabled their steeds in Branxholme Hall charm him as much as they did when his years were six. The Ride of William of Deloraine remains the best of riding ballads. The Goblin Page abideth terrible and grotesque. And it is so with the rest. We cannot force our tastes on others. If any man's blood is not stirred by the last stand of the spears of Scotland at Flodden, when

«The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell,»

in that man's blood there can be very little iron. It is not that one would always be reading poetry of war. But war too has its poetry, and here it is chanted as never before nor since. Scott's «scenery» now wearies many readers; but in the early century it was novel; and was usually seen at the speed of The Chase, or of the hurrying of the Fiery Cross, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' How often, looking at the ruined shells of feudal castles of the west,—Ardtornish, Dunstaffnage, and the others,—one has thought of his verse on these fortresses,—

«Each on its own dark cape reclined,
And listening to its own wild wind.»

The task of reviving Celtic romance was left to a Lowland Scot, with very little of Celtic blood in his veins. In 'Rokeby' my own taste prefers the lyrics, as «Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,» and «A weary lot is thine, fair maid,» and «When the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray.» The 'Lord of the Isles' is comparatively confused and feeble.

Apart from — and I think, above — Scott's success in rhymed narrative, his lyrics hold their place. I heard lately of a very «modern» lady, who, for a collection of exquisite lyrics, could find nothing in Scott worth gathering and binding. This it is to be cultivated beyond one's intellect! Mr. Palgrave, in 'The Golden Treasury,' and Mr. Swinburne, have not been of the fair critic's opinion. I have myself edited a collection of all Scott's lyrics. They vary much in merit: but for the essence of all romance, and pitiful contrast of youth and pride and death, 'Proud Maisie' is noted; for fire, speed, and loyalty, 'A Health to King Charles,' 'Bonnie Dundee,' 'Young Lochinvar,' Flora MacIvor's Clan Roll-Call; for restrained melancholy, 'The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill'; for all qualities of the old ballad, 'The Red Harlaw.' The great objections to Scott's narrative poems are, in a hurried age, their length and their diffuseness. In his lyrics he has all his good qualities without the defects. Among defects one would not include want of meditativeness, of the «subjective,» of the magically selected word, because these great merits are not included in his aim. About himself, his passions and emotions (the material of most lyrics and elegiacs), he was not going to speak.

Of Scott's novels it is nearly as impossible to write here, in space so brief, as of Shakespeare's plays. Let us take first their defects, to which the author himself pleads guilty. The shortest way to an understanding of Scott's self-criticism is the reading of his Introductions to 'The Abbot' and 'Nigel.' He admits his deficiency in plot and construction,—things of *charpentage*, within the reach of ordinary talent, but often oddly disregarded by genius; witness Shakespeare and Molière. Scott's conclusions, he owns, are «huddled up»; he probably borrowed the word from his friend, Lady Louisa Stuart. «Yet I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my work to scale, dividing it into volumes and chapters, and endeavored to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity, and which finally should terminate in a striking catastrophe.» But he could not do it. He met Dugald Dalgetty, or Baillie Jarvie, who led him away from his purpose. If he resisted temptation, he «wrote painfully to himself, and under a consciousness of flagging which made him flag still more. . . . In short, sir, on such occasions I think I am bewitched.» So he followed his genius, which was not architectonic. He contented himself with writing «with sense and spirit a few unlabored and loosely put together scenes, but which had sufficient interest in them to amuse.»

As for his style, he tells Lockhart that he «never learned grammar.» His manner is often not only incorrect, but trailingly diffuse; he was apt to pack a crowd of details and explanations, about which

he did not care, into a sentence which began anywhere and died out anyhow. This was arrant carelessness. But it was usually accompanied by simplicity and spontaneity; if it does not charm us by cadence, it never irritates us by self-consciousness and futile research. Such are Scott's palpable defects: and he had of course the "old-fashionedness" of his generation,—not a graceful or magnificent sort of old fashion. For his heroes, and many of his heroines, he entertained a complete contempt,—especially for Waverley. They are only ordinary young people: brave, strong, not clever, honorable, a good deal puzzled by the historical crises in which they find themselves. They are often neither Whig nor Tory, neither Covenanter nor Cavalier, with any energy. The story moves on round them; the characters come and go,—they are not the real interest. Rose Bradwardine is a good, affectionate, ignorant, confiding, pretty girl; perfectly true to nature, but no Rosalind nor Beatrice. Di Vernon, and Catherine Seton, and Rebecca—especially Miss Vernon—are among the few heroines whom we can remember and adore. Then it must be conceded that Scott does not deal in moral or social "problems." His characters, not unlike most of us, know what is the right thing to do, and do it or leave it alone. Ivanhoe vastly preferred Rebecca to Rowena. An author might give us chapters on his moral and psychological difficulties, and they might be excellent chapters. But Ivanhoe merely conquers his passion practically; and as to the secret of his heart, only a word is dropped. Scott never lingers over interminable tragedies of the emotions. Most of us can supply what is lacking for ourselves in that respect.

It will be seen that Scott's novels have the obvious blemishes of which many readers are most intolerant, and lack the qualities ("passion," and "subtlety," and "style") of which people literary do now most delight to be talking. We can love Scott with Goethe, Dumas, Thackeray, Mr. Ruskin,—or we can carp at him with Mr. George Moore. It is a matter of taste, which is in great part a matter of character, training, association, and education. But we who admire, and take lifelong pleasure in, Sir Walter, "have great allies,"—the greatest of critical names; we need not fear to speak with the adversary in the gate. We admit the absence of some excellent qualities: we admit the presence of diffuseness, and of what, to exclusive readers of recent novels, is tediousness. Moreover, if like Huckleberry Finn you have "no use for dead people," and hate history, of course you cannot be pleased with any historical novels. Gentle King Jamie, Queen Mary, Richard of the Lion Heart, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Cavaliers and Covenanters, knights and archers, speak a language which you cannot understand, about matters which do not concern you, thrall as you are to your little day of ideas and vogue.

But Sir Walter, «for a' that,» has qualities which delighted all Europe, and which still delight people who love the past, and love humor, adventure, the spectacle of life. These people are not few; for they must be the purchasers of the endless new editions, cheap or dear, of the Waverley Novels. Sir Walter can tell a story, and he can create men and women — not to mention horses and dogs — of endless varieties, and in every rank. Moreover he can create *places:* Tully Veolan and many others are, as Mr. Saintsbury says, «our own — our own to pass freely through until the end of time.»

Scott is old now: in his time, as poet and as romancer, he was absolutely new. The poems did not proceed obviously, and by way of manifest gradual evolution, from anything familiar to most men. The old French rhymed romances, Barbour's 'Bruce,' the ancient ballads, and 'Christabel,' all went to their begetting; but in themselves they were *new.* New also was the historical novel, based on vast knowledge, and informed with such life as Shakespeare poured into 'Henry IV.' or 'Julius Cæsar.' Scott created the *genre:* without him there had been no 'Esmond,' no 'Master of Ballantrae,' no 'Mousquetaires.' Alexandre Dumas, as historical novelist, is the greatest of Scott's works.

There is here no space for detailed criticism of the novels. A man might do worse than read 'Waverley,' the earliest, and then 'Redgauntlet,' the most autobiographical, in succession. Here is the romance of the fallen dynasty, of the kings landless, whose tomb the dying Scott visited in Rome. Had I to choose my private favorite, it would be 'Old Mortality'; which might be followed (as 'Waverley' by 'Redgauntlet') by the decline of the Cameronians in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.' For chivalry 'Ivanhoe' is pre-eminent; with 'Quentin Durward' for adventure and construction. And after these a man cannot go wrong; though 'Count Robert of Paris,' 'Peveril,' 'Castle Dangerous,' and (in Scott's opinion) 'Anne of Geierstein,' are saddening, and «smack of the apoplexy.» 'The Pirate' and 'The Monastery' are certainly not novels to begin with, nor is 'St. Ronan's Well.'

Of his historical works, 'The Tales of a Grandfather' can never be superseded; the 'Napoleon,' though readable, is superseded, and was ungrateful taskwork. The essays are a great treasure of enjoyment; the 'Swift' is an excellent and wise biography. The 'Journal' is the picture of the man,—so much greater, better, kinder, and more friendly than even the author. «Be a good man, my dear,» was his last word to Lockhart: it is the unobtrusive moral of all that he wrote and was.

A. Lang

CHEAPENING FISH; AND THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE

From 'The Antiquary'

MR. OLDBUCK led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downs close to them were seen four or five huts inhabited by fishers; whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapors of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your Honor?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck: "caller haddocks and whitings, a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle."

"How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and saxpence," answered the Naiad.

"Four devils and six of their imps!" retorted the Antiquary: "do you think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms akimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day — sic a sea as it's yet outby — and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying — it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair: I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately; and if all your fish are as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"Deil gin their boat were knockit against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for thae twa bonnie fish! Od, that's ane indeed!"

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkbarns, deil a fit,— I'll rather deal wi' yoursell; for though you're near enough, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip. I'll gie ye them" (in a softened tone) "for three-and-saxpence."

"Eighteenpence, or nothing!"

"Eighteenpence!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"Ye'll no be for the fish then?"—then louder, as she saw him moving off—"I'll gie ye them—and—and—and a half a dozen o' partans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

"Half a crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"Aweel, your Honor maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now—the distilleries is no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Ay, ay—it's easy for your Honor and the like o' you gentlefolks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire and meat, and dry claes, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart,—whilk is warst ava,—wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart's-ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning after his exertions last night?"

"In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in 't like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkbarns."

"That I will—or I'll send little Jenny: she'll rin faster;—but I'll ca' on Miss Grizzy for the dram mysell, and say ye sent me."

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid as it was paddling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made decent, as her mother called it,—which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantily below her knee,—the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request on the part of Monkbarns that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck, with much self-complacency, "ere my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skinflint; though they sometimes

wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. But come: wend we on our way to Knockwinnock." . . .

Leaving Mr. Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back parlor of the postmaster's house at Fairport; where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters; in order, from the outside of the epistles,—and if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also,—to amuse themselves with gleaning information or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbors. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting—or impeding—Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty.

"Eh, preserve us, sirs!" said the butcher's wife, "there's ten—eleven—twall letters to Tennant & Co. Thae folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh."

"Ay; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side,—I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

"Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?" inquired the woman of joints and giblets: "the lieutenant's been awa three weeks."

"Just ane on Tuesday was a week," answered the dame of letters.

"Was 't a ship letter?" asked the Fornerina.

"In troth was 't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant then," replied the mistress of the rolls, somewhat disappointed: "I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her."

"Od, here's another," quoth Mrs. Mailsetter. "A ship letter—postmark, Sunderland." All rushed to seize it. "Na, na, leddies," said Mrs. Mailsetter, interfering: "I hae had eneugh o' that wark,—ken ye that Mr. Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's that ye opened, Mrs. Shortcake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport: "ye ken yoursell, madam, it just cam open o' free will

in my hand. What could I help it?—folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I wot that's true, too," said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares; "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken onybody wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass,—the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na, I'll neither trust to provost nor bailie," said the postmistress; "but I wad aye be obliging and neighborly, and I'm no again' your looking at the outside of a letter neither: see, the seal has an anchor on 't,—he's done 't wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking."

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and the chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in 'Macbeth' upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman: she held the precious epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood on tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"Ay, it's frae him, sure eneugh," said the butcher's lady: "I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like John Thomson's wallet, frae end to end."

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required; "haud it lower down. Div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursell?"

"Whist, whist, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs. Mailsetter: "there's somebody in the shop;"—then aloud, "Look to the customers, Baby!" Baby answered from without in a shrill tone, "It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken,—we havena had time to sort the mail letters yet; she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment,

and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mrs. Heukbane: "to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I make nae doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake: "to cast up to her that her father's a barber and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersell! Hout! fy for shame!"

"Hout tout, leddies," cried Mrs. Mailsetter, "ye're clean wrang: it's a line out o' ane o' his sailors' sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae," said the charitable Dame Heukbane; "but it disna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mailsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office, thae love-letters. See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour — maist o' them sealed wi' wafers, and no wi' wax. There will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Ay; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats-of-arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs. Heukbane: "pride will hae a fa'; he hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth,— he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs Shortcake: "he's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son the captain, I'm thinking,— the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire. "Twa letters for Monkbarns; — they're frae some o' his learned friends now: see sae close as they're written, down to the very seal,— and a' to save sending a double letter; that's just like Monkbarns himsell. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale; but

he's ne'er a grain abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone, and such-like sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body, the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs. Heukbane; "he'll make as muckle about buying a forequarter o' lamb in August as about a back sey o' beef. Let's taste another drop of the sinning" (perhaps she meant *cinnamon*) "waters, Mrs. Mailsetter, my dear. Ah, lasses! an ye had kend his brother as I did: mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first gudeman was awa at the Falkirk tryst; weel, weel—we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs. Shortcake: "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man; we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week,—only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the *nick-sticks*, whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers; and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lasses," interrupted Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en! What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter? This is new corn,—I haena seen the like o' this: For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see!—That's him that the hale town kens naething about—and a weel-fa'ard lad he is: let's see, let's see!" Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of Mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs. Mailsetter: "haud awa—bide aff, I tell you; this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it; the postage is five-and-twenty shillings—and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, bide aff: this maunna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter,—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their

sockets. The seal was a deep and well-cut impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"'Od, lass," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing doubtless that the too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve itself, "I wad like to ken what's in the inside o' this; for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plainstanes o' Fairport,—naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'se sit down and crack about,—Baby, bring ben the tea-water; muckle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake,—and we'll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame; and then we'll try your braw veal sweetbread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs. Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa Mr. Lovel's letter?" said Mrs. Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon tell'd me that Mr. Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns;—he's in a high fever wi' pu'ing the laird and Sir Arthur out o' sea."

"Silly auld doited carles!" said Mrs. Shortcake: "what gar'd them gang to the douking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was gi'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs. Heukbane,—"Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-Gown, ye ken; and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish-pound, for Monkbarns had threepit on them ta gang in till 't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense!" answered the postmistress: "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Caxon tell'd it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr. Lovel, suld hae dined at Monkbarns—"

"But, Mrs. Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs. Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa this letter by express?—there's our powny and our callant hae gane express for the office or now, and the powny hasna gane abune thirty mile the day; Jock was sorting him up as I came ower by."

"Why, Mrs. Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsell: we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws,—it's a red half-guinea to him every time he munts his mear; and I daresay he'll be in sune—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr. Lovel will be in town before the express gaes aff," said Mrs. Heukbane; "and where are ye then, lass? But ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Heukbane," answered Mrs. Mailsetter, a little out of humor, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbor-like, and living and letting live, as they say; and since I'hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order — ou, nae doubt, it maun be obeyed. But I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye: I'll send little Davie on your powny, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka ane o' us, ye ken."

"Davie! the Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and to be plain wi' ye, our powny reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the postmistress gravely: "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'; for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock,—our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, aweel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at; but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling pony was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service. Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of town, and by the crack of his whip, and the whoop and halloo of his too well known voice, compelled it to take the road toward Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sibyls after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening; which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent were the rumors to which their communication and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant & Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested; others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon; another, that he had sent her a letter upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal

adieu. It was generally rumored that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion; and this report was only doubted by the wise because it was traced to Mrs. Mailsetter's shop,—a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy.

THE COVENANTER

From 'Old Mortality'

"My native land, good-night!"
—Lord Byron.

The Privy Council of Scotland, in whom the practice, since the union of the crowns, vested great judicial powers, as well as the general superintendence of the executive department, was met in the ancient, dark, Gothic room adjoining to the house of Parliament in Edinburgh, when General Grahame entered and took his place amongst the members at the council table.

"You have brought us a leash of game to-day, general," said a nobleman of high place amongst them. "Here is a craven to confess, a cock of the game to stand at bay—and what shall I call the third, general?"

"Without further metaphor, I will entreat your Grace to call him a person in whom I am specially interested," replied Claverhouse.

"And a Whig into the bargain?" said the nobleman, lolling out a tongue which was at all times too big for his mouth, and accommodating his coarse features to a sneer, to which they seemed to be familiar.

"Yes, please your Grace, a Whig; as your Grace was in 1641," replied Claverhouse, with his usual appearance of imperturbable civility.

"He has you there, I think, my lord duke," said one of the Privy Councilors.

"Ay, ay," returned the duke, laughing: "there's no speaking to him since Drumclog. But come, bring in the prisoners; and do you, Mr. Clerk, read the record."

The clerk read forth a bond, in which General Grahame of Claverhouse and Lord Evandale entered themselves securities that Henry Morton, younger of Milnwood, should go abroad and

remain in foreign parts until his Majesty's pleasure was further known, in respect of the said Henry Morton's accession to the late rebellion; and that under penalty of life and limb to the said Henry Morton, and of ten thousand marks to each of his securities.

"Do you accept of the King's mercy upon these terms, Mr. Morton?" said the Duke of Lauderdale, who presided in the council.

"I have no other choice, my lord," replied Morton.

"Then subscribe your name in the record."

Morton did so without reply; conscious that in the circumstances of his case, it was impossible for him to have escaped more easily. Macbriar, who was at the same instant brought to the foot of the council table, bound upon a chair,—for his weakness prevented him from standing,—beheld Morton in the act of what he accounted apostasy.

"He hath summed his defection by owning the carnal power of the tyrant!" he exclaimed with a deep groan. "A fallen star! —a fallen star!"

"Hold your peace, sir," said the duke, "and keep your ain breath to cool your ain porridge: ye'll find them scalding hot, I promise you. Call in the other fellow, who has some common-sense. One sheep will leap the ditch when another goes first."

Cuddie was introduced unbound, but under the guard of two halberdiers, and placed beside Macbriar at the foot of the table. The poor fellow cast a piteous look around him, in which were mingled awe for the great men in whose presence he stood, and compassion for his fellow-sufferers, with no small fear of the personal consequences which impended over himself. He made his clownish obeisances with a double portion of reverence, and then awaited the opening of the awful scene.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Brigg?" was the first question which was thundered in his ears.

Cuddie meditated a denial, but had sense enough upon reflection to discover that the truth would be too strong for him; so he replied with true Caledonian indirectness of response, "I'll no say but it may be possible that I might hae been there."

"Answer directly, you knave—yes or no? You know you were there."

"It is no for me to contradict your Lordship's Grace's Honor," said Cuddie.

"Once more, sir, were you there — yes or no?" said the duke impatiently.

"Dear stir," again replied Cuddie, "how can ane mind preceesely where they hae been a' the days o' their life?"

"Speak out, you scoundrel," said General Dalzell, "or I'll dash your teeth out with my dudgeon-haft! Do you think we can stand here all day to be turning and dodging with you like greyhounds after a hare?"

"Aweel, then," said Cuddie, "since naething else will please ye, write down that I canna deny but I was there."

"Well, sir," said the duke, "and do you think that the rising upon that occasion was rebellion or not?"

"I'm no just free to gie my opinion, stir," said the cautious captive, "on what might cost my neck; but I doubt it will be very little better."

"Better than what?"

"Just then rebellion, as your Honor ca's it," replied Cuddie.

"Well, sir, that's speaking to the purpose," replied his Grace. "And are you content to accept of the King's pardon for your guilt as a rebel, and to keep the Church, and pray for the King?"

"Blithely, stir," answered the unscrupulous Cuddie; "and drink his health into the bargain when the ale's gude."

"Egad!" said the duke, "this is a hearty cock. What brought you into such a scrape, mine honest friend?"

"Just ill example, stir," replied the prisoner, "and a daft auld jade of a mither, wi' reference to your Grace's Honor."

"Why, God 'a' mercy, my friend," replied the duke, "take care of bad advice another time: I think you are not likely to commit treason on your own score. Make out his free pardon, and bring forward the rogue in the chair."

Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was in like manner demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not: I went in my calling as a preacher of God's word, to encourage them that drew the sword in his cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party? — I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar: "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself," said Macbriar in the same dauntless manner, "and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

"If you can make him fancy himself in a conventicle," answered Lauderdale, "he will find it without you. Come, laddie, speak while the play is good: you're too young to bear the burden will be laid on you else."

"I defy you," retorted Macbriar. "This has not been the first of my imprisonments or of my sufferings; and young as I may be, I have lived long enough to know how to die when I am called upon."

"Ay, but there are some things which must go before an easy death, if you continue obstinate," said Lauderdale; and rung a small silver bell which was placed before him on the table.

A dark crimson curtain, which covered a sort of niche or Gothic recess in the wall, rose at the signal, and displayed the public executioner,— a tall, grim, and hideous man, having an oaken table before him, on which lay thumb-screws, and an iron case called the Scottish boot, used in those tyrannical days to torture accused persons. Morton, who was unprepared for this ghastly apparition, started when the curtain arose; but Macbriar's nerves were more firm. He gazed upon the horrible apparatus with much composure; and if a touch of nature called the blood from his cheek for a second, resolution sent it back to his brow with greater energy.

"Do you know who that man is?" said Lauderdale in a low, stern voice, almost sinking into a whisper.

"He is, I suppose," replied Macbriar, "the infamous executioner of your bloodthirsty commands upon the persons of God's people. He and you are equally beneath my regard; and I bless God, I no more fear what he can inflict than what you can command. Flesh and blood may shrink under the sufferings you can doom me to, and poor frail nature may shed tears or send forth

cries; but I trust my soul is anchored firmly on the Rock of Ages."

"Do your duty," said the duke to the executioner.

The fellow advanced, and asked, with a harsh and discordant voice, upon which of the prisoner's limbs he should first employ his engine

"Let him choose for himself," said the duke: "I should like to oblige him in anything that is reasonable."

"Since you leave it to me," said the prisoner, stretching forth his right leg, "take the best: I willingly bestow it in the cause for which I suffer."

The executioner, with the help of his assistants, inclosed the leg and knee within the tight iron boot or case; and then, placing a wedge of the same metal between the knee and the edge of the machine, took a mallet in his hand, and stood waiting for further orders. A well-dressed man, by profession a surgeon, placed himself by the other side of the prisoner's chair, bared the prisoner's arm, and applied his thumb to the pulse, in order to regulate the torture according to the strength of the patient. When these preparations were made, the president of the council repeated with the same stern voice the question, "When and where did you last see John Balfour of Burley?"

The prisoner, instead of replying to him, turned his eyes to heaven as if imploring Divine strength, and muttered a few words, of which the last were distinctly audible: "Thou hast said thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power!"

The Duke of Lauderdale glanced his eye around the council as if to collect their suffrages; and judging from their mute signs, gave on his part a nod to the executioner, whose mallet instantly descended on the wedge, and forcing it between the knee and the iron boot, occasioned the most exquisite pain, as was evident from the flush which instantly took place on the brow and on the cheeks of the sufferer. The fellow then again raised his weapon, and stood prepared to give a second blow.

"Will you yet say," repeated the Duke of Lauderdale, "where and when you last parted from Balfour of Burley?"

"You have my answer," said the sufferer resolutely; and the second blow fell. The third and fourth succeeded; but at the fifth, when a larger wedge had been introduced, the prisoner set up a scream of agony.

Morton, whose blood boiled within him at witnessing such cruelty, could bear no longer; and although unarmed and himself

in great danger, was springing forward, when Claverhouse, who observed his emotion, withheld him by force, laying one hand on his arm and the other on his mouth, while he whispered, "For God's sake, think where you are!"

This movement, fortunately for him, was observed by no other of the councilors, whose attention was engaged with the dreadful scene before them.

"He is gone," said the surgeon; "he has fainted, my lords, and human nature can endure no more."

"Release him," said the duke; and added, turning to Dalzell, "he will make an old proverb good, for he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on. I suppose we must finish with him?"

"Ay, dispatch his sentence, and have done with him: we have plenty of drudgery behind."

Strong waters and essences were busily employed to recall the senses of the unfortunate captive: and when his first faint gasps intimated a return of sensation, the duke pronounced sentence of death upon him, as a traitor taken in the act of open rebellion, and adjudged him to be carried from the bar to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck; his head and hands to be stricken off after death, and disposed of according to the pleasure of the Council, and all and sundry his movable goods and gear escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use.

"Doomster," he continued, "repeat the sentence to the prisoner."

The office of doomster was in those days, and till a much later period, held by the executioner *in commendam* with his ordinary functions. The duty consisted in reciting to the unhappy criminal the sentence of the law as pronounced by the judge, which acquired an additional and horrid emphasis from the recollection that the hateful personage by whom it was uttered was to be the agent of the cruelties he announced. Macbriar had scarce understood the purport of the words as first pronounced by the lord president of the Council: but he was sufficiently recovered to listen and to reply to the sentence when uttered by the harsh and odious voice of the ruffian who was to execute it; and at the last awful words, "And this I pronounce for doom," he answered boldly:—

"My lords, I thank you for the only favor I looked for, or would accept, at your hands; namely, that you have sent the crushed and maimed carcass, which has this day sustained your

cruelty, to this hasty end. It were indeed little to me whether I perish on the gallows or in the prison-house; but if death, following close on what I have this day suffered, had found me in my cell of darkness and bondage, many might have lost the sight how a Christian man can suffer in the good cause. For the rest, I forgive you, my lords, for what you have appointed and I have sustained. And why should I not? Ye send me to a happy exchange,—to the company of angels and the spirits of the just, for that of frail dust and ashes. Ye send me from darkness into day—from mortality to immortality—and in a word, from earth to heaven! If the thanks, therefore, and pardon of a dying man can do you good, take them at my hand, and may your last moments be as happy as mine!»

As he spoke thus, with a countenance radiant with joy and triumph, he was withdrawn by those who had brought him into the apartment, and executed within half an hour, dying with the same enthusiastic firmness which his whole life had evinced.

THE MEETING OF JEANIE AND EFFIE DEANS

From 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'

«Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.»
—'Measure for Measure.'

Jeanie Deans was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as honesty, as he opened the now trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, whether she remembered him?

A half-pronounced timid «No» was her answer.

«What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?» said he with the same sneer. «Your memory needs redding up, my jo.»

If Jeanie's distresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanors he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation, he had shown himself, in a certain

degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie; who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

"I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token, I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the time ye are thegither."

"Must that be sae?" asked Jeanie with an imploring voice.

"Hout, ay, hinny," replied the turnkey; "and what the waur will you and your tittie be of Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other? Deil a word ye'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill."

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshaled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie! my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture; but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sunbeam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed and sat down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony; till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams

of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter; "ye are very ill."

"Oh, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply; "what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father — but I am his bairn nae langer now — Oh, I hae nae friend left in the warld! — Oh that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle kirk-yard!"

"Hout, lassie," said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt: "dinna be sae dooms doon-hearted as a' that, — there's mony a tod hunted that's na killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel: ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, and ye wad busk up your cockernony a bit; and a bonny lass will find favor wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them."

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence.

"O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me? O woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but ae word — sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae dune?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. Oh, see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' Scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner: "isna my crown, my honor, removed? And what am I but a poor, wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell."

"Oh, if ye had spoken ae word," again sobbed Jeanie,—"if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest,—for life is dear even to those who feel it is a burden: "wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kend what he was saying weel eneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it?—I conjure you to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright. "Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-by as I am now? Was it—was it *him?*"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words; "was it him, Jeanie, indeed? Oh, I see it was him: poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane,—and him in sic danger on his ain part,—poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling toward the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming, "O Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice, for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him!" answered Effie; "if I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trew ye that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na! ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend;—and O Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!"

"What needs I tell ye onything about it?" said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about onybody beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell. Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny,—better sit and rue than flit and rue. Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him, "d'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn?—O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh! O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has taen 't away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavoring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness— Bairn, quo' she? How the deil suld I ken onything of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the furthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson; and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gieing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you; but come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye onything that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "Oh, if ye kend how long it is since I heard his name mentioned!—if ye but kend how muckle good it does me but to ken onything o' him that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him!"

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow," "Poor George," which escaped in whispers and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be man-sworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughten years auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflection seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth."

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. "Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn. Murder! —I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie haughtily: "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I didna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson. How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith!—Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stude wi' him as it stands wi' you—" Here she paused and was silent.

"Oh, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time eneugh to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offense when it's a sin willfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions,—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on onybody."

A ROYAL RIVAL

From 'Kenilworth'

Have you not seen the partridge quake,
Viewing the hawk approaching nigh?
She cuddles close beneath the brake,
Afraid to sit, afraid to fly.
— PRIOR.

IT CHANCED upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase was the princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side; and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the castle-yard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the earl's arm affording his sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance — gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by — did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting-suits almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's silvan dress, which was of a pale-blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient amazons; and was therefore well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood knife instead of a sword, became its

coverlets - yes such a thing as that would make of me might just be suspected of manhood enough to square a proud dame - calazon to the lecture at Saint Antolines and quarrel in her cause with long flat cap'd bread makers that would take the law of her he must suffer at another sort that would walk by court my noblemans train." "I cannot you sir" replied the Foster "there is a change since you knew the English and there are those who can hold their way through the boldest crosses and the most secure and yet never a swaggering word or oath or a profane word in their conversation" - "That is to say" replied Lambourne "they do their business without mentioning his name in the Lords Prayer - well I will do my best to remember that rather than my own - but I pray what is the reason of this nobleman so where soever I am to turn hypocrite!" "Ha Master Michael are you there with your beers and said Foster with a grim smile" and so this the knowledge you have gained of my circumstances - Now know you now I have such a person in reserve whatever and that I have not been putting a rope upon your neck this time" "There put a rope on me Now sodden - brained quill" answered Lambourne nothing daunted Why dark and muddy as I am I would engage on clergy upon to see clear through this and by cancelling me as I called him as transcribe felling have of an old stable bat thereon" - At this moment their conversation was interrupted by a scream from the next apartment - "By the holy Crop of Abingdon" said Anthony Foster forgetting his prosecutor in his alarm "I am a ruined man" So saying he rushed into the apartment whence the sound issued followed by Michael Lambourne. But to account for the sounds which interrupted their conversation it is necessary to recede a little way in our narrative We [illegible] has been already observed that when Lambourne followed Foster into the Library they left Tressilian alone in the ancient parlour His eye as the eye follows the figure of the departed with a glance of contempt [illegible] his mind insensibly to suggest to himself for having stooped to be the confidant a moment their familiar companion "Villain as the speculative King" he was thus accustomed with bitterness to call him early - those early thinking and most unmerited faults which has condemned him often in his friends and hope of fair things and which are

master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles as well as shepherd swains will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the mean while neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view: or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that hath crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman, the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain — had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious

ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents, —"no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign— No, Leicester, urge it no more— Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the chase—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How—leave you, madam!" said Leicester. "Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the Queen hastily; "but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence; and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself, "Were it possible—were it *but* possible!—But no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion; but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria; and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition

known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form that approached her,—and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian nymph,—such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure where so many maskers and revelers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage; and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness: "How now, fair nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom

men term Fear? We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said: "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel: what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician; nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request — I implore —" stammered forth the unfortunate countess — "I beseech your gracious protection — against — against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney — Sir Richard Varney — the servant of Lord Leicester! What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth to — to —"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it — that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. — Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her

very inmost soul,—"thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth: "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches: Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father,—thy look confesses it; cheated Master Tressilian,—thy blush avouches it; and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly with—"No, madam, no: as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman! I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her,—"tell me, woman,—for by God's day, I WILL know,—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy: thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice which she saw but could not avoid, permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen,—Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth in utter astonishment —"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated with kindling anger.—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of

the grotto and along the principal alley of the pleasance, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting party should go forward: and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed toward her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around.—"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half uttered, half intimated congratulations of the courtiers upon the favor of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and

sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practiced on me — on me thy sovereign — on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises — by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride, to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers: to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think — defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man? — My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England: attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, — for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! — Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody. — I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient — God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me: thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs and her own danger in her apprehensions for him; and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless — no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency and of self-interest: "oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath — and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire — shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandon her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney — born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius — rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon! or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her; and was about to fly toward Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new

scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle — to deal with her as the worst of criminals — "But spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing what will destroy the little judgment I have left, — the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the Queen, moved by a new impulse: "what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury, — he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the Queen. — "My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favor, no. — You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues: our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest. — Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own lady-birds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off, unresistingly and almost unconsciously; his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye. She had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon says well," she observed: "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

"My Lord of Hunsdon," said the Dean of St. Asaph, — "I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, — hath a

broad license in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths which savor both of profaneness and of old papistrie."

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Deans," said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as she spoke; "and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than careful to choose their expressions. And by my word,—I hope there is no sin in that affirmation,—I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor."

As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen's eye found the earl in no mood to accept the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunsdon had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more — so at least it seemed to Elizabeth — with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said to Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles; — thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, which elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance toward Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; which, unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be expressed in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the more scandal."

"She is then distraught?" said the Queen; — "indeed we doubted not of it, — her whole demeanor bears it out. I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke — which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack — she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe-keeping?"

"My gracious Liege," said Varney, "the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of

her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

"Let it be for another time," said the Queen. "But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity: your lady railed on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you."

"It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, "to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest."

"We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, "and give faith to the saying."

"May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, "to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?"

Leicester partly started; but making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, "You are something too hasty, Master Varney: we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you — such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple — you may make it up, without further scandal to our court or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked toward Leicester, and said, with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents, as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive."

Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort; but the trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should at once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, that "he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because she who commanded him to do so could commit no injury toward him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and intimated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The bugles sounded, the hounds bayed, the horses pranced; but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusements to which they were

summoned, with hearts very different from those which had leaped to the morning's *réveil.* There was doubt and fear and expectation on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every whisper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, "This storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean."

"*Varium et mutabile,*" answered Raleigh in a similar tone.

"Nay, I know naught of your Latin," said Blount; "but I thank God Tressilian took not the sea during that hurricane. He could scarce have missed shipwreck, knowing as he does so little how to trim his sails to a court gale."

"Thou wouldst have instructed him?" said Raleigh.

"Why, I have profited by my time as well as thou, Sir Walter," replied honest Blount. "I am knight as well as thou, and of the earlier creation."

"Now, God further thy wit," said Raleigh; "but for Tressilian, I would I knew what were the matter with him. He told me this morning he would not leave his chamber for the space of twelve hours or thereby, being bound by a promise. This lady's madness, when he shall learn it, will not, I fear, cure his infirmity. The moon is at the fullest, and men's brains are working like yeast. But hark! they sound to mount. Let us to horse, Blount: we young knights must deserve our spurs."

THE TOURNAMENT

From 'Ivanhoe'

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England, and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich; while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe or border around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving and at the same time setting off its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries,—it being a

high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies — Death of Champions — Honor to the Generous — Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession; and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-à-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances; to the extremities of which were in many cases attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little: —

> The knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.*

Their escutcheons have long moldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins; the place that once knew them knows them no more: nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What then would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

* These lines are part of an unpublished poem by Coleridge.

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds and compelling them to move slowly, while at the same time they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights, as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood; and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of the spectators in general — nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies — were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent,—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor

of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions; and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applause of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated,—to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet upon the whole the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge,—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry; who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful; one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*,—that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games

of chivalry; although with the arms of his Saxon ancestors he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric in a marked tone: "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée;* it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark; for Wamba thrust in his word, observing "it was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment: but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming, "Love of ladies, splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights: fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the

banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had with a single spear overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold; and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield — touch the Hospitaler's shield: he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists; and to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption; but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse,—an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars; qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau.*

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon his haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors,

each made a demivolte, and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In the second encounter the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet,—a mark more difficult to hit, but which if attained rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged; but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine; and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers; and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, adsum.* Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly; but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim; and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist by a herald the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and mouth; and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

THE HERMIT—FRIAR TUCK

From 'Ivanhoe'

THE anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, patience—spare thy strength, good traveler, and I will presently undo the door; though it may be my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit—a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes—stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link; and in the other a baton of crab-tree, so thick and heavy it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound, half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveler as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight who stood without, the hermit—altering probably his original intentions—repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut; making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honor to our Lady or St. Dustan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture,—"the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defense against any risk of thieves; not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals to protect my solitude until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your Holiness: first, where I am to put my horse? secondly, what I can have for supper? thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger: it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there — your bed there; and —" reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighboring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added — "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders; and leaving the hut, brought in his horse (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree), unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterward shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, — which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, — set example to his

guest by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease; a miserable grist, as it seemed, for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet, and the greater part of his armor; and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustaches darker than his hair,—and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvelously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling-match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water were blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the king of the Saracens."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayest call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They add, it is true, the epithet holy; but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant knight, may I pray thee for the name of my honorable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight; many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed perhaps as thou hast been to the license of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities: and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food,— which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage" (pointing to the provisions upon the table), "and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There

was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile too had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hut and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest; who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk; for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and moreover, he had made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty, on which his guest was making dangerous inroads,—a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable; nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet I think were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit replied by a grin; and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking-cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drink hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the King and law; and were I to spoil my liege's game I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon — as I pattered my prayers — I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practiced such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit,— "respecting thy valor much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliah, at which I am not a match for thee. But if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp and other matters of very uncanonical appearance were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and

I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan,—which, please God, shall be till I change my gray covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and naught pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle.»

RICHARD AND SALADIN

From 'The Talisman'

THE two heroic monarchs—for such they both were—threw themselves at once from horseback; and the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and after a courteous inclination on either side they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no further notice; no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the Soldan fixed upon him; and the Soldan also was the first to break silence.

«The Melech Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard,—with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed!»

«And these are all nobles of Araby?» said Richard, looking around on wild forms with their persons covered with haicks, their countenances swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre — even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found.—A most flourishing house of Peers, I confess, and would find Westminster Hall something too narrow for them."

"Hush, De Vaux," said Richard, "I command thee.— Noble Saladin," he said, "suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground. Seest thou," pointing to the litters,— "I too have brought some champions with me, though armed perhaps in breach of agreement; for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind."

The Soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as if looking toward Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

"Nay," said Richard, "they will not fear a closer encounter, brother: wilt thou not ride toward their litters? — and the curtains will be presently withdrawn."

"That may Allah prohibit!" said Saladin, "since not an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered."

"Thou shalt see them, then, in private, brother," answered Richard.

"To what purpose?" answered Saladin, mournfully. "Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me? — But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses; the officers of my household will attend your followers; and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard."

He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (*capa*), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore; and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen,— a broad, straight blade, the seemingly

unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter: this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English, "For the Blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned: give no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around: "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English: "it will be long ere your long jackanapes fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard: "by our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning; be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan indeed presently said, "Something I would fain attempt — though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying,

he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King: "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibar of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar; a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was on the contrary of a dull-blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim; then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously and with so little apparent effort that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat,—"there is gramarye in this."

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him; for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent,—equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow; and what we cannot do by sleight, we eke out by strength. Nevertheless, in truth thou art as expert in inflicting wounds as my sage Hakim in curing them. I trust I shall see the learned leech: I have much to thank him for, and had brought some small present."

As he spoke, Saladin exchanged his turban for a Tartar cap. He had no sooner done so, than De Vaux opened at once his extended mouth and his large round eyes, and Richard gazed with scarce less astonishment, while the Soldan spoke in a grave and altered voice: "The sick man, sayeth the poet, while he is yet infirm knoweth the physician by his step; but when he is recovered he knoweth not even his face when he looks upon him."

"A miracle! a miracle!" exclaimed Richard.

"Of Mahound's working, doubtless," said Thomas de Vaux.

"That I should lose my learned Hakim," said Richard, "merely by absence of his cap and robe, and that I should find him again in my royal brother Saladin!"

"Such is oft the fashion of the world," answered the Soldan: "the tattered robe makes not always the dervish."

"And it was through thy intercession," said Richard, "that yonder Knight of the Leopard was saved from death, and by thy artifice that he revisited my camp in disguise!"

"Even so," replied Saladin: "I was physician enough to know that unless the wounds of his bleeding honor were stanched, the days of his life must be few. His disguise was more easily penetrated than I had expected from the success of my own."

"An accident," said King Richard (probably alluding to the circumstance of his applying his lips to the wound of the supposed Nubian), "let me first know that his skin was artificially discolored; and that hint once taken, detection became easy, for his form and person are not to be forgotten. I confidently expect that he will do battle on the morrow."

"He is full in preparation and high in hope," said the Soldan. "I have furnished him with weapons and horse, thinking nobly of him from what I have seen under various disguises."

"Knows he now," said Richard, "to whom he lies under obligation?"

"He doth," replied the Saracen; "I was obliged to confess my person when I unfolded my purpose."

"And confessed he aught to you?" said the King of England.

"Nothing explicit," replied the Soldan; "but from much that passed between us, I conceive his love is too highly placed to be happy in its issue."

"And thou knowest that his daring and insolent passion crossed thine own wishes?" said Richard.

"I might guess so much," said Saladin; "but his passion had existed ere my wishes had been formed—and, I must now add, is likely to survive them. I cannot, in honor, revenge me for my disappointment on him who had no hand in it. Or if this high-born dame loved him better than myself, who can say that she did not justice to a knight of her own religion, who is full of nobleness?"

"Yet of too mean lineage to mix with the blood of Plantagenet," said Richard haughtily.

"Such may be your maxims in Frangistan," replied the Soldan. "Our poets of the Eastern countries say that a valiant camel-driver is worthy to kiss the lip of a fair Queen, when a cowardly prince is not worthy to salute the hem of her garment. But with your permission, noble brother, I must take leave of thee for the present, to receive the Duke of Austria and yonder Nazarene knight,—much less worthy of hospitality, but who must yet be suitably entreated, not for their sakes, but for mine own honor;—for what saith the sage Lokman? 'Say not that the food is lost unto thee which is given to the stranger; for if his body be strengthened and fattened therewithal, not less is thine own worship and good name cherished and augmented.'"

The Saracen monarch departed from King Richard's tent; and having indicated to him, rather with signs than with speech, where the pavilion of the Queen and her attendants was pitched, he went to receive the Marquis of Montserrat and his attendants, for whom, with less good-will but with equal splendor, the magnificent Soldan had provided accommodations. The most ample refreshments, both in the Oriental and after the European fashion, were spread before the royal and princely guests of Saladin, each in their own separate pavilion; and so attentive was the Soldan to the habits and taste of his visitors, that Grecian slaves were stationed to present them with the goblet, which is the abomination of the sect of Mohammed. Ere Richard had finished his meal, the ancient Omrah, who had brought the Soldan's letter to the Christian camp, entered with a plan of the ceremonial to be observed on the succeeding day of the combat. Richard, who knew the taste of his old acquaintance, invited him to pledge him in a flagon of wine of Schiraz: but Abdallah gave him to understand, with a rueful aspect, that self-denial, in the present circumstances, was a matter in which his life was concerned; for that Saladin, tolerant in many respects,

both observed, and enforced by high penalties, the laws of the Prophet.

"Nay, then," said Richard, "if he loves not wine, that lightener of the human heart, his conversion is not to be hoped for, and the prediction of the mad priest of Engaddi goes like chaff down the wind."

THE LAST MINSTREL

Prelude to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry:
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye,—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone;
And of Earl Walter,—rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;—
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hands, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained:
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain,—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.

And then he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood:
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head:
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

LOCHINVAR

From 'Marmion'

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west:
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none:
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

ELLEN DOUGLAS'S BOWER

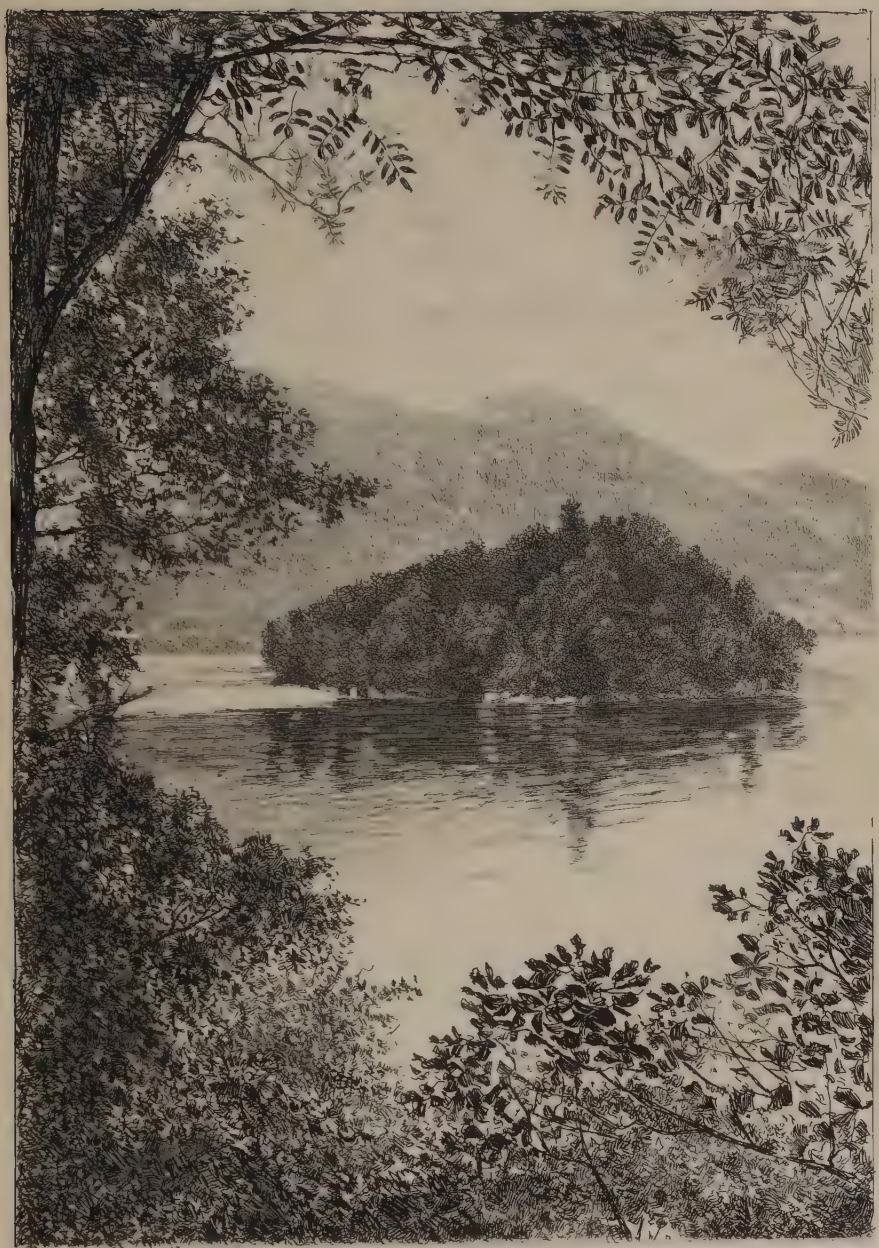
The Retreat of the Douglas

From 'The Lady of the Lake'

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device,
Of such materials as around
The workman's hands had readiest found.
Lopped off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and the Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.

An instant in this porch she staid,
And gayly to the stranger said:—
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed;
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade.



Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;—
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deerskins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised;—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length;
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
"I never knew but one," he said,
"Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field."
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:—
"You see the guardian champion's sword:
As light it trembles in his hand
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart:
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old."

The mistress of the mansion came:
Mature of age, a graceful dame,
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court;
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,

That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names:—
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James:
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

Fain would the knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well showed the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away:—
"Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmèd rhymes we sing."
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, nor war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping."

She paused — then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came:—

SONG CONTINUED

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun;
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

The hall was cleared; the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday:
And doubt distracts him at the view,—
Oh, were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk, and speak of love:
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high,
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,

The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye,
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wafted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:—
"Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race!
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I'll dream no more: by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold;
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose:
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

THE DISCLOSURE

From the 'Lady of the Lake'

THAT early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose:
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high
It held the copse in rivalry.

But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war:
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied."—
"Yet why a second venture try?"—
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day:
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"—
"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;

Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said:—
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holyrood!
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."—

"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain.—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael:
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,—
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,—
And well the mountain might reply:—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James:—"And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"—

"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—

'I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek (good faith) a Highland maid,'—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury."—

"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band!"—

"Have, then, thy wish!"—He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,

As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: "How sayest thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave.—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Sir Roderick marked; and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood;—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low:
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide.
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

SONG: JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this willfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale:
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair:
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha'—
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

HIGHLAND SONG: PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,—
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting-gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

NORA'S VOW

HEAR what Highland Nora said:—
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke:
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae:
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly:
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turned the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,—
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

THE BALLAD OF 'THE RED HARLAW'

In 'The Antiquary'

THE herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging-sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrup stood,
That Highland host to see.
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl!"—

"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

* * * * * *

He turned him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

SONG: BRIGNALL BANKS

From 'Rokeby'

Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily:—
"Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green:
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."—

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May."—

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a Ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood."—
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."—
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay:
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."—
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And oh! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die:
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,—
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Chorus:—Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street:
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,—
The gude town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee." [*Chorus.*

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee! [*Chorus.*

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market* was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged:
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:—
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee." [*Chorus.*

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes:—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;

*The place of public execution.

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside:
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,—
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!" [*Chorus.*

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on;
Till on Ravelston's cliffs, and on Clermiston's lea,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee. [*Chorus.*

FLORA MAC-IVOR'S SONG

From 'Waverley'

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded,—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last!
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! the exiled, the dear!
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of Gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

AUGUSTIN EUGENE SCRIBE

(1791–1861)

AFTER the spirited comedy of Beaumarchais came a lull in dramatic production in France. The public yawned over long dull plays, or applauded mediocre work for its cheap reflection of popular sentiment. Then Eugène Scribe came to the rescue, having gradually found out what the public taste craved. He had learned this through perhaps a dozen failures, when his shrewd instinct guided him to seize upon vaudeville, and dignify it to the rank of laugh-provoking comedy. His plot, as ingeniously contrived as a Chinese puzzle, was a frame upon which he hung clever dialogue, catchy songs, puns, popular allusions, and manifold witticisms.

EUGÈNE SCRIBE

His first successful vaudeville, 'Une Nuit du Garde National,' in one act, written in collaboration with Poirson, another young author, was played at the Gymnase in 1816, and was the beginning of Scribe's astonishing popularity.

For about forty years he was the master playwright of France. He grew more and more cunning in estimating his audience, flattering their foibles, and reflecting contemporary interests. He was strictly unmoral, and offered no problems. His light frothy humor required no mental effort; he diverted without fatiguing. So Paris loved Scribe, paid him a fortune, made him a great social as well as literary light, and in 1836 admitted him to the Academy. From his father, a prosperous silk merchant in Paris, where he himself was born in 1791, he inherited decided business talent. Perhaps no author has ever received fuller measure of pecuniary success.

Wonderful tales are told of his intuitive comprehension of dramatic possibilities. One day 'La Chanoinesse,' a dull five-act tragedy, was read to him. Before the end had been reached, his mind had the plot transformed into a witty one-act burlesque. He was less inventive than skillful at adaptation, so he often borrowed ideas from more fertile and less executive brains. For these, Scribe, always the

honorable business man, gave due credit. So it is said that many a poverty-stricken writer was surprised to be claimed as collaborator by the great M. Scribe, and to receive generous payment for ideas which in their changed form he could hardly recognize as his own.

After 1840 Scribe partially deserted the clever buffoonery of his vaudeville, and attempted serious five-act dramas. Of these, two of the best — 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' and 'La Bataille des Dames' (The Ladies' Battle) — were written with Legouvé; and in translation are familiar to American playgoers.

Scribe turned his hand to most kinds of composition. He wrote several volumes of charming tales. He was especially skillful in the composition of librettos for the operas of Verdi, Auber, Meyerbeer, and other composers. He was remarkably prolific, and about four hundred pieces are included in the published list of his works; from which, however, many waifs and strays of his talent are omitted.

Although most of his plays, once so cordially liked, are now obsolete, Scribe has a lasting claim to remembrance in that his mastery of stage technique guided greater dramatists than himself to more effective expression. Perhaps no one ever lived with a stronger sense of scenic requirements. His plays could not drag. Although often superficial in his effort to sketch lightly contemporary life, and in his preoccupation with every-day general human interests, Scribe anticipated the drama of realism.

MERLIN'S PET FAIRY

One night, Merlin, sad and dreamy, was gazing over the immensity of heaven. He thought he heard a light sound below him. A frightful tempest was upheaving the ocean. The waves, piled mountain high, scattered salt water to the skies. Merlin went higher to avoid a wetting; and by the light of the stars he saw, like an imperceptible point on the summit of the waves, a vessel about to sink. There was service to render, suffering to relieve. Merlin forgot his dreams and darted forth, but too late. Pitiless fate anticipated him; and the ship, dashed against the cliffs, was flying in a thousand pieces.

All the passengers had perished except one woman, who was still struggling. She held a little daughter in her arms whom she tried to save.

"Protecting angels," she cried, "save her! watch over her!"

When her strength deserted her she disappeared, just as Merlin descended from the clouds and touched the surface of the

water. He heard the poor mother's last words, caught up her child, and bore it back to the skies.

He warmed the little creature's chilled limbs in his hands. Was she still breathing? In doubt, he recalled her to life or gave her a new one by means of his magic power, with a ray of dawn and a drop of dew. Then Merlin gazed at the poor child with delighted eyes.

"You shall be a fairy," he said to her. "You shall be my pet fairy. The misfortune and death which presided over your birth can never thenceforth touch you."

The baby opened her eyes and smiled at him, and Merlin carried his treasure to his crystal and flowery palace in the clouds.

The young fairy was charming, and Merlin wished to endow her with all gifts, all talents, all virtues. He gave her the heart which loves and is loved; the mind which pleases and amuses others, and the grace which always charms.

He gave her his own power (without making her his equal, however), with only one condition: that she should love him, and prefer him to all the sylphs and heavenly spirits, however beautiful, who shone in Ginnistan. Mighty Alaciel, the supreme genie presiding over this empire, loved the enchanter Merlin, and consented to all his desires. All that he asked for the young fairy was granted and immutably ratified by destiny.

Never had Merlin been more happy than while pretty Vivian was growing up under his eyes. That was the name he had given her, the name which was to make her immortal; for never has love been more celebrated than that of the enchanter Merlin for the fairy Vivian. All legends tell of it, all chronicles attest it, and traces of it are still preserved on the walls of old monuments.

Merlin had no other delight than in Vivian; and she knew no joy apart from her benefactor. Although still very young, the wit and intelligence with which she was endowed soon taught her to appreciate his worth and all that she owed to him. Full of gratitude for his goodness and admiration for his talents, she listened to his lessons with an avidity and pleasure which flattered the scholar's self-love; while, gracious and attentive, her cares for him delighted the old man's heart.

So she could not be separated from him, but accompanied him in all his journeys and investigations, and shared all his

labors, which were pleasures for her. She loved to soar through space with him, admiring far off the stars, whose revolutions and movements in heaven he explained to her; then redescending toward earth, both invisible, they would hover over castles and cottages, inspiring noble lords with kind thoughts for their vassals, and bearing hope and consolation to the vassals. In sleep they showed the poor mother her absent son; to the young girl her lover; to all they sent golden dreams which later were realized. Do you see that pilgrim worn out with heat and fatigue sleeping under an elm on the wayside? He wakes consumed with hunger and burning thirst, and sees over his head a bough loaded with superb pears. O surprise! Where did this tree which he had not noticed before, come from? Or rather, what changed the sterile young elm into a fruit-tree during his sleep? It was Vivian!

And that young girl, how unhappy she is! Sitting on the bank of a stream, she weeps and mourns! She had a gold cross, her only ornament, her riches! Taking it off to clean it or look at it, she has let it fall to the bottom of the deep water. Lost! lost forever! And just then she feels around her neck a wet ribbon, which an invisible hand has replaced; and at the end of the ribbon shines the gold cross, which she thought never to see again. The little fairy has plunged under the waves and brought it back.

Another time a poor tenant, torn from his family, is being dragged to prison because he owes a pitiless master ten crowns rent, which he has not been able to pay! And suddenly his sobbing wife, who accompanies him, finds in her apron pocket twenty bright gold crowns which she does not remember ever putting there! Who slipped them there? Vivian's little hand! Oh, kind pleasant fairy, delighting in the good she does—and Merlin still happier at seeing her do it!

Months and years succeeded each other. Fairies grow quickly. Their beauty need not fear to ripen, as it is to endure always! Nothing more charming than Vivian ever shone in Ginnistan. Her pretty blonde hair, her blue eyes reflecting the sky, her dainty figure, light and airy, her quick smile, set her above other fairies.

As to character, hers was charming and impossible to define. She was both reasonable and frivolous, equally serious over feasts and toilets, good works and pretty dresses; knowing a great

deal, and as amusing as if she knew nothing. Coquettish in mind but not in heart, gracious and good, laughing and mischievous, above all kind and beloved by every one,—such was Vivian. With a word or a smile she triumphed over all resistance, overturned all obstacles; and when her pretty little hand caressed Merlin's white beard, the great enchanter could refuse her nothing. Far more, he exercised all his art to discover her tastes and anticipate her wishes! To him science had no longer any end but that of creating pleasures for Vivian.

Thus, anticipating by magic the genius of future ages, he devised wonders for her which we think we have discovered since then, but which we have only refound. Our new inventions are only copies, more or less able, of all Merlin's secrets. Among them were prodigies compared with which those of steam are only child's play,—the art of traversing air and directing one's course at will on a cloud or winged dragon, and a thousand other sorceries which we do not know yet.

Not content with creating palaces and aerial gardens for Vivian, to please her he descended to the least details. Our prettiest—I mean oddest—fashions, our most coquettish jewels, our most precious fabrics, were then invented for her. Her crystal palace was lighted by a thousand magical fires, which since we have learned to call gas or electric light.

Within this palace he had raised a fairy temple, which many centuries later we thought to invent under the name of Opera! In rooms enriched with gold and velvet, Vivian and the court of Ginnistan gave themselves to noble pleasures. Dancing and music exerted all their allurements. There were delicious songs still unknown to earth, which later Merlin revealed to Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, unless indeed these stole them for themselves from heaven.

Thus Merlin watched over the amusements of his young fairy, and still more over the happiness of her every minute; for he had taught her never to be idle. Under her skillful fingers the brush or the needle created little masterpieces, so perfect and elegant that they gave rise to the expression "to work like the fairies"!

And note that before Vivian, fairies did nothing. Their only diversion was to busy themselves with love affairs or intrigues on earth. Their home was most monotonous, and they did not know what to do with themselves in heaven. There, as in all

courts of any rank, the receptions and companies almost killed one with their dullness. Drawn up in a circle on feast days, the fairies gazed upon each other in fixed beauty, which they did not have even the fear of losing or seeing change.

As to the sylphs and genii who stood behind them, they too yawned in their immortality. Judge then how they appreciated the presentation to court of a witty, amiable, vivacious fairy. She turned all heads, and drew all attention. They knew the distractions of love; and the genii thought it would be delightful to rob the old enchanter of the charming young girl he was guarding.

One morning in Merlin's absence, Vivian found a satiny little note on her dressing-table, containing a declaration of love, signed Zelindor. Zelindor was the handsomest and most foppish of all the genii. In manner and bearing, in his least actions, he concerned himself with only one thing,— to know if he was admired; and his eyes, which were superb, seemed to have been given him only to see whether or not he was being noticed.

That evening Vivian found in her work-basket a dozen other little satiny papers.

As soon as Merlin returned, she carried him the whole collection. The indignant enchanter wanted to rage.

« Read them first," she said.

He read, and then tremblingly asked what she thought of all these demonstrations of affection.

« I think," she answered, « that they are very badly written."

« They say nothing to your heart?"

« Nothing."

Merlin wore two rings on his left hand. One was an emerald: when he took it off his finger and held it to his mouth, he ceased to be invisible, and appeared under his true form to mortal eyes. The other, more useful and more to be feared, was of a single ruby. With this ring he could read hearts, and see what every one was thinking.

He seized this ring, regarded it attentively, and was soon convinced that Vivian had spoken the truth.

« Yes! yes!" he cried. « You are indifferent to Zelindor and all the other sylphs, and prefer me."

«Ah! that's unkind!" cried Vivian interrupting him, « very unkind!"

« To convince myself of your friendship?"

"No! But to surprise the secrets that I want to have the pleasure of telling you."

"Ah! you are charming!" cried Merlin, transported with joy. "So you love me, then?"

"Aren't you my friend, my benefactor, my father, to whom I owe everything?"

"Yes,—it is true," said the enchanter, only half satisfied: "and I love you too, Vivian, ardently, passionately; and that is the way I want you to love me."

"I don't understand," said Vivian. "I prefer you to all whom I see or hear,—to all who are about us."

"Yes," said Merlin to himself, "that is just what I once asked from Alaciel, and which he has granted. But," he said, speaking out loud without meaning to do so, "I made a great mistake in not asking more."

"And what more do you want?" she asked with an affectionate smile.

"When you are with me, does your heart beat more quickly?"

"No," answered Vivian in a pure, candid voice.

"And yet you love me a little?"

"Better than all the world."

"And you consent, dear child, to be mine?"

"Yes."

Merlin kissed the fresh rosy cheek of the young fairy, and trembling with emotion, let himself fall into a chair, gazing after Vivian as she bounded away and disappeared behind the clumps of lilacs.

THE PRICE OF LIFE

JOSEPH, opening the parlor door, came to tell us the post-chaise was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves in my arms.

"It is not too late," they said. "Give up this journey. Stay with us."

"Mother, I am a gentleman; I am twenty years old; I must have a name in the country. I must make my way, either in the army or at court."

"And when you are gone, what will become of me, Bernard?"

"You will be happy and proud to hear of your son's success."

"And if you are killed in some battle?"

"What matters it? What is life? Does a man think of that? When a man is twenty and a gentleman, he thinks only of glory. In a few years, mother, I'll come back a colonel, or marshal, or else with a fine office at Versailles."

"Ah well! what will come of it if you do?"

"I shall be respected and thought much of."

"What then?"

"Then every one will salute me."

"And then?"

"Then I will wed my cousin Henrietta, and settle my young sisters in marriage, and we will all live with you, tranquil and happy in my Bretagne domain."

"And why can't you begin to-day? Didn't your father leave us the finest fortune in the country? Is there a richer domain for ten leagues around, or a finer castle than Roche-Bernard? Do not your vassals respect you? As you go through the village, does any one fail to take off his hat? Don't leave us, my son! Stay with your friends, your sisters, and your old mother who may not be here when you come back. Don't squander in vain-glory, or shorten by all kinds of cares and torments, the days that roll so fast anyway. Life is so sweet, my boy, and the sun of Bretagne so glorious!"

While speaking, she pointed through the windows at the pretty paths of my park, the old chestnut-trees in blossom, the lilacs and honeysuckles which perfumed the air. In the ante-chamber the gardener and all his family had gathered sad and silent, seeming to express — "Don't go, young master, don't go." Hortense, my elder sister, pressed me in her arms; and Amélie, my little sister, who was looking at the pictures in a volume of La Fontaine, offered me the book.

"Read, read, brother," she said weeping.

It was the fable of the two pigeons! I rose brusquely; I pushed them all away.

"I am twenty, and a gentleman: I must have honor and fame. Let me go."

And I hurried into the court. I was stepping into the post-chaise when a woman appeared on the steps. It was Henrietta. She did not weep, she did not utter a word; but, pale and trembling, she could scarcely support herself. With the white

handkerchief in her hand she waved me a last good-by, then fell unconscious. I rushed to her, lifted her, pressed her in my arms, swore to love her always; and as she came to herself, leaving her to the care of my mother and sisters, I ran to my carriage without stopping or turning my head. If I had looked at Henrietta I could not have gone.

A few minutes later the post-chaise was rolling along the thoroughfare. For a long time I thought of nothing but my sisters, my mother, and Henrietta, and all the happiness I was leaving behind me. But as the towers of Roche-Bernard gradually vanished, these ideas faded; and soon dreams of glory and ambition took possession of my mind. What projects, what castles in Spain, what fine actions, I created for myself in my post-chaise! Riches, honors, dignities, all kinds of success,—I denied myself nothing; I merited and received everything; finally, rising in rank as I proceeded, I became duke, peer, provincial governor, and marshal of France, before reaching my inn in the evening! My servant's voice, modestly calling me "Monsieur," forced me to return to myself and abdicate.

The following days the same dreams, the same intoxication,—for my journey was a long one. I was going to the neighborhood of Sedan, to the Duke of C——; an old friend of my father, and patron of my family. He was to take me to Paris, where he was expected at the end of the month; present me at Versailles, and obtain for me through his influence a company of dragoons.

I reached Sedan in the evening, and as it was late I postponed calling upon my patron until the morrow; and went to lodge at the Arms of France,—the finest hotel in the city, and the usual rendezvous for officers. For Sedan is a garrisoned town. The streets have a warlike aspect, and the citizens themselves a martial bearing, which seems to tell strangers, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne."

While chatting at the supper table I inquired the way to the Duke of C——'s castle, which was about three leagues from the town.

"Any one will tell you," they said. "It is well known about here. It is there that a great warrior, a celebrated man,—Marshal Fabert,—died."

And the conversation turned to Marshal Fabert, as was quite natural among young soldiers. They talked of his battles, his

exploits, his modesty,—which made him refuse letters of nobility and the collar of his order offered him by Louis XIV. They spoke especially of the remarkable good fortune which had made the simple soldier—the son of a printer—a marshal of France. At that time he was the sole example of such advancement, which even during his life had seemed so extraordinary that the vulgar had not hesitated to assign it to supernatural causes. They said that from childhood he had busied himself with magic and sorcery; that he had made a compact with the devil.

And our landlord, who added the credulity of the Breton to the stupidity of a peasant of Champagne, assured us with great coolness that in the castle where Fabert had died, a black man whom no one knew had been seen to go into his room, and had then disappeared, bearing with him the marshal's soul, which belonged to him from an earlier purchase. He said that even yet, in May, the time of Fabert's death, the black man appeared at evening carrying a little light.

This story enlivened our dessert, and we drank a bottle of champagne to Fabert's familiar demon, inviting him to take us also under his protection, and to make us gain a few battles like Colhoures and La Marfée.

The next day I rose early, and made my way to the castle of the Duke of C——; an immense Gothic manor which at another time I might not have noticed especially, but which, remembering the account of the evening before, I now regarded with curiosity and emotion.

The valet to whom I addressed myself answered that he did not know whether his master was at home, or if he could receive me. I gave him my name, and he left me alone in a kind of armory, hung with paraphernalia of the chase and family portraits.

I waited for some time, and no one came. So the career of glory and honor I had dreamed began in the antechamber, I said to myself; and grew discontented and impatient. I had counted the family portraits and the beams of the ceiling two or three times, when I heard a slight sound. A door not quite closed had been blown ajar. I looked in, and saw a very pretty room, lighted by a glass door and by two great windows which looked upon a magnificent park. I took a few steps in this room, and then stopped at a sight I had not yet noticed. A man with his back toward me was lying on a sofa. He rose, and without noticing

me, rushed to the window. Tears furrowed his cheeks. Profound despair seemed printed on all his features. He stood motionless for some time, with his head buried in his hands; then he began to stride up and down. Now he saw me and trembled. I, pained and abashed at my own indiscretion, wanted to withdraw, murmuring words of excuse.

« Who are you? What do you want? » he said in a strong voice, holding my arm.

« I am Sir Bernard of Roche-Bernard; and I have just arrived from Bretagne. »

« I know, I know, » he said, and threw himself into my arms; then made me sit beside him, talking so eagerly of my father and all my family that I did not doubt he was the owner of the castle.

« You are M. de C——? » I asked.

He rose and looked at me excitedly. « I was, but I am no longer; I am nothing! » And seeing my astonishment, he exclaimed, « Not another word, young man: do not question me! »

« But, sir, I have unintentionally witnessed your sorrow; and if my friendship, my devotion, can bring you any comfort— »

« Yes, yes, you're right. Not that you can change my fate, but at least you can receive my last wishes. That is all I ask of you! »

He closed the door; then sat down again beside me, who, trembling and agitated, awaited his words. His physiognomy bore an expression I had never seen on any one. The brow I studied seemed marked by fatality. His face was pale; his black eyes flashed; from time to time his features, changed by suffering, contracted with an ironic, infernal smile.

« What I am going to tell you, » he continued, « will confound your reason. You will doubt — you will not believe — I myself still doubt very often, at least I try to: but there are the proofs; and in all our surroundings — in our very organization — there are many other mysteries that we have to accept without understanding. »

He stopped a moment as though to collect his ideas, passed a hand over his brow, and went on: —

« I was born in this castle. I had two brothers, both older, who would inherit the property and titles of our family. There was nothing for me but an abbé's mantle; and yet thoughts of glory and ambition fermented in my head, and made my heart

beat. Unhappy in obscurity, hungry for renown, I dreamed only how to acquire it, and was insensible to all the pleasures and sweetness of life. The present was nothing to me; I lived only in the future, and that presented itself to me in darkest colors.

"I was almost thirty, and had accomplished nothing. At that time, in the capital, literary reputations whose fame reached even our province were springing up everywhere.

"Ah! I often said to myself, if I could only win a name in letters! That would give me the glory which is the only happiness!

"As confidant of my sorrows I had an old servant, an aged negro, who had been in the castle before I was born, and was certainly the most ancient inmate, for no one remembered his coming. The country people declared even that he had known Marshal Fabert, and had witnessed his death."

I started; and the speaker asked me what was the matter.

"Nothing," I answered; but I could not help thinking of the black man about whom my landlord had been talking the evening before.

M. de C—— continued: "One day, before Yago (that was the negro's name), I yielded to the despair inspired by my obscurity and useless existence, and cried out, 'I would give ten years of my life to be placed in the first rank of our authors!'

"'Ten years,' he said coldly: 'that is a great deal. That is a large price for a slight thing. Never mind. I accept your ten years. I will take them. Remember your promise; I will keep mine.'

"I cannot paint my surprise at hearing this. I thought the years must have enfeebled his reason. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders; and a few days later I left this castle to go to Paris. There I found myself launched in literary circles. Their example encouraged me; and I published several works whose success I won't recount now. All Paris hastened to applaud them; the journals resounded with my praises; the new name I had adopted became famous: and even yesterday, young man, you yourself were admiring it—"

Here another gesture of surprise from me interrupted him.

"Then you are not the Duke de C——?" I exclaimed.

"No," he answered coldly.

And I said to myself, "A celebrated author!—is he Marmontel? is he D'Alembert? is he Voltaire?"

My unknown smiled; a sigh of regret and contempt touched his lips, and he continued:—

« The literary reputation I had desired soon ceased to satisfy a spirit as ardent as mine. I aspired to nobler success; and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris: 'There is no real glory or veritable fame except in the career of arms. What is a man of letters, a poet? Nothing at all. Tell me of a great captain, a general,—that is the destiny for me; and for a grand military reputation I would give ten of the years which remain to me.'

« 'I accept them,' answered Yago. 'I take them. They belong to me. Don't forget it.' »

At this point the unknown stopped again, seeing the trouble and hesitation in my face.

« I told you, young man, you could not believe me. This seems a dream, a chimera, to you—to me also! And yet the rank, the honors I obtained, were no illusion: the soldiers I led under fire, the redoubts captured, the flags conquered, the victories with which all France resounded, were all my work;—all this glory was mine! »

While he was walking up and down, talking thus with heat and enthusiasm, my surprise increased, and I thought: « Who is beside me? Is it Coigny? is it Richelieu? is it Marshal Saxe? »

From a state of exaltation, my unknown fell into depression; and drawing near, he said gloomily:—

« Yago was right; and later, when disgusted with the vain incense of military glory, I aspired to what is alone of real and positive value in this world,—when, at the price of five or six years of existence, I desired gold and riches, he granted them to me. Yes, young man; yes, I have seen fortune second and surpass all my wishes,—lands, forests, castles. This very morning all was still in my power; and if you don't believe me, if you doubt Yago,—wait—wait—he is coming, and you will see for yourself, with your own eyes, that what confounds your reason and mine is unhappily only too real. »

The unknown approached the mantelpiece, looked at the clock, made a gesture of horror, and said in a low voice:—

« This morning at dawn I felt so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely rise. I rang for my valet. Yago appeared.

« 'What is the matter with me?' I said to him.

"'Master, nothing that is not very natural. The hour is approaching; the moment is at hand.'

"'And which — ?'

"'Can't you guess? Heaven had accorded you sixty years of life; you had had thirty when I began to obey you.'

"'Yago!' I cried in terror, 'are you speaking seriously?'

"'Yes, master; in five years you have expended in glory twenty-five years of existence. You gave them to me. They belong to me, and will now be added to mine.'

"'What! That was the price of your services?'

"'Others have paid still more; for example, Fabert, whom also I protected.'

"'Be quiet! Be quiet!' I said to him. 'This isn't possible. It isn't true!'

"'As you will: but prepare yourself; for you have only half an hour to live.'

"'You are mocking me; you are deceiving me!'

"'Not at all. Calculate it yourself. Thirty-five years which you have really lived, and twenty-five that you have lost! Total, sixty. That is your account. To every one his own!'

"And he wanted to go — and I felt myself growing weaker; I felt life escaping from me.

"'Yago! Yago! Give me a few hours — a few hours more!'

"'No, no,' he answered. 'That would shorten my account, and I know better than you the price of life. There is no treasure worth two hours of existence.'

"And I could scarcely speak; my eyes were clouding, the coldness of death was chilling my veins.

"'Ah!' I said with an effort, 'take back the gifts for which I have sacrificed everything. For four hours more I will renounce my gold and all the opulence I so desired.'

"'So be it. You have been a good master, and I will grant you that.'

"I felt my strength coming back; and I cried, 'Four hours is so little! Yago! Yago! grant me four more, and I will give up my literary fame, and all the works which placed me so high in the esteem of the world.'

"'Four hours for that!' said the negro disdainfully. 'It is a great deal. Never mind: I will not refuse this last grace.'

"'No, not the last,' I said clasping my hands. 'Yago! Yago! I implore you, give me until evening,—the entire day,— and let

my exploits and victories, my military fame, be forever effaced from the memory of men! This day, Yago, this whole day, and I will be content!'

"'You abuse my goodness,' he answered; 'and I am making a foolish bargain. But never mind again. You shall live till sunset. Ask no more. Then good-by until evening! I will come for you.'

"And he went away," continued the unknown despairingly, "and this day is the last which remains to me!" Then approaching the glass door which opened upon the park, he cried: "I shall no longer see this beautiful sky, these green lawns, this sparkling water; I shall no longer breathe the air fragrant with spring! Fool that I was! For twenty-five years longer I might still enjoy the good things which God bestows upon all, and whose sweetness I appreciate now for the first time! And I have exhausted my days! I have sacrificed them to a vain chimera, to a sterile fame, which did not make me happy, and which is dead before me! See — see —" he said, pointing to the peasants who were singing as they crossed the park to their work: "what would I not give to share their labor and poverty! But I have no longer anything to give nor anything to hope, here below — not even unhappiness!"

At that moment a ray of sun, of the sun of May, lighted up his pale distracted features. He seized my arm with a kind of delirium and said: —

"See — see them! How beautiful the sun is! How beautiful the country is! I must leave all that! Ah, at least let me enjoy it once more! Let me catch the full savor of this pure beautiful day: for me there will be no morrow!"

He rushed out into the park, and disappeared down a winding path before I could stop him.

In truth I had not strength to do it. I had fallen back on the sofa, overcome with what I had seen and heard. I rose and walked, to assure myself that I was not dreaming. Then the door opened, and a servant said to me: —

"Here is my master, the Duke de C——."

A man of about sixty, of distinguished appearance, came forward, offering me his hand, and apologizing for keeping me waiting.

"I was not at home," he said. "I have just come from town, where I have been seeking advice upon the health of my younger brother."

"Is his life in danger?" I exclaimed.

"No, monsieur, thank Heaven," answered the duke: "but in his youth, thoughts of glory and ambition exalted his imagination; and recently a severe illness has left him prey to a kind of delusion, in which he is constantly convinced that he has only one day longer to live. It is his mania."

All was explained!

"Now as to you, young man," continued the duke: "we must see what we can do to advance you. We will start for Versailles at the end of the month. I will present you."

"I know your kind disposition toward me, monsieur, and wish to thank you; but—"

"What! you have not renounced the court, and the advantages which await you there?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But remember that with my help you can make your way rapidly; and that with a little patience and perseverance you can in ten years—"

"Ten lost years!" I exclaimed.

"But then," he continued in astonishment, "is that too dear a price for glory and fortune and honors? Come, come, young man, we will go to Versailles."

"No, duke: I am going back to Bretagne; and once more I beg you to receive my thanks, and those of my family."

"It is madness!" exclaimed the duke.

And thinking of what I had seen and heard, I said to myself, "It is wisdom!"

The next day I started; and with what delight I saw again my noble castle of Roche-Bernard, the old trees of my park, the glorious Bretagne sun! I had recovered my vassals, my sisters, my mother—and happiness! which has never deserted me since; for one week later I married Henrietta.

JOHN SELDEN

(1584–1654)

OF SELDEN, Milton wrote, "The chief of learned men reputed in this land, John Selden." So our own Sumner: "John Selden, unsurpassed for learning and ability in the whole splendid history of the English bar." And Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon: "Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue." Selden was the writer of many learned books: books upon the law, books upon the customs of the Hebrews, books upon all manner of abstruse subjects, books in English and in Latin; that which remains of him is a book which he neither published nor wrote. Like White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and not a few other books which "were not born to die," Selden's 'Table-Talk' was a work which came without observation. Much of his deliberate work is dry as dry could be. Aubrey, who is relied upon in some measure for his biography, says that he was a poet, and quotes Sir John Suckling as authority; nothing would seem more improbable from what he has to say upon poetry: "'Tis a fine thing for Children to learn to make Verse; but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laught at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak, or write, or preach in Verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his Leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go."

JOHN SELDEN

His father was "a sufficient plebeian," of the village of Salvington in Sussex, and proficient in music; by which he is said to have won his wife, who was of somewhat higher station in life. John was born in his cottage at Salvington, December 16th, 1584, in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and died, a man of great distinction and wealth, at Whitefriars in London, November 30th, 1654, in the sixth year of the Commonwealth. It was a rich period in English literature; the period of Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton and Jonson and their companions. And it was a stirring period in history,

covering as it did the reigns of James I. and Charles I., the trial and beheading of the latter, and the ascendency of Cromwell and the Puritans. The boy John Selden, educated at the Free School in Chichester, and at Hart Hall, Oxford, had hardly more than settled himself at the Inner Temple and reached man's estate, when he had "not only run through the whole body of the law, but become a prodigy in most parts of learning; especially in those which were not common, or little frequented or regarded by the generality of students of his time. So that in a few years his name was wonderfully advanced, not only at home, but in foreign countries; and was usually styled the great dictator of learning of the English nation."

In 1618, after issuing several other works, he published a 'History of Tithes,' which had been licensed without question by the censor, but nevertheless excited such an outcry that its author was summoned before the King, and subsequently before the High Commission Court, and forced to recant. He acknowledged the error that he had committed in publishing the book, but appears not to have acknowledged any error in the book. The book was suppressed, and afterward "confuted" by Dr. Montagu; and King James told Selden, "If you or your friends write anything against his confutation, I will throw you into prison." He soon had an opportunity to test the King's prisons for other reasons. He was incarcerated for five weeks in 1621, for his share in the protest of the House of Commons in respect to the rights and privileges of the members; and again in 1629 he was imprisoned in the Tower for many months on the charge of sedition. He entered Parliament in 1624, and with the exception of Charles's first Parliament, and the Short Parliament, he appears to have been a member until his death. In the Long Parliament he represented Oxford University, being returned without opposition.

Selden was always a conservative, not so much in the political as in the natural, the literal, sense. During the earlier years of the long contest between the King and the Commons, he leaned toward the latter; but in after years his attitude was less satisfactory to them. He was the arch-supporter of the law,—of human law: for the Higher Law—at all events for the *Jus Divinum* as interpreted by the clergy—he had slight esteem as against the law of the land. In this he represented to the full one side of the shield: the other, that which exhibits the supreme inner right of the individual, he seemed sometimes wholly to ignore.

His reputation was so great that his support was sought on all sides; but his independence caused him to reject some overtures, while it prevented others. King Charles thought to make him Keeper of the Great Seal; but was dissuaded on the ground that "he would absolutely refuse the place if it were offered to him." In 1647 he

was elected Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, but declined. It is said that he was so bent on preserving his thoughts that he would sometimes write while under the barber's hands; which seems to show that the barber did not make it a point to be so entertaining in those days as of latter time.

For the last twenty years of his life, the Rev: Richard Milward was his amanuensis; and it was by him that the 'Table-Talk' was taken down bit by bit. It was not published until many years after the death of both. Says Milward in his dedication: "I had the opportunity to hear his Discourse twenty years together; and least all those Excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time I faithfully committed to writing. . . . Truly the Sense and Notion here is wholly his, and most of the words." The book is a rich storehouse. Coleridge says: "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer."

In taking passages from it here and there, it should be premised that other samples might be found of a sense quite different.

FROM THE 'TABLE-TALK'

The Scriptures

The Text serves only to guess by: we must satisfie our selves fully out of the Authors that liv'd about those times.

In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10,—meaning four was but four Unities, and five, five Unities, etc., and that he had in all but ten pounds; the other that sees him, takes not the Figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports that he hath five pounds in one Bag, and six pounds in another Bag, and nine pounds in another Bag, &c., whenas in truth he has but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a Text here and there to make it serve our turn; whereas, if we take it all together, and consider'd what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

The Bishops

The Bishops were too hasty, else with a discreet slowness they might have had what they aim'd at. The old Story of the

Fellow that told the Gentleman that he might get to such a place if he did not ride too fast, would have fitted their turn.

. . . . . .

Bishops are now unfit to Govern, because of their Learning. They are bred up in another Law; they run to the Text for something done amongst the Jews that nothing concerns England. 'Tis just as if a Man would have a Kettle, and he would not go to our Brazier to have it made as they make Kettles, but he would have it as Hiram made his Brass work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple. . . .

They that would pull down the Bishops and erect a new way of Government, do as he that pulls down an old House and builds another in another fashion: there's a great deal of do, and a great deal of trouble; the old rubbish must be carryed away, and new materials must be brought; Workmen must be provided: and perhaps the old one would have serv'd as well.

Books

In Answering a Book, 'tis best to be short; otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary him, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long I shall give my Adversary a huge advantage: somewhere or other he will pick a hole. . . .

To quote a modern Dutch Man where I may use a Classic Author, is as if I were to justify my Reputation, and I neglect all Persons of Note and Quality that know me, and bring the Testimonial of the Scullion in the Kitchen.

Ceremony

Ceremony keeps up all things. 'Tis like a Penny-Glass to a rich Spirit, or some Excellent Water: without it the water were spilt, the Spirit lost.

Of all people, Ladies have no reason to cry down Ceremonies, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with Ceremony,—with Compliments and Addresses, with Legs, and Kissing of Hands,—they were the pittyfullest Creatures in the World; but yet methinks to kiss their Hands after their Lips as some do, is like little Boys, that after they eat the Apple, fall to the paring, out of a Love they have to the Apple.

Clergy

The Clergy would have us believe them against our own Reason, as the Woman would have her Husband against his own Eyes. "What! will you believe your own Eyes before your own sweet Wife?"

The House of Commons

The House of Commons is called the Lower House in Twenty Acts of Parliament; but what are Twenty Acts of Parliament amongst Friends?

Competency

That which is a Competency for one Man, is not enough for another: no more than that which will keep one Man warm, will keep another Man warm; one man can go in Doublet and Hose, when another Man cannot be without a Cloak and yet have no more Cloaths than is necessary for him.

Conscience

He that hath a Scrupulous Conscience is like a Horse that is not well weigh'd: he starts at every Bird that flies out of the Hedge.

A Knowing Man will do that which a tender Conscience Man dares not do, by reason of his Ignorance: the other knows there is no hurt,—as a Child is afraid to go into the dark, when a Man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

Consecrated Places

All things are God's already: we can give him no right by consecrating any, that he had not before; only we set it apart to his Service. Just as when a Gardiner brings his Lord and Master a Basket of Apricocks, and presents them, his Lord thanks him, perhaps gives him something for his pains; and yet the Apricocks were as much his Lord's before as now.

Council

They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President of their General Councils; when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost.

Devils

A Person of Quality came to my Chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two Devils in his head (I wonder'd what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me (with that I begun to be afraid, and thought he was mad); he said he knew I could Cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolv'd to go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an Opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only Melancholy that troubl'd him, took him in hand, warranted him if he would follow my directions to Cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the mean time I got a Card, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of Taffata, and put strings to the Taffata, and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his Neck; withal charged him that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of Supper, and say his Prayers duly when he went to Bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to Dinner to his House, and askt him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me: he had four Devils in his head, and he perceiv'd two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So I gave him another thing to hang about his Neck: three days after, he came to me to my Chamber and protest he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extreamly thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like Distemper, told him that there was none but my self and one Physitian more in the whole Town, that could Cure the Devils in the head; and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wisht him if ever he found himself ill in my absence to go to him, for he could Cure his Disease, as well as my self. The Gentleman lived many Years, and was never troubl'd after.

Friends

Old Friends are best. King James us'd to call for his Old Shoos: they were easiest for his Feet.

Humility

Humility is a Vertue all preach, none practice; and yet every body is content to hear. The Master thinks it good Doctrine for his Servant, the Laity for the Clergy, and the Clergy for the Laity.

Jews

Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are Cursed, they thrive where e'er they come; they are able to oblige the Prince of their Country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together: and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

The King

The King calling his Friends from the Parliament, because he had use of them at Oxford, is as if a man should have use of a little piece of wood, and he runs down into the Cellar, and takes the Spiggot; in the mean time all the Beer runs about the House: when his Friends are absent the King will be lost.

The Court of England

The Court of England is much alter'd. At a solemn Dancing, first you had the grave Measures, then the Corrantoes and the Galliards, and this is kept up with Ceremony, at length to French-more, and the Cushion-Dance, and then all the Company Dance, Lord and Groom, Lady and Kitchen-Maid, no distinction. So in our Court in Queen Elizabeth's time Gravity and State were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but French-more and the Cushion-Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly, polly, hoite come toite.

Language

If you look upon the Language spoken in the Saxon time, and the Language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a Cloak that he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since, here has put in a piece of Red, and there a piece of Blew, and here a piece of Green, and there

a piece of Orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latine, as every Pedantick man pleases.

We have more words than Notions,—half a dozen words for the same thing. Sometime we put a new signification to an old word, as when we call a Piece a Gun. The word Gun was in use in England for an Engine to cast a thing from a man, long before there was any Gun-powder found out.

Words must be fitted to a man's mouth: 'twas well said of the Fellow that was to make a Speech for my Lord Mayor, he desir'd to take the measure of his Lordship's mouth.

Libels

Tho' some make slight of *Libels*, yet you may see by them how the wind fits: as take a straw and throw it up into the Air, you shall see by that which way the Wind is; which you shall not do by casting up a Stone. More solid things do not show the Complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.

Marriage

Of all Actions of a man's life, his Marriage does least concern other people; yet of all Actions of our Life, 'tis most medled with by other people.

Measure of Things

We measure the Excellency of other men by some Excellency we conceive to be in our selves. Nash, a Poet, poor enough (as Poets us'd to be), seeing an Alderman with his Gold Chain, upon his great Horse, by way of scorn said to one of his Companions, Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks: why, that fellow cannot make a blank Verse!

Number

All those misterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing, upon this very ground; because number in it self is nothing, has not to do with Nature, but is merely of Human Imposition, a meer sound. For Example, when I cry one a Clock, two a Clock, three a Clock,—that is but Man's division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in Nature if those Hours had been call'd nine, ten, and eleven. So when

they say the Seventh Son is Fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise Fortunate?

Oaths

When men ask me whether they may take an Oath in their own Sense, 'tis to me as if they should ask whether they may go to such a place upon their own Legs: I would fain know how they can go otherwise.

Opinion

Opinion and Affection extremely differ: I may affect a Woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the Handsomest Woman in the World. I love Apples the best of any Fruit, but it does not follow I must think Apples to be the best Fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give Reason why all the World should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

'Tis a vain thing to talk of an Heretick; for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the Primitive times there were many Opinions, nothing scarce but some or other held. One of these Opinions being embrac'd by some Prince, and received into his Kingdom, the rest were Condemn'd as Heresies; and his Religion, which was but one of the several Opinions, first is said to be Orthodox, and so have continu'd ever since the Apostles.

Peace

Though we had Peace, yet 'twill be a great while e'er things be settled. Tho' the Wind lye, yet after a Storm the Sea will work a great while.

Pleasure

Whilst you are upon Earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholly, and wish yourself in Heaven. If a King should give you the keeping of a Castle, with all things belonging to it,—Orchards, Gardens, etc.,—and bid you use them; withal promise you that after twenty years to remove you to Court, and to make you a Privy

Councillor,—if you should neglect your Castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down, and whine, and wish you were a Privy Councillor, do you think the King would be pleased with you?

Prayer

"God hath given gifts unto men." General Texts prove nothing: let him shew me John, William, or Thomas in the Text, and then I will believe him. If a man hath a voluble Tongue, we say, He hath the gift of Prayer. His gift is to pray long,—that I see; but does he pray better?

We take care what we speak to men, but to God we may say any thing.

Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty Reasons why he should grant this or that: he knows best what is good for us. If your Boy should ask you a Suit of Cloaths, and give you Reasons, "otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad, but he shall discredit you," would you endure it? You know it better than he: let him ask a Suit of Cloaths.

Preaching

The main Argument why they would have two Sermons a day, is, because they have two Meals a Day; the Soul must be fed as well as the Body. But I may as well argue, I ought to have two Noses because I have two Eyes, or two Mouths because I have two Ears. What have Meals and Sermons to do one with another?

Preferment

When the Pageants are a coming there's a great thrusting and a riding upon one another's backs, to look out at the Window: stay a little, and they will come just to you; you may see them quietly. So 'tis when a new Statesman or Officer is chosen: there's great expectation and listening who it should be; stay a while, and you may know quietly.

Reason

The Reason of a Thing is not to be inquired after, till you are sure the Thing it self be so. We commonly are at "What's

the Reason of it?" before we are sure of the Thing. 'Twas an excellent Question of my Lady Cotten, when Sir Robert Cotten was magnifying of a Shooe which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondring at the strange Shape and Fashion of it: But Mr. Cotten, says she, are you sure it is a Shooe?

Religion

Men say they are of the same Religion for Quietness's sake; but if the matter were well Examin'd, you would scarce find Three any where of the same Religion in all Points.

Disputes in Religion will never be ended, because there wants a Measure by which the Business would be decided. The Puritan would be judged by the Word of God: if he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so; and he would have me believe him before a whole Church, that has read the Word of God as well as he. One says one thing, and another another; and there is, I say, no Measure to end the Controversie. 'Tis just as if Two men were at Bowls, and both judg'd by the Eye: one says 'tis his Cast, the other says 'tis my Cast; and having no Measure, the Difference is Eternal. Ben Jonson Satyrically express'd the vain Disputes of Divines by Inigo Lanthorne, disputing with his Puppet in a Bartholomew Fair: It is so; It is not so; It is so; It is not so,—crying thus one to another a quarter of an Hour together.

'Tis to no purpose to labor to Reconcile Religions, when the Interest of Princes will not suffer it. 'Tis well if they could be Reconciled so far that they should not cut one another's Throats.

Thanksgiving

At first we gave Thanks for every Victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many now we can stay a good while. We are just like a Child: give him a Plum, he makes his Leg; give him a second Plum, he makes another Leg; at last when his Belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do: then his Nurse, or somebody else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his Duty—*Where's your Leg?*

Wife

He that hath a handsome Wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her and be in her company: but the Husband is cloy'd with her. We are never content with what we have.

You shall see a Monkey sometime, that has been playing up and down the Garden, at length leap up to the top of the Wall, but his Clog hangs a great way below on this side; the Bishop's Wife is like that Monkey's Clog,— himself is got up very high, takes place of the Temporal Barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

'Tis reason a man that will have a Wife should be at the charge of her Trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a Monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the Glasses he breaks.

Wisdom

Never tell your Resolution before hand; but when the Cast is thrown, Play it as well as you can to win the Game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to Play Size-ace, when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

ÉTIENNE PIVERT DE SENANCOUR

(1770–1846)

ONE work of Senancour's has lived. The others — moral and philosophical treatises, and one feeble novel, 'Isabelle,' written in his old age as a sequel to his famous 'Obermann' — are now forgotten. "But 'Obermann,'" says Matthew Arnold, "has qualities which make it permanently valuable to kindred minds." Arnold himself, while suffering the spiritual isolation there portrayed, did not go off alone to suffer; but did a great and practical work in the world of men. Other noble minds have sympathized with Obermann, among them George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; but for most people, such writing, however noble and eloquent, must needs be somewhat futile. It must after all be healthy instinct which guides men as well as children to turn from abstractions to accounts of positive achievement. Heroic action is far more thrilling than even its prompting impulse, unfulfilled. It is so much more satisfactory to receive some practical lesson in living, some stimulus to richer sensation, than to be disheartened by the wailings of failure.

Senancour early showed a want of adaptability to existing social conditions. He was born at Paris in November 1770, of a noble family, to whom the Revolution brought ruin. Sickly from childhood, he was destined to the Church. Obliged by his father to enter St. Sulpice, he rebelled against the monastic constraint, and aided by his mother, escaped to Switzerland. There he married, and lived till toward the end of the century; when, after his wife's death, he returned to Paris.

'Obermann' appeared in 1804. It is a treatise on disillusion and hopelessness, lacking in vitality; and although noble in tone, has not been widely appreciated. It is less a novel than an exposition, in a series of letters, of Senancour's own point of view. Obermann, the hero, is Senancour in very slight disguise. He is "a man who does not know what he is, what he likes, what he wants; who sighs without cause; who desires without object; and who sees nothing except that he is not in his place: in short, who drags himself through empty space and in an infinite tumult of vexations."

'Obermann' is valuable and interesting as a pathological study; as a reflection of the spirit of revolt and discouragement which swept over Europe, and spurred on Rousseau, Byron, and many others.

Senancour strongly felt himself a product of his time. Voltairean cynicism struggled in him with Rousseauesque sensibility,—the latter augmenting a longing to believe, while the former made faith impossible. He had the terrible controlling self-consciousness which prevented a moment's escape from his own unsatisfied desires. He was too noble, too much of an idealist, to enjoy what was petty and possible; but there are envious tones in Obermann, who sometimes seems half to despise himself that he cannot do and feel like other men.

The strong note of Senancour's character was an uncompromising need of sincerity. He detested hypocrisy in himself and others. He sought truth at the price of all pleasant illusion. His work evidences Rousseau's influence; but unlike Rousseau, he never posed. His confidences are genuinely unreserved. His constant unhappiness—as George Sand pointed out in an appreciation which prefaces the later editions of 'Obermann'—was caused by want of proportion between his power of conception and his capacity to perform. He had a life-long realization of failure. He was akin to Amiel, but less scholarly; more emotional and less intellectual.

In love of nature he found perhaps his keenest satisfaction. He is eloquent in description of the Alpine summits with their fair cold austerity, and the pleasant valleys, the mountain streams, and the green pastures, upon which he loved to look down.

Senancour was always oppressed by poverty. Forced to write for his living for half a century, and unable to win favor, he fell into want in his old age. His friends' efforts, especially those of Thiers and Villemain, obtained for him a small pension from Louis Philippe, which rendered him comfortable until his death at St. Cloud in 1846.

ALPINE SCENERY

From 'Obermann'

IMAGINE a plain of white and limpid water. It is vast but circumscribed; in shape oblong and somewhat circular, it stretches toward the winter sunset. From lofty summits, majestic chains close it in on three sides. You are seated on the slope of the mountain, above the northern strand which the waves alternately quit and then recover. Perpendicular rocks are behind you. They rise to the region of clouds. The sad polar wind has never breathed upon this happy shore. At your left open the mountains: a tranquil valley stretches along their

depths; a torrent descending from snowy summits closes it; and when the morning sun shines on the mists between the frozen peaks, when voices from the mountains indicate châlets above the meadows still in shadow, it is the awakening of primitive earth,—it is a monument of our destinies ignored!

Behold the first nocturnal moments, the hour of repose and sublime sadness. The valley is hazy, it begins to grow dark. Toward noon, the lake is in night. The rocks surrounding it are a shadowy belt under the icy dome which surmounts them, and which seems to retain the daylight in its rime. Its last fires gild the numerous chestnut-trees on the wild rocks: they pass in long rays under the lofty spires of the Alpine pines, they burnish the mountains, they illume the snows, they kindle the air; and the waveless water, glowing with light and blending with the heavens, becomes infinite like them, and still purer, more ethereal, more beautiful. Its calm astonishes, its limpidity deceives, the airy splendor it reflects seems to penetrate its depths; and under these mountains, separated from the globe, and as it were suspended in space, you find at your feet the emptiness of heaven and the immensity of the world. Then there is a time of illusion and oblivion. You no longer know where the sky is, where the mountains are, nor where you stand. You no longer find a level; there is no longer a horizon. Your ideas change, your sensations are novel, you have emerged from common life. And when the darkness has covered this valley of water, when the eye no longer discerns objects or distances, when the evening wind has raised the waves,—then the end of the lake toward the sunset is illumined by a pale light, but all that the mountains surround is only an indistinguishable gulf. And in the midst of darkness and silence, you hear, a thousand feet below, the rhythmic cadence of the ceaseless waves which tremble on the beach at regular intervals, are swallowed up in the rocks, and break against the wall with a sound which echoes like a long murmur in the invisible abyss.

It is in sounds that nature has placed the strongest expression of the romantic character. Especially by the sense of hearing we receive strongly, and in a few touches, the realization of extraordinary places and things. Odors produce quick and immense but vague perceptions; those of sight seem to affect the mind rather than the heart: we admire what we see, but we feel what we hear. The voice of a beloved woman is still more

beautiful than her features. The sounds which render places sublime make an impression profounder and more durable than is created by their forms. I have never seen a picture of the Alps which made them as truly present to me as the Alpine air itself.

The 'Ranz des Vaches' does not merely recall memories, it paints. I know that Rousseau has said the contrary, but I think he was mistaken. This is not an imaginary effect: it happened that as two persons were glancing over the 'Tableaux Pittoresques de la Suisse' [Picturesque Views of Switzerland], both said at sight of the Grimsel, "There is the spot to hear the 'Ranz des Vaches.'" If expressed with truth rather than skill, if he who plays it feels it deeply, the first sounds take us to the high valleys, under the bare reddish-gray rocks, under the cold sky, under the burning sun. You are on the top of the rounding summits covered with pastures. You realize the slowness of things, and the grandeur of the place. There is the slow march of the cows and the measured movement of their great bells, near the clouds, in the gently sloping stretch from the crests of immovable granite to the ruined granite of the snowy ravines. The winds shiver austerely in the distant larches; you discern the rolling of a torrent in the precipices where it has been excavating for long centuries. To these sounds isolated in the space, succeed the hurried heavy accents of the *küheren* [the men who lead the cows to the high pastures and care for them there]; nomad expression of a pleasure without gayety,—of a mountain joy. The songs cease. The men are going away; the bells have passed the larches; you hear nothing but the shock of falling pebbles, and the interrupted fall of trees pushed toward the valley by the torrent. The wind intensifies or holds back these Alpine sounds; and when you lose them, all seems cold, dead, and motionless. It is the domain of the man who feels no eagerness. He comes out from under the broad low roof which is assured against tempests by heavy stones. If the sun is burning, if the wind is strong, if the thunder is rolling under his feet, he does not know it. He goes where the cows should be: they are there. He calls them: they gather together, they approach one after another; and he returns with the same slowness, loaded with the milk destined for the plains he will not know. The cows stop; they chew the cud. There is no visible movement, there are no more men. The air is cold, the wind has ceased

with the evening light; there remain only the gleam of the ancient snows and the fall of waters, the wild murmur of which, rising from the depths, seems to add to the silent permanence of the glaciers, the lofty summits, and the night.

CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS

From 'Obermann'

FONTAINEBLEAU, August 7.

MONSIEUR W——, whom you know, said lately: "While I take my cup of coffee I put all the world in order." I too permit myself similar dreams; and when I walk on the heaths among the junipers still wet, I sometimes surprise myself imagining men happy. I assure you, it seems to me they might be. I do not wish to create another species or another globe. I do not wish to reform everything. Such hypotheses lead to nothing, you will say, since they are not applicable to anything known. Very well: let us take what necessarily exists; let us take it as it is, and only arrange what is accidental therein. I do not desire new or chimerical species; but behold my materials, — with them I will make my plan according to my thought.

I desire two things certain: a fixed climate, true men. If I knew when the rain would cause the waters to overflow, when the sun would dry up my plants, when the hurricane would shake my dwelling,— my industry would have to fight against the natural forces opposed to my needs; but when I am ignorant of the moment anything will happen, when the evil oppresses me without the danger having warned me, when prudence may destroy me, and when the interests of others confided to my precautions forbid unconcern and even security,— is it not necessary that my life should be anxious and unhappy? Is it not true that inaction succeeds forced labor, and that, as Voltaire has so well said, I consume all my days in convulsions of disquiet or in the lethargy of weariness?

If men nearly all dissimulate, if the duplicity of a part forces others at least to be reserved, does it not follow necessarily that they augment the inevitable harm which many for their own benefit do to others, with a much greater mass of needless injuries? Does it not follow that people harm each other reciprocally in spite of themselves, that each is eying the other, that each is

prejudiced, that enemies are inventive and friends are cautious? Does it not follow that an honest man is ruined in public opinion by an indiscreet suggestion, by a false judgment; that an enmity born of an ill-founded suspicion becomes mortal; that those who would have liked to do right are discouraged; that false principles are established; that cunning is more useful than wisdom, courage, magnanimity; that children reproach their father for not having committed a trickery, and that States perish from not committing a crime? In this perpetual uncertainty, I ask what becomes of morality; and in the uncertainty of all things, what becomes of surety? Without surety, without morality, I ask if happiness is not a child's dream?

The moment of death should remain unknown. There is no evil without duration; and for twenty other reasons death should not be put in the number of misfortunes. It is well to ignore when all must finish: one rarely begins what may not be concluded. I think then that with man about what he is, ignorance as to the length of life is more useful than embarrassing; but the uncertainty of the things of life is not like that of their duration. An incident that you could not foresee deranges your plan, and prepares you long vexations. As for death, it annihilates your plan, it does not derange it: you will not suffer from what you do not know. The plan of those who remain may be thwarted, but to be certain about one's own affairs is to have certainty enough; and I do not wish to imagine things altogether good according to man. I should doubt the world I am arranging if it did not contain more evil, and I cannot suppose perfect harmony except with a kind of fright. It seems to me that nature does not admit of it.

A fixed climate, and above all, men who are true, inevitably true,—these suffice me. I am happy if I understand things. I leave to the sky its storms and thunderbolts; to the earth its wet and dry; to the soil its sterility; to our bodies their weakness and degeneration; to men their differences and incompatibilities, their inconstancy, their errors, even their vices and their necessary egoism; to time its slowness and irrevocability: my city is happy if everything is ruled, if thoughts are known. It needs only a good legislation; and if thoughts are known, it cannot fail to have one.

OBERMANN'S ISOLATION

From 'Obermann'

I WISH I had a trade: it would animate my arms and tranquillize my head. A talent would not do this; yet if I knew how to paint, I think I should be less unquiet. I have long been in a stupor; I am sorry to have waked. I was in a depression more tranquil than actual depression.

Of all the rapid and uncertain moments when I have thought in my simplicity that one was on this earth to live, none have left me such profound remembrances as those twenty days of forgetfulness and hope, when, about the period of the March equinox, near the torrent before the rocks, between the happy hyacinth and the simple violet, I imagined it would be given me to love.

I was touching what I could never seize. Without inclinations, without hope, I might have been able to vegetate, bored but tranquil. I had a presentiment of human energy, but in my shadowy life I endured my sleep. What sinister force opened the world to me, and thus removed the consolations of nothingness?

Drawn into an expansive activity, eager to love all, to sustain all, to console all; ever struggling between a need of seeing a change in many sad things and a conviction that no change will occur,—I am wearied with the evils of life, and still more indignant at the perfidious seduction of pleasure; my eyes always arrested by the immense heap of hatreds, iniquities, opprobriums, and miseries upon this misguided earth.

And I! I am in my twenty-seventh year: the fine days are over, I did not even see them. Unhappy in the age of happiness, what can I expect of other ages? I spent in emptiness and weariness the happy season of confidence and hope. Everywhere oppressed, suffering, my heart empty and torn, I have attained while still young the regrets of old age. Accustomed to see all the flowers of life shrivel under my sterile steps, I am like those old men from whom everything has escaped; but more unhappy than they, I have lost all long before my own end. With my ardent spirit I cannot rest in this silence of death. . . .

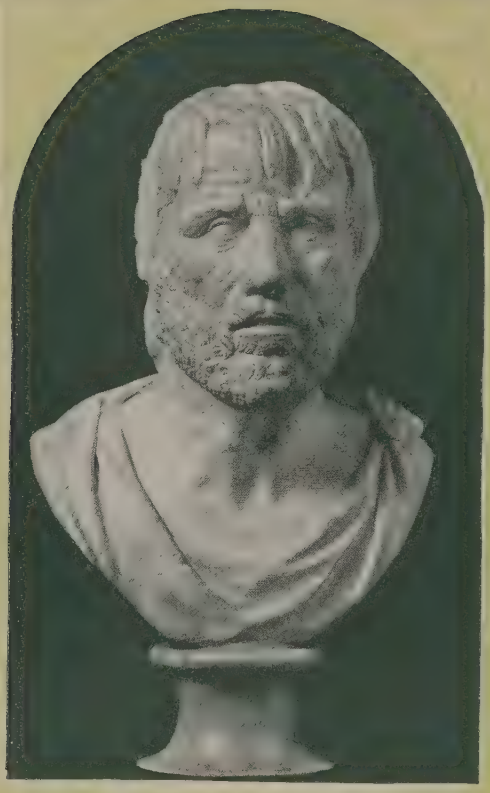
What places were ever to me what they are to other men? What times were tolerable, and under what skies did I find repose of heart? I have seen the stir of towns, the emptiness of country places, and the austerity of mountains. I have seen the

grossness of ignorance and the torment of the arts. I have seen the useless virtues, the indifferent successes, and all good things lost in evil things; man and fate always unequal, ceaselessly deceiving themselves; and in the mad struggle of all the passions, the odious conqueror receiving as price of his triumph the heaviest link of the ills it has caused.

If man were adapted to unhappiness, I should pity him far less; and considering his transitory duration, I should despise for him as for myself the torment of a day. But all good things surround him; all his faculties bid him enjoy, all say to him, "Be happy": and man has said, "Happiness shall be for the brute: art, science, glory, grandeur, shall be for me." His mortality, his griefs, his crimes themselves, are but the slightest part of his wretchedness. I deplore his losses,—calm, choice, union, tranquil possession. I deplore a hundred years that millions of sentient beings have wasted in anxiety and restrictions, in the midst of what would make security, liberty, joy; living with bitterness upon a voluptuous earth, because they have desired imaginary and exclusive good things.

However, all that amounts to very little. I did not witness it half a century ago, and in half a century more I shall see it no longer.

I said to myself: If it was not part of my destiny to recall to primordial morals an isolated circumscribed land, if I ought to force myself to forget the world, and think myself happy enough in obtaining tolerable days upon this deluded earth,—then I would ask but one favor, one spirit in that dream from which I no longer wish to awaken. There rests upon earth, such as it is, an illusion which can still deceive me; it is the only one. I would have the wisdom to be deceived by it: the rest is not worth an effort. This is what I said then; but chance alone could grant me the inestimable mistake. Chance is slow and uncertain: life rapid and irrevocable, its springtime passes; and this unsatisfied craving, by wasting my life, must finally alienate my heart and change my nature. Sometimes already I feel myself growing sour: I become angry, my affections narrow; impatience makes my will fierce, and a kind of contempt bears me toward great but austere designs. However, this bitterness does not endure in all its force: afterward I abandon myself as if I felt that distracted men, and uncertain things, and my life so short, did not merit a day's uneasiness, and that a severe awakening is useless when one must soon sleep forever.



SENECA.

SENECA

(About 4 B. C.–65 A. D.)

The greatest of Christian evangelists was haunted by the awful dread lest, while he pointed out to others the path to bliss, he himself "should become a castaway." The most fluent, tolerant, and persuasive of Roman ethical teachers, Seneca, demonstrated by his tragic failure in the trying crises of his life, how hard it was to be brave, consistent, or even free from crime, under the mad despotism of a Caligula, a Claudius, and a Nero.

At Cordova there is still shown a ruined villa bearing by tradition the name "House of Seneca." In Spain, then, the native land of so many Roman scholars and authors, the great philosopher's father was born. The race was already wealthy, and enjoyed the privileges of Roman knighthood. The father was at least a devoted amateur student of rhetoric, and endowed with a memory as phenomenal as Macaulay's. After once hearing a speech of several thousand words, he could easily repeat it verbatim. He knew the world-city well, for he had repeatedly heard all the orators and pleaders since Cicero. Still, especially after his rather late marriage, he seems to have preferred more and more the security and quiet of his estates in Spain.

The two books by the elder Seneca of which we hear, were probably both undertaken largely for the education of his three sons. His history of the civil wars and the early empire is wholly lost. We are told that in a general preface he compared the earlier epochs in the development of the State to the stages of human life. This comparison itself has a certain pedagogical sound. His other work, extant in a fragmentary form, is chiefly made up of quotations from the noted rhetoricians he had heard, taking both sides in a series of very academic *Adversariæ*, or subjects for debate, such as—"Should Leonidas retreat from Thermopylæ?" "Should Cicero beg his life from Antony?" etc., etc. In his prefaces to the various books the elder Seneca shows a pleasing wit, an unexpectedly pure Latin style, —and his prodigious memory.

The three sons already mentioned are memorable for very different reasons. The youngest, Mela, was merely the father of the poet Lucan, whose brief life ended in utter ignominy and cowardice, dragging his parents down with him.

The eldest of the trio was adopted by his father's friend Gallio. Under that name he has enjoyed an unwelcome fame among Christians,

as the Roman governor of Greece who "cared for none of these things" (Acts, xviii. 12–17). As to the strife between the old Hebrew Paul of Tarsus and his fellow Jews, or even as to street brawls in Corinth, though the Greeks mobbed and beat the Israelitish high priest before the very judgment-seat of the Prætor, Gallio of course maintained the indifference and contempt shown by the typical Roman aristocrat toward all quarrels among the subject races of the empire. Canon Farrar reminds us effectively how trifling and soon forgotten this incident was to the man who was destined to be remembered chiefly thereby, and not by his famous brother's loving words: "No mortal was ever so sweet (*dulcis*) to any one as he was to all men."

The greatest man of the race, however,—the most brilliant literary figure of three imperial reigns,—was the second son, Lucius Annæus Seneca, like his father a native of Corduba. Born shortly before the Christian era, and always of a delicate and sickly constitution, he devoted himself, not like his kinsmen chiefly to rhetoric, but rather to philosophy. The Stoic school was far more sympathetic to Roman character than its only powerful rival, the sect of Epicurus. With these devotees to duty rather than to pleasure as the chief end of life, Seneca associated himself. He also had a strong regard for the Cynics, whose school may be regarded as the superlative degree—or as the *reductio ad absurdum*—of Stoicism. But it is a pleasing trait in this genial and tolerant nature, that he saw too how nearly Epicurus himself and his austerest followers had arrived by a different road at the same ethical goal. Indeed, in Rome at any rate, such commonplaces as the uncertainty of all prosperity, or the duty of meeting calamity with fortitude, needed in those evil days no instiller save the demoniacal caprice of "Cæsar," and the insatiate cruelty and greed of countless satellites, informers, and spies.

Such lessons Seneca has left us in a hundred sermons,—under which general title we may include nearly all his epistles, the avowed essays, and the "dialogues," which narrow to monologues as inevitably as a Ciceronian treatise or a poem of Wordsworth. The themes are few, and not often new; the illustrations, epigrams, tropes, disguise the monotony and obviousness of the thought. As Quintilian sternly says, the style is an essentially vicious one, and doubly dangerous because its errors are clothed in brilliant beauty. The tendency of Seneca is constantly to put manner above matter, to hide familiar and undisputed truth under striking and picturesque ornament.

This advocate of contented poverty was the wealthiest and most profuse of courtiers. He assured his disciples that contentment abides only in the huts of humility,—and entertained them at five hundred splendid tables of cedar and ivory. Such inconsistency, indeed, he

frankly confesses; bidding us follow rather his aspirations and future intentions than his present example.

The very prominence of Seneca's position exposed him to yet more deadly perils and temptations. His youthful successes as an advocate exposed him to the dangerous jealousy of Caligula, who was only mollified by the assurance that the feeble consumptive was already at death's door. Promptly banished by the next emperor, Claudius, Seneca for eight years (41–49 A. D.) languished an exile in Corsica. Thence he addressed to the dissolute freedman Polybius, favorite of the half-witted tyrant Claudius, the most fulsome flatteries intended for the ears of both. One of the great philosophic treatises 'On Consolation' is nominally written to condole with this arch-villain upon the death of a brother. The long-prayed-for return to Rome came at last through the infamous Agrippina, when she had destroyed her imperial rival, and begun her lifelong machinations for the advancement of her ungrateful son, the future emperor Nero. Of this precocious monster Seneca became the guardian or tutor. Whether the sage connived at the murder of the emperor Claudius (54 A. D.), is an insoluble problem of court scandal. He did not denounce the guilty, and he shared the fruits of the crime. He even composed and read, to amuse his pupil and the guilty queen mother, a heartless and irreverent account of Claudius's reception and condemnation in the world of the dead. This is the same Claudius who was so extolled and flattered in the 'De Consolatione ad Polybium'!

Nero in the first five years of his reign gave some promise of statesmanlike development and a juster balance of character. Doubtless for the best acts of this period his mentor deserves the chief credit. While his fellow guardian, the sturdy Burrus, lived to control the turbulent prætorian guards, Seneca was as secure in his position as he can be who draws his breath by the permission of a young tyrant with madness in his blood, bred to folly and self-indulgence. The culminating horror in Nero's lurid reign is of course the monarch's assassination of his own mother, whose worst crimes had been committed in the son's interest. After condoning at least, and justifying as a political necessity, this awful deed, Seneca himself must have felt that his pulpit should be vacated. He soon realized that his only hope of life was in the abdication of all authority, the «voluntary» proffer of his wealth to the young emperor, and a prompt retirement to Cordova or some equally remote retreat. Even this path he found blocked. Accused of treason, he was commanded to put an end to his own life. Thus set face to face with the inevitable, Seneca offered the usual example of a philosophic death (an example, by the way, which his pupil Nero, almost alone among

eminent Romans, failed to follow). This was in 65 A. D. His wife attempted to share his fate, and was rescued against her will.

There are numberless pleasing traits in Seneca's character. Indeed, it is much the same here as with his literary style. The central motive we may be forced to condemn, yet a hundred charming touches lend to it a dangerous attractiveness. He loved power, wealth, glory; and to them sacrificed his own approval and his after fame. But he was faithful to all the ties of human friendship, in a century when betrayal and ghastly selfishness were inbred in most men. Especially in his love for children, and his delight in them, he is almost un-Roman. In many of his educational and social doctrines he is surprisingly in advance of his age. And after all, the errors of his life are largely inferred rather than proven,—and certainly have long since ceased to do harm. Many of his ethical doctrines are of so lofty a nature that he has actually been recognized by popes and councils as at least in part an authority for Christian doctrine.

Perhaps to the same cause we may attribute the well-invented but baseless legend that Seneca was in correspondence, and even on terms of personal friendship, with the apostle Paul, during his two years' imprisonment in Rome. Seneca, like the other Romans of his day, made no distinction between the Christians and the other sects of the "most detestable" Jews. Indeed, he never mentions the new sect by name. When Seneca's brother Gallio refused to hear Paul speak in his own defense, the opportunity for personal influence of the great apostle upon that gifted and haughty family undoubtedly passed by forever.

Most of Seneca's prose works we have already characterized. There is indeed one series of essays, in which he attempts to discuss the laws and phenomena of the physical world. Based of course upon the Ptolemaic system, these books had much influence throughout the Middle Ages, but have become mere curiosities in the broader daylight of modern science.

The mocking satire upon the dead Claudius is written partly in prose and partly in verse; and so may be classed as an example of "Menippean" satire. Most of Seneca's other poetic productions have perished.

An important exception to the last statement must probably be made, in that ten tragedies have been handed down to us under his name. Composed long after the decay of drama, rhetorical and bombastic, unsuited to our ideas of scenic effect, these have nevertheless an extreme interest and importance, as the only specimens of serious Roman drama still extant. The 'Octavia' in particular, a harrowing tragedy of contemporary court life under Nero, is absolutely unique. It contains, however, unmistakable allusions to the manner

of Nero's death; and must therefore be from the hand of some survivor of both teacher and pupil. The other nine all bear Greek titles; and like the Roman comedies which we possess, are no doubt rather adaptations than creative work.

The complete prose works of Seneca in Latin are excellently edited in the Teubner text. There is also a satisfactory edition of the tragedies by Leo. He is not an author who demands elaborate annotation. There is no satisfactory translation in English of recent date. Two volumes have been contributed within a few years to the Bohn Library by Aubrey Stewart, M. A. This accurate translation should by all means be completed. There is also a version of the tragedies by Holtze. The fullest and most interesting treatise in English upon Seneca has already been cited more than once in this study. It is an early essay by Canon Farrar, occupying the greater portion of his volume 'Seekers after God,' where it is combined with briefer chapters upon two other enlightened pagans, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

TIME WASTED

In the distribution of human life, we find that a great part of it passes away in evil-doing, a greater yet in doing just nothing at all, and in effect, the whole in doing things beside our business. Some hours we bestow upon ceremony and servile attendance, some upon our pleasures, and the remainder runs to waste. What a deal of time is it that we spend in hopes and fears, love and revenge; in balls, treats, making of interests, suing for offices, soliciting of causes, and slavish flatteries! The shortness of life, I know, is the common complaint both of fools and philosophers,—as if the time we have were not sufficient for our duties. But it is with our lives as with our estates—a good husband makes a little go a great way; whereas, let the revenue of a prince fall into the hand of a prodigal, it is gone in a moment. So that the time allotted us, if it were well employed, were abundantly enough to answer all the ends and purposes of mankind; but we squander it away in avarice, drink, sleep, luxury, ambition, fawning addresses, envy, rambling voyages, impertinent studies, change of councils, and the like: and when our portion is spent we find the want of it, though we give no heed to it in the passage; insomuch that we have rather made our life short than found it so. You shall have some people perpetually

playing with their fingers, whistling, humming, and talking to themselves; and others consume their days in the composing, hearing, or reciting of songs and lampoons. How many precious mornings do we spend in consultation with barbers, tailors, and tire-women, patching and painting betwixt the comb and the glass? A council must be called upon every hair we cut, and one curl amiss is as much as a body's life is worth. The truth is, we are more solicitous about our dress than our manners, and about the order of our periwigs than that of the government. At this rate let us but discount, out of a life of a hundred years, that time which has been spent upon popular negotiations, frivolous amours, domestic brawls, saunterings up and down to no purpose, diseases that we have brought upon ourselves,—and this large extent of life will not amount, perhaps, to the minority of another man. It is a long being, but perchance a short life. And what is the reason of all this? We live as if we should never die, and without any thought of human frailty; when yet the very moment we bestow upon this man or thing may peradventure be our last.

Paraphrased from Seneca by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

INDEPENDENCE IN ACTION

All men, brother Gallio, wish to live happily, but are dull at perceiving exactly what it is that makes life happy: and so far is it from being easy to attain to happiness, that the more eagerly a man struggles to reach it, the further he departs from it, if he takes the wrong road; for since this leads in the opposite direction, his very swiftness carries him all the further away. We must therefore define clearly what it is at which we aim; next we must consider by what path we may most speedily reach it: for on our journey itself, provided it be made in the right direction, we shall learn how much progress we have made each day, and how much nearer we are to the goal towards which our natural desires urge us. But as long as we wander at random, not following any guide except the shouts and discordant clamors of those who invite us to proceed in different directions, our short life will be wasted in useless roamings, even if we labor both day and night to get a good understanding. Let us not therefore decide whither we must tend, and by what path,

without the advice of some experienced person, who has explored the region which we are about to enter: because this journey is not subject to the same conditions as others; for in them some distinctly understood track and inquiries made of the natives make it impossible for us to go wrong, but here the most beaten and frequented tracks are those which lead us most astray. Nothing, therefore, is more important than that we should not, like sheep, follow the flock that has gone before us, and thus proceed not whither we ought, but whither the rest are going.

PRAISES OF THE RIVAL SCHOOL IN PHILOSOPHY

MEN are not encouraged by Epicurus to run riot; but the vicious hide their excesses in the lap of philosophy, and flock to the schools in which they hear the praises of pleasure. They do not consider how sober and temperate — for so, by Hercules, I believe it to be — that "pleasure" of Epicurus is; but they rush at his mere name, seeking to obtain some protection and cloak for their vices. They lose, therefore, the one virtue which their evil life possessed,— that of being ashamed of doing wrong; for they praise what they used to blush at, and boast of their vices. Thus modesty can never reassert itself, when shameful idleness is dignified with an honorable name. The reason why that praise which your school lavishes upon pleasure is so hurtful, is because the honorable part of its teaching passes unnoticed, but the degrading part is seen by all.

I myself believe, though my Stoic comrades would be unwilling to hear me say so, that the teaching of Epicurus was upright and holy, and even, if you examine it narrowly, stern; for this much-talked-of pleasure is reduced to a very narrow compass, and he bids pleasure submit to the same law which we bid virtue do,— I mean, to obey nature. Luxury, however, is not satisfied with what is enough for nature. What is the consequence? Whoever thinks that happiness consists in lazy sloth and alternations of gluttony and profligacy, requires a good patron for a bad action; and when he has become an Epicurean, having been led to do so by the attractive name of that school, he follows, not the pleasure which he there hears spoken of, but that which he brought thither with him; and having learned to think that his vices coincide with the maxims of that philosophy, he indulges in

them no longer timidly and in dark corners, but boldly in the face of day. I will not, therefore, like most of our school, say that the sect of Epicurus is the teacher of crime; but what I say is, it is ill spoken of, it has a bad reputation, and yet it does not deserve it.

INCONSISTENCY

IF ANY one of those dogs who yelp at philosophy were to say, as they are wont to do:—"Why then do you talk so much more bravely than you live? why do you check your words in the presence of your superiors, and consider money to be a necessary implement? why are you disturbed when you sustain losses, and weep on hearing of the death of your wife or your friend? why do you pay regard to common rumor, and feel annoyed by calumnious gossip? why is your estate more elaborately kept than its natural use requires? why do you not dine according to your own maxims? why is your furniture smarter than it need be? why do you drink wine that is older than yourself? why are your grounds laid out? why do you plant trees which afford nothing except shade? why does your wife wear in her ears the price of a rich man's house? why are your children at school dressed in costly clothes? why is it a science to wait upon you at table? why is your silver plate not set down anyhow or at random, but skillfully disposed in regular order, with a superintendent to preside over the carving of the viands?" Add to this, if you like, the questions:—"Why do you own property beyond the seas? why do you own more than you know of?—it is a shame to you not to know your slaves by sight; for you must be very neglectful of them if you only own a few, or very extravagant if you have too many for your memory to retain." I will add some reproaches afterwards, and will bring more accusations against myself than you think of; for the present I will make you the following answer:—

"I am not a wise man, and I will not be one in order to feed your spite; so do not require me to be on a level with the best of men, but merely to be better than the worst: I am satisfied if every day I take away something from my vices and correct my faults. I have not arrived at perfect soundness of mind; indeed, I never shall arrive at it: I compound palliatives rather

than remedies for my gout, and am satisfied if it comes at rarer intervals and does not shoot so painfully. Compared with your feet, which are lame, I am a racer." I make this speech, not on my own behalf,—for I am steeped in vices of every kind,—but on behalf of one who has made some progress in virtue.

"You talk one way," objects our adversary, "and live another." You most spiteful of creatures, you who always show the bitterest hatred to the best of men, this reproach was flung at Plato, at Epicurus, at Zeno; for all these declared how they ought to live, not how they did live. I speak of virtue, not of myself; and when I blame vices, I blame my own first of all: when I have the power, I shall live as I ought to do: spite, however deeply steeped in venom, shall not keep me back from what is best; that poison itself with which you bespatter others, with which you choke yourselves, shall not hinder me from continuing to praise that life which I do not indeed lead, but which I know I ought to lead,—from loving virtue and from following after her, albeit a long way behind her and with halting gait.

ON LEISURE (OTIUM)

With leisure we can carry out that which we have once for all decided to be best, when there is no one to interfere with us, and with the help of the mob pervert our as yet feeble judgment; with leisure only can life, which we distract by aiming at the most incompatible objects, flow on in a single gentle stream. Indeed, the worst of our various ills is that we change our very vices, and so have not even the advantage of dealing with a well-known form of evil; we take pleasure first in one and then in another, and are besides troubled by the fact that our opinions are not only wrong, but lightly formed: we toss as it were on waves, and clutch at one thing after another; we let go what we just now sought for, and strive to recover what we have let go. We oscillate between desire and remorse: for we depend entirely upon the opinions of others; and it is that which many people praise and seek after, not that which deserves to be praised and sought after, which we consider to be best. Nor do we take any heed of whether our road be good or bad in itself; but we value it by the number

of footprints upon it, among which there are none of any who have returned. You will say to me:—"Seneca, what are you doing? do you desert your party? I am sure that our Stoic philosophers say we must be in motion up to the very end of our life: we will never cease to labor for the general good, to help individual people, and when stricken in years to afford assistance even to our enemies. We are the sect that gives no discharge for any number of years' service; and in the words of the most eloquent of poets,—

'We wear the helmet when our locks are gray.'

We are they who are so far from indulging in any leisure until we die, that if circumstances permit it, we do not allow ourselves to be at leisure even when we are dying. Why do you preach the maxims of Epicurus in the very headquarters of Zeno? nay, if you are ashamed of your party, why do you not go openly altogether over to the enemy rather than betray your own side?"

I will answer this question straightway: What more can you wish than that I should imitate my leaders? What then follows? I shall go whither they lead me, not whither they send me.

Now I will prove to you that I am not deserting the tenets of the Stoics; for they themselves have not deserted them: and yet I should be able to plead a very good excuse even if I did follow, not their precepts, but their examples. I shall divide what I am about to say into two parts: first, that a man may from the very beginning of his life give himself up entirely to the contemplation of truth; secondly, that a man when he has already completed his term of service has the best of rights—that of his shattered health—to do this; and that he may then apply his mind to other studies, after the manner of the Vestal Virgins, who allot different duties to different years,—first learn how to perform the sacred rites, and when they have learned them, teach others.

I will show that this is approved of by the Stoics also: not that I have laid any commandment upon myself to do nothing contrary to the teaching of Zeno and Chrysippus, but because the matter itself allows me to follow the precepts of those men; for if one always follows the precepts of one man, one ceases to be a debater and becomes a partisan. Would that all things were already known; that truth were unveiled and recognized, and that none of our doctrines required modification! but as it is, we have

to seek for truth in the company of the very men who teach it. The two sects of Epicureans and Stoics differ widely in most respects, and on this point among the rest; nevertheless, each of them consigns us to leisure, although by a different road. Epicurus says, "The wise man will not take part in politics, except upon some special occasion." Zeno says, "The wise man will take part in politics, unless prevented by some special circumstance." The one makes it his aim in life to seek for leisure, the other seeks it only when he has reasons for so doing; but this word "reasons" has a wide signification. If the State is so rotten as to be past helping, if evil has entire dominion over it, the wise man will not labor in vain or waste his strength in unprofitable efforts. Should he be deficient in influence or bodily strength, if the State refuse to submit to his guidance, if his health stand in the way, then he will not attempt a journey for which he is unfit; just as he would not put to sea in a worn-out ship, or enlist in the army if he were an invalid. Consequently, one who has not yet suffered either in health or fortune has the right, before encountering any storms, to establish himself in safety, and thenceforth to devote himself to honorable industry and inviolate leisure, and the service of those virtues which can be practiced even by those who pass the quietest of lives. The duty of a man is to be useful to his fellow-men; if possible, to be useful to many of them; failing this, to be useful to a few; failing this, to be useful to his neighbors; and failing them, to himself: for when he helps others, he advances the general interests of mankind. Just as he who makes himself a worse man does harm not only to himself, but to all those to whom he might have done good if he had made himself a better one,—so he who deserves well of himself does good to others by the very fact that he is preparing what will be of service to them.

Let us grasp the fact that there are two republics: one vast and truly "public," which contains alike gods and men, in which we do not take account of this or that nook of land, but make the boundaries of our State reach as far as the rays of the sun; and another to which we have been assigned by the accident of birth. This may be that of the Athenians or Carthaginians, or of any other city which does not belong to all men but to some especial ones. Some men serve both of these States, the greater and the lesser, at the same time; some serve only the lesser, some only the greater. We can serve the greater commonwealth

even when we are at leisure: indeed, I am not sure that we cannot serve it better when we are at leisure to inquire into what virtue is, and whether it be one or many; whether it be nature or art that makes men good; whether that which contains the earth and sea and all that in them is, be one, or whether God has placed therein many bodies of the same species. . . .

"But," say you, "it makes a difference whether you adopt the contemplative life for the sake of your own pleasure, demanding nothing from it save unbroken contemplation without any result; for such a life is a sweet one and has attractions of its own." To this I answer you: It makes just as much difference in what spirit you lead the life of a public man; whether you are never at rest, and never set apart any time during which you may turn your eyes away from the things of earth to those of heaven. It is by no means desirable that one should merely strive to accumulate property without any love of virtue, or do nothing but hard work without any cultivation of the intellect; for these things ought to be combined and blended together: and similarly, virtue placed in leisure without action is but an incomplete and feeble good thing, because she never displays what she has learned. Who can deny that she ought to test her progress in actual work; and not merely think what ought to be done, but also sometimes use her hands as well as her head, and bring her conceptions into actual being? But if the wise man be quite willing to act thus,—if it be the things to be done that are wanting, not the man to do them,—will you not then allow him to live to himself? What is the wise man's purpose in devoting himself to leisure? He knows that in leisure as well as in action he can accomplish something by which he will be of service to posterity. Our school at any rate declares that Zeno and Chrysippus have done greater things than they would have done had they been in command of armies, or filled high offices, or passed laws; which latter indeed they did pass, though not for one single State, but for the whole human race. How then can it be unbecoming to a good man to enjoy a leisure such as this, by whose means he gives laws to ages to come, and addresses himself not to a few persons, but to all men of all nations, both now and hereafter? To sum up the matter, I ask you whether Cleanthes, Chrysippus, and Zeno lived in accordance with their doctrine? I am sure that you will answer that they lived in the manner in which they taught that men ought to live; yet no

one of them governed a State. «They had not,» you reply, «the amount of property or social position which as a rule enables people to take part in public affairs.» Yet for all that, they did not live an idle life: they found the means of making their retirement more useful to mankind than the perspirings and runnings to and fro of other men; wherefore these persons are thought to have done great things, in spite of their having done nothing of a public character.

Moreover, there are three kinds of life, and it is a stock question which of the three is the best: the first is devoted to pleasure, the second to contemplation, the third to action. First let us lay aside all disputatiousness and bitterness of feeling, which, as we have stated, causes those whose paths in life are different to hate one another beyond all hope of reconciliation; and let us see whether all these three do not come to the same thing, although under different names: for neither he who decides for pleasure is without contemplation, nor is he who gives himself up to contemplation without pleasure; nor yet is he whose life is devoted to action, without contemplation. «It makes,» you say, «all the difference in the world, whether a thing is one's main object in life or whether it be merely an appendage to some other object.» I admit that the difference is considerable: nevertheless, the one does not exist apart from the other; the one man cannot live in contemplation without action, nor can the other act without contemplation: and even the third, of whom we all agree in having a bad opinion, does not approve of passive pleasure, but of that which he establishes for himself by means of reason; even this pleasure-seeking sect itself, therefore, practices action also. Of course it does; since Epicurus himself says that at times he would abandon pleasure and actually seek for pain, if he became likely to be surfeited with pleasure, or if he thought that by enduring a slight pain he might avoid a greater one. With what purpose do I state this? To prove that all men are fond of contemplation. Some make it the object of their lives: to us it is an anchorage, but not a harbor.

ACCOMMODATION TO CIRCUMSTANCES

Suppose however that your life has become full of trouble, and that without knowing what you were doing, you have fallen into some snare which either public or private fortune has set for you, and that you can neither untie it nor break it: then remember that fettered men suffer much at first from the burdens and clogs upon their legs; afterwards, when they have made up their minds not to fret themselves about them, but to endure them, necessity teaches them to bear them bravely, and habit to bear them easily. In every station of life you will find amusements, relaxations, and enjoyments; that is, provided you be willing to make light of evils rather than to hate them. Knowing to what sorrows we were born, there is nothing for which Nature more deserves our thanks than for having invented habit as an alleviation of misfortune, which soon accustoms us to the severest evils. No one could hold out against misfortune if it permanently exercised the same force as at its first onset. We are all chained to fortune: some men's chain is loose and made of gold, that of others is tight and of meaner metal; but what difference does this make? We are all included in the same captivity; and even those who have bound us are bound themselves, unless you think that a chain on the left side is lighter to bear. One man may be bound by public office, another by wealth; some have to bear the weight of illustrious, some of humble birth; some are subject to the commands of others, some only to their own; some are kept in one place by being banished thither, others by being elected to the priesthood. All life is slavery; let each man therefore reconcile himself to his lot, complain of it as little as possible, and lay hold of whatever good lies within his reach. No condition can be so wretched that an impartial mind can find no compensations in it. Small sites, if ingeniously divided, may be made use of for many different purposes; and arrangement will render ever so narrow a room habitable. Call good sense to your aid against difficulties: it is possible to soften what is harsh, to widen what is too narrow, and to make heavy burdens press less severely upon one who bears them skillfully.

MATILDE SERAO

(1856–)

AMONG the novel-writers of the present generation in Italy, Matilde Serao occupies a place of honor and popularity. She was born on March 7th, 1856, in Patras, a seaport of Greece; so that Italian is in reality for her an acquired language. Her mother was a Greek, and descended from the princes Scanavy, who gave emperors to Trebizond. Her father was a Neapolitan exile, who returned to his native city only when Matilde was twelve years of age. Signora Serao superintended the early education of her daughter, who is said to have been a lazy child, with a strong dislike of study. She found reading a pleasant pastime, however, and was interested in people and in the general routine of life. When sent to school in France she fed her mind on the novels of the French realistic school, and soon began to write on her own account. When seventeen years of age she published her first story, which was entitled 'Opal.' This tale created some little stir; and De Zerbi, editor of the Neapolitan Piccolo, offered her a place on his journal. The Serao family was poor, and this offer was eagerly accepted. In order to do better work as a reporter, she assumed a man's dress and cropped her hair. The adaptability of her temperament enabled her to write to order with great facility. When her talent was left entirely free she usually wrote sensuous love tales, in which the dews of the fields and the stars of the sky were called upon to witness the raptures and the sorrows of her heroes and heroines. With equal ease, however, she produced sermons and criticisms. Her teeming imagination overflowed the restriction of subject. Despite her versatility and her need of money, it seems to have been always her aim to do the best of which she was capable; and thus her work was always a means of development to her talent. She married Signor Eduardo Scarfoglio, and with him established the Corriere di Roma. They afterwards removed to Naples, where they edited the Corriere di Napoli. In 1881 and 1883 she published two long romances, and gathered into volumes those of her short stories which she deemed worthy to live. She is fond of studying child life; and in her story 'Little Minds,' written for grown people, she pictures the little woes and pleasures and philosophies of children with that detail and objective passion which is characteristic of her.

'An Unsteady Heart' was her first long novel, and was followed by 'Fantasia.' This is the story of a morbid and fanatically religious invalid, who through her sickly romanticism is led into sinful feeling. She infatuates the husband of her dearest friend, and finally leaves her own husband to run away with him; but, overcome with remorse, evades her lover, and smothers herself with charcoal, to secure the happiness of the deserted wife.

Madame Serao's plots are usually tragedies, and are worked out with precision and refinement of passion. She is a painter of details; no incident or expression is too trivial for her observation, and she loves the minutest traceries of life, which she sees purely from its emotional side. She is sometimes called «La petite Sand Italienne»; but while her mind has perhaps been influenced by French realists, her stories are essentially the creations of a more southern temperament. She is the best exponent of the new literary movement in Italy, which was born among the hot breezes of Naples.

FROM 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM'

MASSIMO was alone. A friend of his youth whom he had not seen for years until to-day, when he had accidentally met him in the street, had returned to dine with him at seven o'clock after the happy recognition took place. Massimo was enduring wearily the burden of a summer in town. Always before he had gone to the country in June; but he had looked forward to this as a happy evening of memories in the companionship of his recovered friend. Between the pleasures of dinner, of cigarettes, and of wine, they had indeed passed two cozy hours in chatting of old times. They began all their sentences by saying «Do you remember?» They laughed deliciously at dear memories which crowded upon their minds; interrupting each other occasionally by an exclamation of regret or a sigh of longing for the return of those old days.

Yet in the very midst of the friendly merriment which filled their hearts, they had become conscious of a sense of melancholy. The two men had traveled different paths through life, and had become very unlike in everything. They had set out from the same point, and had studied together. But the friend was now a well-known lawyer in one of the provinces; he had a wife and family, was guided by simple, practical ideas, and by a mind and

temperament somewhat slow and deliberate. Massimo, on the contrary, had wandered for ten or fifteen years in foreign countries, connected now with this legation, now with that; a diplomat without enthusiasm; indolent, and unable on account of his laziness to build up a career. He was content or not, according to his mood, with his position of secretary. He was a handsome man of the southern type, but had already lost the freshness of youth; his hair was growing thin over his forehead, and his eyes were lustreless. He had comfortable means without being extremely rich, and was now playing the martyr in Naples on a leave of absence; his friends called it a penance. Massimo was refined, and a man of spirit and intelligence; but he was consumed by the monotony of his existence, and also oppressed by private cares and sorrows. His friend was a man of talents, but strong and quiet; rather stout and lethargic in his appearance; controlled always by sound provincial common-sense, which condemns originality as folly, and sacrifices the pleasures of the present for the sake of enjoying a too distant future.

Thus, while one man told the story of his life, the other listened and judged it according to his temperament; judged it coldly in his heart, though for the sake of the old friendship he was not too honest in his expressions, but gently modified his speech. Nevertheless, they felt the distance which was between them. At one juncture they even searched each other's face in doubt, so much like strangers did they seem; but they said nothing. Perhaps in his heart Massimo envied the provincial lawyer of reputation, with his limited ambition and his power of assiduous work, envied him his fat, peaceful family, so well sheltered from the storms of life, and his comfortable house, which had been the house of his ancestors and which would become the home of his descendants; envied him his practicality, his seriousness and equilibrium, and indeed all those possessions which were lacking to himself. And the lawyer envied Massimo his vagabond life of an aristocrat in foreign courts; his future, which he had the power to make splendid; his bachelor freedom, and the adventures of his ideal existence; and the elegant and exquisite apartments which he shared with no one. These were dreams which had never disturbed his provincial sleep.

Simultaneously they sighed. The evening was hot; the door was open between the room where they smoked and the balcony, but no breath of air came to them; only a heavy fragrance of

jessamine. They were conscious of having grown sad. They had recalled too much of the past, had unearthed too many buried monuments, evoked too many lost friends who had once been dear, and too many dead loves. This cannot be done without a mingled feeling of sadness and pleasure; and the pleasure soon vanishes, while the sadness remains. They smoked on in silence, their heads resting on the high back of the sofa. Then the lawyer looked at his watch, and said out of courtesy:—

«Will you come out with me?»

Had they not said all which they had to say? Had they not, perhaps, done foolishly in telling so much? Massimo replied politely that he was obliged to write some urgent letters, but that he would be at the villa later, at about eleven o'clock. The lawyer replied in an indifferent tone that he too would be there then; and the friends separated, each assured that they would not meet again this evening,—perhaps indeed that they would never meet again. However sweet the past has been, it is dead; and phantoms, however beautiful they may be, trouble the soul of the most courageous.

When he was alone, Massimo regretted that he had brought this friend to his house. So many closed wounds had begun again to bleed in these last two hours! While he continued to smoke, he heard his servant arranging things in the small dining-room. After a little, the boy came to ask if his master had need of him this evening; if not, he wanted to go out with a few friends and find relief from the heat. Massimo dismissed him readily; the door closed, and he was entirely alone. But his evening was lost. He had imprudently ascended the river of the past in company with a person whom he had loved; the voyage had discouraged him, had made him lose all which had remained to him of moral force, through which he had been enabled to endure the loneliness and discomforts of a Neapolitan summer. In his hours of rebellion, when he was spiritually prostrated and the victim of excessive physical inertia, and when his heart rose within him resentfully, he was wont to smoke certain soothing Egyptian cigarettes, which usually in the end quieted him. On this summer evening, however, the cigarettes went out between his drawn lips, and he threw them away one by one when they were but partly burned. He went to the balcony. He lived on the third floor of a large palace in the Via Gennaro Serra; and because on account of the slope of the street the houses in front

of him were lower than his, he had a glimpse of the sea and saw a great sweep of starry sky.

The night was most beautiful; the Milky Way was trembling luminously: but no breeze stirred, and the air hung heavy. His head seemed on fire. Though alone and weary, he could not keep still; he took a pen and tried to write. Suddenly his face grew whiter than the paper in front of him; it was as though he had seen a vision among the shadows of the room. There was a continuous rumble of carriages in the Via Gennaro Serra. All the people were coming out of their houses and walking the streets in search of air to breathe; they wanted to look at the stars, and to enjoy the Neapolitan night, beautiful, and even cool in the small hours. Again he went to the balcony; he was suffocating. He returned to his desk to write, but was unable to do so. Why should he write? Of what use are black letters traced on white paper when one is suffering from passionate loneliness? The parent or friend or sweetheart to whom they are addressed will perhaps read them aloud to some stranger, and laugh unsympathetically at their expressions. Too much time and too many events lie between the moment of writing and that of reading.

A hand-organ began to play in the Piazza Monte de Dio. It played in slow, measured time a song which should have been gay, but which thus became curiously sad. Massimo was irritated by this sentimental or tired organ-grinder, who changed a tarantella into a funeral march. Perhaps he was old, however; perhaps his day had been poor: surely he must be an unhappy creature, or he would not grind out such a mournful funeral dirge. Massimo leaned over the balcony railing, and impulsively threw him a two-franc piece. After a moment the music ceased, and Massimo was sorry. He felt more lonely, more comfortless, more desperate, than ever before during his stay in Naples. What could he do? Where could he go? where could he carry his weary soul and body? Was there any one at hand whom he knew, in whose company, no matter how insipid and unpleasing it might be, he could pass this summer night? He felt that he could not sleep. He knew indeed that there was no help for his melancholy.

[The passages from 'Fantasy' are reprinted with the permission of the American Publishers' Corporation, publishers.]

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL

From 'Fantasy.' Copyright 1890, by Henry Harland

"THE discipline for to-morrow is this," said the preacher, reading from a small card: "You will sacrifice to the Virgin Mary all the sentiments of rancor that you cherish in your hearts, and you will kiss the schoolfellow, the teacher, or the servant whom you think you hate."

In the twilight of the chapel there was a slight stir among the grown-up girls and teachers: the little ones remained quiet; some of them were asleep, others yawned behind tiny hands, and their small round faces twitched with weariness. The sermon had lasted an hour, and the poor children had not understood a word of it. They were longing for supper and bed. The preacher had now descended from the pulpit, and Cherubina Friscia, the teacher who acted as sacristan, was lighting the candles with a taper. By degrees the chapel became flooded with light. The cheeks of the dazed, sleepy little girls flushed pink under it; their elders stood immovable, with blinking startled eyes and weary indifferent faces. Some prayed with bowed heads, while the candle-light played with the thick plaits of their hair coiled close to their neck, and with certain blonde curls that no comb could restrain. Then when the whole chapel was lighted for the recital of the 'Rosary,' the group of girl scholars in white muslin frocks, with black aprons, and the various colored ribbons by which the classes were distinguished, assumed a gay aspect, despite the general weariness. A deep sigh escaped Lucia Altimare.

"What ails thee?" queried Caterina Spaccapietra, under her breath.

"I suffer, I suffer," murmured the other dreamily. "This preacher saddens me. He does not understand Our Lady, he does not feel her." And the black pupils of her eyes, set in bluish-white, dilated as in a vision. Caterina did not reply. The directress intoned the 'Rosary' in a solemn voice, with a strong Tuscan accent. She read the 'Mystery' alone. Then all the voices in chorus, shrill and low, accompanied her in the 'Gloria Patri' and in the 'Pater.'

She repeated the 'Ave Maria' as far as the "Frutto del tuo ventre"; the teachers and pupils taking up the words in unison. The chapel was filled with music, the elder pupils singing with a fullness of voice that sounded like the outpouring of their souls: but the little ones made a game of it. While the directress, standing alone, repeated the verses, they counted the time, so that they might all break in at the end with a burst; and nudging each other, tittered under their breath. Some of them would lean over the backs of the chairs, assuming a devout collectedness; but in reality pulling out the hair of the playfellows in front of them. Some played with their rosaries under their pinafores, with an audible click of the beads. The vigilant eye of the directress watched over the apparently exemplary elder girls: she saw that Carolina Pentasuglia wore a carnation at the buttonhole of her bodice, though no carnations grew in the college gardens; that a little square of paper was perceptible in the bosom of Ginevra Avigliana, beneath the muslin of her gown; that Artemisia Minichini, with the short hair and firm chin, had as usual crossed one leg over the other, in contempt of religion: she saw and noted it all. Lucia Altimare sat leaning forward, with wide-open eyes fixed upon a candle, her mouth drawn slightly on one side; from time to time a nervous shock thrilled her. Close to her, Caterina Spaccapietra said her prayers in all tranquillity, her eyes void of sight as was her face of motion and expression. The directress said the words of the 'Ave Maria' without thinking of their meaning; absent, preoccupied, getting through her prayers as rapidly as possible.

The restlessness of the little ones increased. They twisted about, and lightly raised themselves on their chairs, whispering to each other, and fidgeting with their rosaries. Virginia Friozzi had a live cricket in her pocket, with a fine silken thread tied round its claw; at first she had covered it with her hand to prevent its moving, then she had allowed it to peep out of the opening of her pocket: then she had taken it out and hidden it under her apron; at last she could not resist showing it to the neighbors on her right and on her left. The news spread, the children became agitated, restraining their laughter with difficulty, and no longer giving the responses in time. Suddenly the cricket dragged at the thread, and hopped off,—limping into the midst of the passage which divided the two rows of chairs. There was a burst of laughter.

« Friozzi will not appear in the parlor to-morrow," said the directress severely.

The child turned pale at the harshness of a punishment which would prevent her from seeing her mother.

Cherubina Friscia, the sacristan-teacher, of cadaverous complexion and worn anæmic face, descended the altar steps and confiscated the cricket. There was a moment of silence, and then they heard the gasping voice of Lucia Altimare murmuring, « Mary— Mary— Divine Mary! »

« Pray silently, Altimare," gently suggested the directress.

The 'Rosary' began again, this time without interruption. All knelt down, with a great noise of moving chairs; and the Latin words were recited, almost chanted, in chorus. Caterina Spaccapietra rested her head against the back of the chair in front of her. Lucia Altimare had thrown herself down, shuddering, with her head on the straw seat and arms hanging slack at her side.

« The blood will go to your head, Lucia," whispered her friend.

« Leave me alone," said Lucia.

The pupils rose from their knees. One of them, accompanied by a teacher, had mounted the steps leading to the little organ. The teacher played a simple devotional prelude for the 'Litany to the Virgin.' A pure fresh voice, of brilliant quality, rang out and permeated the chapel, waking its sleeping echoes; a young yearning voice, crying with the ardor of an invocation, « Sancta Maria! » And from below, all the pupils responded in the minor key, « Ora pro nobis! » The singer stood in the light on the platform of the organ, her face turned towards the altar. She was Giovanna Casacalenda, a tall girl whose white raiment did not conceal her fine proportions; a girl with a massive head, upon which her dark hair was piled heavily, and with eyes so black that they appeared as if painted. She stood there alone, isolated, infusing all the passion of her youth into her full mellow voice, delighting in the pleasure of singing as if she had freed herself and lived in her song. The pupils turned to look at her, with the joy in music which is inherent in childhood. When the voice of Giovanna came down to them, the chorus rising from below answered, « Ora pro nobis! » She felt her triumph. With head erect, her wondrous black eyes swimming in a humid light, her right hand resting lightly on the wooden balustrade, her white

throat throbbing as if for love, she intoned the medium notes, ran up to the highest ones, and came down gently to the lower, giving full expression to her song: "Regina Angelorum!" One moment of silence, in which to enjoy the last notes; then from below, in enthusiastic answer, came childish and youthful voices: "Ora pro nobis!" The singer looked fixedly at the altar, but she seemed to see or hear something beyond it — a vision or music inaudible to the others. Every now and then a breath passed through her song, lending it warmth, making it passionate; every now and then the voice thinned itself to a golden thread, that sounded like the sweet trill of a bird, while occasionally it sank to a murmur, with a delicious hesitation.

"Giovanna sees heaven," said Ginevra Avigliana to Artemisia Minichini.

"Or the stage," rejoined the other skeptically.

Still, when Giovanna came to the poetic images by which the Virgin is designated,— Gate of Heaven, Vase of Election, Tower of David,— the girls' faces flushed in the ecstasy of that wondrous music: only Caterina Spaccapietra, who was absorbed, did not join in, and Lucia Altimare, who wept silently. The tears coursed down her thin cheeks. They rained upon her bosom and her hands; they melted away on her apron; and she did not dry them. Caterina quietly passed her handkerchief to her, but she took no notice of it. The preacher, Father Capece, went up the altar steps for the benediction. The Litany ended with the 'Agnus Dei.' The voice of the singer seemed overpowered by sheer fatigue. Once more all the pupils knelt, and the priest prayed. Giovanna, kneeling at the organ, breathed heavily. After five minutes of silent prayer, the organ pealed out again slowly over the bowed heads, and a thrilling resonant voice seemed to rise from mid-air towards heaven, lending its splendor to the sacrament in the 'Tantum Ergo.' Giovanna was no longer tired; indeed her song grew in power, triumphant and full of life, with an ebb and flow that were almost voluptuous. The throb of its passion passed over the youthful heads below, and a mystic sensation caused their hearts to flutter. In the intensity of their prayer, in the approach of the benediction, they realized the solemnity of the moment. It dominated and terrified them, until it was followed by a painful and exquisite prostration. All was silent; then a bell rang three peals. For an instant Artemisia Minichini dared to raise her eyes; she was alone, looking at

the inert forms upon the chairs, looking boldly at the altar; after which, overcome by childish fear, she dropped her eyes again.

The holy sacrament, in its sphere of burnished gold, raised high in the priest's hands, shed its blessing on those assembled in the church.

"I am dying," gasped Lucia Altimare.

At the door of the chapel, in the long gas-lighted corridor, the teachers were waiting to muster the classes, and lead them to the refectory. The faces were still agitated; but the little ones hopped and skipped about, and prattled together, and pinched each other, in all the joyous exuberance of childhood released from durance vile. As their limbs unstiffened, they jostled each other, laughing the while. The teachers, running after some of them, scolding others, half threatening, half coaxing, tried to range them in a file of two and two. They began with the little ones, then came the elder children, and after them the grown-up girls. The corridor rang with voices, calling:—

"The Blues, where are the Blues?" "Here they are, all of them." "Friozzi is missing." "Where is Friozzi of the Blues?" "Here!" "In line, and to the left, if you please." "The Greens, in line the Greens, or no fruit for dinner to-morrow." "Quick! the refectory bell has rung twice already." "Federici of the Reds, walk straight!" "Young ladies of the White-and-Greens, the bell is ringing for the third time." "Are the Tricolors all here?" "All." "Casacalenda is missing." "She is coming; she is still at the organ." "Altimare is missing."

"Where is Altimare?"

"She was here just now,—she must have disappeared in the bustle; shall I look for her?"

"Look; and come to the refectory with her."

Then the corridor emptied, and the refectory filled with light and merriment. With measured, almost rhythmic step, Caterina went to and fro in the deserted passages, seeking her friend Altimare. She descended to the ground floor, called her twice from the garden: no answer. Then she mounted the stairs again, and entered the dormitory. The white beds formed a line under the crude gaslight: Lucia was not there. A shade of anxiety began to dawn on Caterina's rosy face. She passed by the chapel twice, without going in. But the third time, finding the door ajar, she made up her mind to enter. It was dark

inside. A lamp burning before the Madonna scarcely relieved the gloom. She passed on, half intimidated despite her well-balanced nerves; for she was alone in the darkness, in church.

Along one of the altar steps, stretched out on the crimson velvet carpet, a white form was lying, with open arms and pallid face,—a spectral figure. It was Lucia Altimare, who had fainted.

The fan of Artemisia Minichini, made of a large sheet of manuscript, waved noisily to and fro.

"Minichini, you disturb the professor," said Friscia, the assistant teacher, without raising her eyes from her crochet work.

"Friscia, you don't feel the heat?" returned Minichini insolently.

"No."

"You are lucky to be so insensible."

In the class-room where the Tricolor young ladies were taking their lesson in Italian history, it was very hot. There were two windows opening upon the garden, a door leading to the corridor, three rows of benches, and twenty-four pupils. On a high raised step stood the table and arm-chair of the professor. The fans waved hither and thither, some vivaciously, some languidly. Here and there a head bent over its book as if weighted with drowsiness. Ginevra Avigliana stared at the professor, nodding as if in approval, though her face expressed entire absence of mind. Minichini had put down her fan, opened her *pince-nez*, and fixed it impudently upon the professor's face. With her nose tip-tilted, and a truant lock of hair curling on her forehead, she laughed her silent laugh that so irritated the teachers. The professor explained the lesson in a low voice. He was small, spare, and pitiable. He might have been about two-and-thirty; but his emaciated face, whose dark coloring had yellowed with the pallor of some long illness, proclaimed him a convalescent. A big scholarly head surmounting the body of a dwarf, a wild thick mane in which some white hairs were already visible, proud yet shy eyes, a small, dirty-black beard, thinly planted towards the thin cheeks, completed his sad and pensive ugliness.

He spoke without gesture, his eyes downcast; occasionally his right hand moved ever so slightly. Its shadow on the wall seemed to belong to a skeleton, it was so thin and crooked. He proceeded slowly, picking his words. These girls intimidated him: some because of their intelligence, others because of their

impertinence, others simply because of their sex. His scholastic austerity was perturbed by their shining eyes, by their graceful and youthful forms; their white garments formed a kind of mirage before his eyes. A pungent scent diffused itself throughout the class, although perfumes were prohibited; whence came it? And at the end of the third bench, Giovanna Casacalenda, who paid not the slightest attention, sat, with half-closed eyes, furiously nibbling a rose. Here in front, Lucia Altimare, with hair falling loose about her neck, one arm hanging carelessly over the bench, resting her brow against her hand and hiding her eyes, looked at the professor through her fingers; every now and then she pressed her handkerchief to her too crimson lips, as if to mitigate their feverishness. The professor felt upon him the gaze that filtered through her fingers; while, without looking at her, he could see Giovanna Casacalenda tearing the rose to pieces with her little teeth. He remained apparently imperturbable, still discoursing of Carmagnola and the conspiracy of Fiesco, addressing himself to the tranquil face of Caterina Spaccapietra, who penciled rapid notes in her copy-book.

"What are you writing, Pentasuglia?" asked the teacher Friscia, who had been observing the latter for some time.

"Nothing," replied Pentasuglia, reddening.

"Give me that scrap of paper."

"What for? There is nothing on it."

"Give me that scrap of paper."

"It is not a scrap of paper," said Minichini audaciously, taking hold of it as if to hand it to her. "It is one, two, three, four, five, twelve useless fragments—"

To save her schoolfellow, she had torn it to shreds. There was silence in the class: they trembled for Minichini. The teacher bent her head, tightened her thin lips, and picked up her crochet again as if nothing had happened. The professor appeared to take no notice of the incident, as he looked through his papers; but his mind must have been inwardly disturbed. A flush of youthful curiosity made him wonder what those girls were thinking of; what they scribbled in their little notes; for whom their smiles were meant, as they looked at the plaster bust of the King; what they thought when they drew the tricolor scarves round their waists. But the ghastly face and false gray eyes of Cherubina Friscia, the governess, frightened him

"Avigliana, say the lesson."

The girl rose, and began rapidly to speak of the Viscontis, like a well-trained parrot. When asked to give a few historical comments, she made no reply: she had not understood her own words.

"Minichini, say the lesson."

"Professor, I don't know it."

"And why?"

"Yesterday was Sunday, and we went out, so I could not study."

The professor made a note in the register; the young lady shrugged her shoulders.

"Casacalenda?"

This one made no answer. She was gazing with intense earnestness at her white hands, — hands that looked as if they were modeled in wax.

"Casacalenda, will you say the lesson?"

Opening her great eyes as if she were dazed, she began, stumbling at every word, puzzled, making one mistake upon another; the professor prompted, and she repeated, with the winning air of a strong, beautiful young animal; she neither knew nor understood nor was ashamed — maintaining her sculpturesque placidity, moistening her rustic Diana-like lips, contemplating her pink nails. The professor bent his head in displeasure, not daring to scold that splendid stupid creature, whose voice had such enchanting modulations.

He made two or three other attempts; but the class, owing to the preceding holiday, had not studied. This was the explanation of the flowers, the perfumes, and the little notes: the twelve hours' liberty had upset the girls. Their eyes were full of visions; they had seen the world yesterday. He drew himself together, perplexed; a sense of mingled shame and respect kept every mouth closed. How he loved that science of history! His critical acumen measured its widest horizons; his was a vast ideal, and he suffered in having to offer crumbs of it to those pretty, aristocratic, indolent girls, who would have none of it. Still young, he had grown old and gray in arduous study; and now, behold — gay and careless youth, choosing rather to live than to know, rose in defiance against him. Bitterness welled up to his lips, and went out towards those creatures, thrilling with life and contemptuous of his ideal; bitterness in that he could not like them be beautiful and vigorous, and revel in heedlessness,

and be beloved. Anguish rushed through his veins, from his heart, and poisoned his brain, that he should have to humiliate his knowledge before those frivolous, scarcely human girls. But the gathering storm was held back; and nothing of it was perceptible save a slight flush on his meagre cheek bones.

"Since none of you have studied," he said slowly, in a low voice, "none of you can have done the composition."

"Altimare and I have done it," answered Caterina Spaccapietra. "We did not go home," she added apologetically, to avoid offending her friends.

"Then you read, Spaccapietra: the subject is, I think, Beatrice di Tenda."

"Yes: Beatrice di Tenda."

Spaccapietra stood up and read, in her pure, slow voice:—

"Ambition had ever been the ruling passion of the Viscontis of Milan, who shrank from naught that could minister to the maintenance of their sovereign power. Filippo Maria, son of Gian Galeazzo, who had succeeded his brother Gian Galeazzo, differed in no way from his predecessors. For the love of gain, this prince espoused Beatrice di Tenda, the widow of a condottiere (a soldier of fortune); a virtuous and accomplished woman of mature age. She brought her husband in dowry the dominions of Tortona, Novara, Vercelli, and Alessandria; but he tired of her as soon as he had satisfied his thirst for wealth. He caused her to be accused of unfaithfulness to her wifely duty, with a certain Michele Orombello, a simple squire. Whether the accusation was false or made in good faith, whether the witnesses were to be relied upon or not, Beatrice di Tenda was declared guilty, and with Michele Orombello mounted the scaffold in the year 1418, which was the forty-eighth of her life,—she having been born in 1370."

Caterina had folded up her paper, and the professor was still waiting; two minutes elapsed.

"Is there no more?"

"No."

"Really, is that all?"

"All."

"It is a very meagre composition, Spaccapietra. It is but the bare narrative of the historical fact, as it stands in the text-book. Does not the hapless fate of Beatrice inspire you with any sympathy?"

"I don't know," murmured the young scholar, pale with emotion.

"Yet you are a woman. It so happens that I had chosen a theme which suggests the manifestation of a noble impulse; say of pity, or contempt for the false accusation. But in this form the story turns to mere chronology. The composition is too meagre. You have no imagination, Spaccapietra."

"Yes, professor," replied the young girl submissively, as she took her seat again, while tears welled to her eyes.

"Let us hear Altimare."

Lucia appeared to start out of a lethargy. She sought for some time among her papers, with an ever increasing expression of weariness. Then, in a weak inaudible voice, she began to read, slowly, dragging the syllables, as if overpowered by an invincible lassitude.

"Louder, Altimare."

"I cannot, professor."

And she looked at him with such melancholy eyes that he repented of having made the remark. Again she touched her parched lips with her handkerchief, and continued:—

"... through the evil lust of power. He was Filippo Maria Visconti; of a noble presence, with the eye of a hawk, of powerful build, and ever foremost in the saddle. The maidens who watched him pass, clad in armor under the velvet coat, on the breastpiece of which was broidered the wily, fascinating serpent, the crest of the lords of Visconti, sighed as they exclaimed, 'How handsome he is!' But under this attractive exterior — as is ever the case in this melancholy world, where appearance is but part of the *mise-en-scène* of life — he hid a depraved soul. O gentle, loving women, trust not him who flutters round you with courteous manner, and words that charm, and protestations of exquisite sentiment: he deceives you. All is vanity, all is corruption, all is ashes! None learnt this lesson better than the hapless Beatrice di Tenda, whose tale I am about to tell you.

"This youthful widow was of unblemished character and matchless beauty: fair was her hair of spun gold, soft were her eyes of a blue worthy to reflect the firmament; her skin was as dazzling white as the petals of a lily. Her first marriage with Facino Cane could not have been a happy one. He, a soldier of fortune,— fierce, bloodthirsty, trained to the arms, the wine, and the rough speech of martial camps,— could scarcely have been a man after Beatrice's heart. Woe to those marriages in which one consort neither understands nor

appreciates the mind of the other. Woe to those marriages in which the man ignores the mystic poetry, the mysterious sentiments, of the feminine heart! These be the unblessed unions with which, alas! our corrupt and suffering modern society teems. Facino Cane died. His widow shed bitter tears over him; but her virgin heart beat quicker when she first met the valorous yet malefic Filippo Maria Visconti. Her face turned as pale as Luna's when she drags her weary way along the starred empyrean. And she loved him with all the ardor of her stored-up youth, with the chastity of a pious soul loving the Creator in the created, blending Divine with human love. Beatrice, pure and beautiful, wedded Filippo Maria for love: Filippo Maria, black soul that he was, wedded Beatrice for greed of money. For a short time the august pair were happy on their ducal throne. But the hymeneal roses were worm-eaten: in the dewy grass lay hidden the perfidious serpent, perfidious emblem of the most perfidious Visconti. No sooner had he obtained possession of the riches of Beatrice than Filippo Maria wearied of her, as might be expected of a man of so hard a heart and of such depraved habits. He had besides formed an infamous connection with a certain Agnese del Maino, one of the most vicious of women; and more than ever he was possessed of the desire to rid himself of his wife.

"There lived at the court of the Visconti a simple squire named Michele Orombello, a young troubadour, a poet, who had dared to raise his eyes to his august mistress. But the noble woman did not reciprocate his passion, although the faithlessness and treachery of Filippo Maria caused her the greatest unhappiness, and almost justified reprisals: she was simply courteous to her unfortunate adorer. When Filippo Maria saw how matters stood, he at once threw Michele Orombello and his chaste consort into prison, accusing them of treason. Torture was applied to Beatrice, who bore it bravely and maintained her innocence. Michele Orombello, being younger and perchance weaker to combat pain, or because he was treacherously advised that he might thereby save Beatrice, made a false confession. The judges, vile slaves of Filippo Maria, and tremblingly submissive to his will, condemned that most ill-starred of women and her miserable lover to die on the scaffold. The saintly woman ascended it with resignation; embracing the crucifix whereon the Redeemer agonized and died for our sins. Then, perceiving the young squire, who, weeping desperately, went with her to death, she cried: 'I forgive thee, Michele Orombello;' and he made answer: 'I proclaim thee the purest of wives!' But it availed not; the prince's will must needs be carried out; the axe struck off the squire's dark head. Beatrice cried, 'Gesù Maria!' and the axe felled the blonde head too. A pitiable spectacle, and full of horror for those assembled! Yet none dared to proclaim the infamy of the mighty

Filippo Maria Visconti. Thus it ever is in life: virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphs. Only before the Eternal Judge is justice; only before that God of mercy who has said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

A profound silence ensued. The pupils were embarrassed, and looked furtively at each other. Caterina gazed at Lucia with frightened, astonished eyes. Lucia remained standing, pale, panting, contemptuous, with twitching lips. The professor, deep in thought, held his peace.

"The composition is very long, Altimare," he said at last. "You have too much imagination."

Then silence one more — and the dry, malicious, hissing voice of Cherubina Friscia, "Give me that composition, Altimare."

All trembled, seized by an unknown terror.

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' VOW

From 'Fantasy'

THERE was only one flickering jet of gas burning at the entrance to the dormitory that contained the little white beds in which the Tricolors passed the last night of their school days. There had been short dialogues, interrupted by sighs, melancholy reflections, and regrets, until a late hour. They would have liked to sit up all night to indulge in their grief. But fatigue had melted their project away. When they could hold out no longer, sleep mastered those restless beings, weary with weeping. A languid "Good-night" was audible here and there; gradually the irregular breathing had subsided, and the sobs had died out. Complete repose reigned in the dormitory of the Tricolors.

When the great clock struck two after midnight, Lucia Altimare opened her eyes. She had not slept; devoured by impatience, she had watched. Without rising, she gently and noiselessly took her clothes from the chair near her bed and put them on, thrust her bare feet into her slippers, and then crept out of bed. She moved like a shadow, with infinite precaution, casting in passing an oblique glance at the beds where her companions slept. Now and again she looked towards the end of the hall where Cherubina Friscia lay. There was no danger. Lucia passed like a tall white phantom, with burning eyes, through the heavy gloom to Caterina's bedside.

Her friend slept quietly, composedly, breathing like a child. She bent down and whispered close to her ear:—

"Caterina, Caterina!"

Caterina opened her eyes in alarm; a sign from Lucia froze the cry that rose to her lips. The surprise on her face spoke for her, and questioned her friend.

"If you love me, Caterina, dress and follow me."

"Where are we going?" the other ventured to ask, hesitatingly.

"If you love me—"

Caterina no longer questioned her. She dressed herself in silence, looking now and then at Lucia, who stood there like a statue, waiting. When Caterina was ready, she took her by the hand to lead her.

"Fear nothing," breathed Lucia, who could feel the coldness of her hand. They glided down the passage that divided the beds from the rest of the room. Artemisia Minichini was the only one who turned in her bed, and appeared for a moment to have opened her eyes. They closed again; but perhaps she saw through her lids. No other sign of waking. They shrank closer together when they passed the last bed, Friscia's, and stooped to make themselves smaller. That moment seemed to them like a century. When they got into the corridor, Caterina squeezed Lucia's hand, as if they had passed through a great danger.

"Come, come, come!" murmured the siren voice of Lucia, and suddenly they stopped before a door. Lucia dropped Caterina's hand and inserted a key into the keyhole; the door creaked as it flew open. A gust of chill air struck the two young girls; a faint diffuse light broke in upon them. A lamp was burning before the image of the Virgin. They were in the chapel. Calmly Lucia knelt before the altar, and lighted two candelabra. Then she turned to Caterina, who, dazed by the light, was catching her breath, and once more said, "Come."

They advanced towards the altar. In the little whitewashed church, with two high windows open on the country, a pleasant dampness tempered the heat of the August night. The faintest perfume of incense still clung to the air. The church was so placid and restful, the candelabra in their places, the tapers extinguished, the sacrament shut away in its pyx, the altar-cloth turned up to cover it. But a quaintly fashioned silver arabesque, behind which Lucia had lighted a taper, projected on the wall the profile of a strange monstrous beast. Caterina stood there in a dream,

with her hand still clasped in Lucia's, whose fever it had caught. Even at that unusual hour, in the dead of night, she no longer asked herself what strange rite was to be solemnized in that chapel illuminated only for them. She was conscious of a vague tremor, of a weight in the head, and a longing for sleep; she would fain have been back in the dormitory, with her cheek on her pillow. But like one who dreams of having the well-defined will to do a thing, and yet while the dream lasts has neither the speech to express nor the energy to accomplish it, she was conscious, between sleeping and waking, of the torpor of her own mind. She looked around her as one in a stupor, neither understanding nor caring to understand. From time to time her mouth twitched with an imperceptible yawn. Lucia's hands were crossed over her bosom, and her eyes fixed on the Madonna. No sound escaped her half-open lips. Caterina leant forward to observe her; in the vague turn of thought that went round and round in her sleepy brain, she asked herself if she were dreaming, and Lucia a phantom. She passed one hand across her brow, either to awake herself or to dispel the hallucination.

"Listen, Caterina, and try and comprehend me better than I know how to express myself. Do you give your whole attention?"

"Yes," said the other with an effort.

"You alone know how we have loved each other here. After God, the Madonna Addolorata, and my father, I have loved you, Caterina. You have saved my life; I can never forget it. But for you I should have gone to burn in hell, where suicides must eternally suffer. I thank you, dear heart. You believe in my gratitude?"

"Yes," said Caterina, opening wide her eyes the better to understand her.

"Now we who so love each other must part. You go to the left, I to the right. You are to be married: I know not what will happen to me. Shall we meet again? I know not. Shall we again come together in the future? Who knows? Do you know?"

"No," replied Caterina, starting.

"Well, then, I propose to you to conquer time and space, men and circumstances, should they stand in the way of our affection. From afar, howsoever we may be separated, let us love each other as we do to-day, as we did yesterday. Do you promise?"

"I promise."

«The Madonna hears us, Caterina. Do you promise with a vow, with an oath?»

«With a vow, with an oath,» repeated Caterina monotonously like an echo.

«And I too promise that no one shall ever by word or deed lessen this our steadfast friendship. Do you promise?»

«I promise.»

«And I too promise that neither shall ever seek to do ill to the other, or willingly cause her sorrow, or ever, ever betray her. Promise: the Madonna hears us.»

«I promise.»

«I swear it,—that always, whatever befalls, one shall try to help the other. Say, do you promise?»

«I promise.»

«And I too. Besides, that either will be ever ready to sacrifice her own happiness to that of the other. Swear it; swear!»

Caterina thought for an instant. Was she dreaming a strange dream, or was she binding herself for life? «I swear,» she said firmly.

«I swear,» reiterated Lucia. «The Madonna has heard. Woe to her who breaks her vow! God will punish her.»

Caterina bowed her assent. Lucia took her rosary from her pocket. It was a string of lapis-lazuli bound together by little silver links. From it depended a small silver crucifix, and a little gold medal on which was engraved the image of the Madonna della Saletta. She kissed it.

«We will break this rosary in two equal parts, Caterina. Half of it you shall take with you, the other half I will keep. It will be our keepsake, to remind us of our vow. When I pray at night, I shall remember. You too will remember me in your prayers. The missing half will remind you of your absent friend.»

And taking up the rosary between them, they pulled hard at it from either side. Lucia kept the half with the crucifix, Caterina the half with the medal. The two girls embraced. Then they heard the clock strike three. When silence reigned once more in the college and in the empty chapel, both knelt down on the steps of the altar, crossed their hands on their bosoms, and with closed eyes repeated in unison—

«Our Father—»

Translation of Henry Harland.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

(1627–1696)

AMONG the great writers of the world, Madame de Sévigné is perhaps the only one except Lady Nairne whose purely literary fame was entirely posthumous. It is true that when Louis XIV. became possessed of a number of her letters, upon the arrest of her friend Fouquet the Superintendent of Finance, he proclaimed that their style was matchless in grace of thought and expression; and the little court world which took from the King its opinions, on matters of taste as in so much else, henceforth placed Madame de Sévigné at the head of that group of charming women who wrote charming letters in seventeenth-century France. Her subsequent correspondence was frequently handed about from friend to friend; but the interest it excited depended quite as much upon the amusing news of the court and the salons which it contained, as upon the style in which the agreeable gossip was related. That in later times her name should stand high in the literature of France, and her house be visited as the shrine of her gracious memory, was anticipated by none of her contemporaries; least of all by herself.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, the only child of Celse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, and of Marie de Coulanges his wife, was born in the Château de Bourbilly, Burgundy, on February 5th, 1627. Left an orphan when five years old, she was consigned to the care of her uncle Philippe de Coulanges; and upon his death in 1636 she became the charge of his brother Christophe de Coulanges, Abbé de Livry. To the latter she was indebted for her careful education under the best masters of the day,—among them Chapelain and Ménage. Of the training received from "Le Bien-bon," as she termed her uncle, she says: "I owed to him the sweetness and repose of my life; all my gayety, my good-humor, my vivacity. In a word, he has made me what I am, such as you have seen me; and worthy of your esteem and of your friendship."

When sixteen years old, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal married Henri, Marquis de Sévigné,—a profligate young noble of a distinguished Breton family. It was said of him, "He loved everywhere; but never anything so amiable as his own wife." He was killed in 1651 in a duel, undertaken in defense of an unworthy name, leaving his wife with a young son and daughter. Madame de Sévigné spent the early years of her widowhood with her children at "Les Rochers"—her

husband's estate in Brittany — returning to Paris in 1654. Charles de Sévigné, her eldest child, inherited his father's pleasure-loving nature; and during the years of his early manhood caused his mother much anxiety. On resigning his commission in the army, he retired to his estate in Brittany, married a good woman, became «serious,» and spent the rest of his years in the study of the Fathers and of Horace.

When Madame de Sévigné presented her daughter Françoise at court, this «prettiest girl in France» seemed destined to set the world on fire. On her the affection of the mother's heart, which had met disappointment in so many other directions, was lavished. Mademoiselle de Sévigné married in 1669 François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan; and the following year went with him to Provence, where he exercised viceregal functions,—nominally during the minority of the Duc de Vendôme, but as the duke never in fact assumed authority, the count was the actual ruler of the province for forty years. From the moment when, on entering her daughter's vacant room, Madame de Sévigné's grief was renewed at sight of the familiar objects, relief was found only in pouring forth her heart in constant letters to Madame de Grignan, which every courier carried to Provence. The wonderful series is as vividly fresh now as then, when by the direct aid of Providence and the postal service of the day they reached Château Grignan on its heights above the sea.

The letters were full of domestic and public news: the details of daily life, the books the writer had read, the people she had met; what was said, thought, and suspected in the world of Paris. Very much too of contemporary history is woven into the correspondence. The letters addressed in 1664 to M. de Pomponne, the former minister of Louis XIV., then living in exile on his estate, contain the most vivid and detailed account of the trial of Superintendent Fouquet which remains to us. In them the course of the proceedings is daily related, the character of witnesses and judges discussed, the nature of the testimony weighed, and the hopes and anxieties of the prisoner's friends communicated. There are among the collection letters to other friends; but the mass of the correspondence was addressed to Madame de Grignan, and it contains a detailed account of the mother's life from 1670 to 1696.

Madame de Sévigné died at Château Grignan, on April 18th, 1696, and was buried in the church of Grignan. Her tomb was undisturbed during the storms of the Revolution, and may still be seen.

Unauthorized editions of a portion of the letters of Madame de Sévigné were published in 1726; but so incomplete and full of errors were the collections, that her granddaughter, Madame de Simiane, was forced very reluctantly to consent to the issuing of the correspondence in a more correct form and under her own supervision. She

disliked the publicity thus given to private letters, however, believing that "one should be at liberty to be witty with impunity in one's family." Even this last-named collection was not complete; and diligent research has subsequently increased the number of letters, and given rise to numerous editions of the entire correspondence. The one printed in Paris in 1823, and edited by M. Gault de Saint-Germain, contained letters from many of Madame de Sévigné's friends, and has very full biographical and critical notices.

Into the literary work of Madame de Sévigné no moral purpose obtrudes, although it unconsciously reveals not only her intellectual power but also the strongly ethical bent of her character. It had no other inspiration than the passion of motherhood, which was her controlling impulse; was conceived without reference to audience or critics, nor with thought of inspection by other eyes than those of her daughter. She wrote of the world, but not for the world; to amuse Madame de Grignan, and relieve her own heart by expressing the love and longing which filled it. The correspondence is full of wit, of humor, of epigram; not designed to dazzle or attract, but after the manner of a highly endowed and highly cultured nature. Her style, formed under the guidance of authors of distinction, has become a model for imitation throughout the world. Her language is pure in form and graceful in expression. It is true that in the freedom of family correspondence, she occasionally used provincial terms; but they were always borrowed with due acknowledgment of their source,—not as being a part of the personal *appanage* of the writer. It was said of her: "You don't read her letters, you think she is speaking; you listen to her." To her friends so much of Madame de Sévigné's personal attraction was associated with what she wrote, that it is not strange they could not dissever them. Even after the lapse of two centuries, that personal grace and charm is so present in the written speech, that we can believe in what was said of her by her cousin Count Bussy de Rabutin:—

"No one was ever weary in her society. She was one of those people who should never have died; as there are others who should never have been born."

TO HER COUSIN, M. DE COULANGES

PARIS, Monday, December 15th, 1670.

I AM going to tell you something most astonishing, most surprising, most miraculous, most triumphant, most bewildering, most unheard-of, most singular, most extraordinary, most incredible, most unexpected, most important, most insignificant,

most rare, most ordinary, most startling, most secret (until to-day), most brilliant, most enviable; finally, something of which past ages furnish only one example, and that example is not exactly similar. Something which we in Paris can hardly credit, and how then can it be believed at Lyons? Something which makes all the world cry "Bless me!" Something which overwhelms Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive with joy.[1] Something, finally, which is to happen on Sunday, when those who will see it will think they are blind. Something which will happen on Sunday, and yet by Monday may not be done. I can't make up my mind to tell you,—you must divine it. I'll give you three guesses. Do you give it up? Well, then, I must tell you: M. de Lauzun[2] is to marry on Sunday, at the Louvre,—can you imagine whom? I'll give you three guesses, I'll give you ten, I'll give you a hundred! I know Madame de Coulanges will say, "That is not difficult to imagine. It is Mademoiselle de La Vallière." Not at all, madame. "Is it then Mademoiselle de Retz?" By no means; you are far astray. "Ah, yes; we are stupid: it must be Mademoiselle Colbert!" you say. Still less. "It certainly is then Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not right yet. I shall have to tell you. He is to marry — on Sunday at the Louvre, by permission of the King — Mademoiselle — Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — now tell me her name! On my word — on my sacred word — on my word of honor — MADEMOISELLE! LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE; Mademoiselle the daughter of the late Monsieur[3]; Mademoiselle the granddaughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu; Mademoiselle de Dombes; Mademoiselle de Montpensier; Mademoiselle d'Orleans; Mademoiselle, first cousin to the King; Mademoiselle, destined to a throne; Mademoiselle, the only match in France who was worthy of Monsieur[4]! This is a pretty subject for reflection! If you exclaim, if you are beside yourself, if you say I am telling a lie, that it is all false, that I am making fun of you, that it is a joke and rather a stupid one too,—we shall agree that you are right: we have said the same thing. Adieu: the letters which go by this post will show you whether we are telling the truth or not.

[1] From seeing a royal lady marry below her rank as they had done.

[2] The Duke of Lauzun.

[3] Gaston, Duke of Orleans, uncle to Louis XIV.

[4] Philippe, Duke of Orleans (brother of Louis XIV.), whom she had refused.

TO M. DE COULANGES

PARIS, Friday, December 19th, 1670.

WHAT happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries is what one might call a fall from the clouds — but I must begin at the beginning. You heard of the joy, of the transports, of the bliss, of the princess and her fortunate lover. It was on Monday that the affair was announced as I wrote you. Tuesday passed in talking — in wondering — in complimenting. On Wednesday Mademoiselle made a donation to M. de Lauzun, with the object of endowing him with the titles, names, and necessary decorations, that they might be enumerated in the marriage contract, which was made the same day. She gave him, in preparation for something better, four duchies: the first was the county of Eu, which is the first peerage in France; the duchy of Montpensier, whose title he bore through that day; the duchy of Saint Fargeau; the duchy of Châtellerault,— the whole valued at twenty-two millions. The contract was finally prepared, in which he took the name of Montpensier. On Thursday morning — which was yesterday — Mademoiselle hoped that the King would sign the contract, as he had agreed to do; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the Queen, Monsieur, and some busybodies convinced the King that this affair would injure his reputation. Accordingly, having summoned Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, his Majesty announced to them, before M. le Prince, that he forbade them absolutely to think of the marriage. M. de Lauzun received this order with all the respect and submission, all the firmness and all the despair, which became so great a fall. But Mademoiselle — characteristically — burst into tears, shrieks, and groans, and bitter complaints. She kept her bed the whole day, taking nothing but bouillons.

TO HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN

I

LIVRY, Holy Wednesday, March 25th, 1671.

I HAVE been here three hours, my dear child. I left Paris with the Abbé, Hélène, Hébert, and Marphise,* with the intention of retiring from the world and its tumult until Thursday evening. I am supposed to be in retreat. I am making a kind

*Her pet dog.

of little "La Trappe," where I may pray to God and indulge in a thousand pious reflections. I have resolved to fast here, for various reasons: to make up in walking for all the time that I have been in my room; and chiefly, to be bored for the love of God. But what I shall do far better than all these, is to think of you, my child. I have not ceased to do so since I arrived; and not being able to restrain all my feelings, I have seated myself to write to you, at the end of this little shady walk which you love, upon a mossy bank where I have so often seen you lying. But, *mon Dieu!* where have I not seen you here! and how these memories grieve my heart! There is no place, no spot,—either in the house or in the church, in the country or in the garden,—where I have not seen you. Everything brings some memory to mind; and whatever it may be, it makes my heart ache. I see you; you are present to me. I think of everything and think again. My brain and my heart grow confused. But in vain I turn—in vain I seek: that dear child whom I passionately love is two hundred leagues distant from me. I have her no more; and then I weep, and cannot cease. My love, that is weakness; but as for me, I do not know how to be strong against a feeling so powerful and so natural.

I cannot tell in what frame of mind you will be when reading this letter: perhaps chance may bring it to you inopportunely, and it may not be read in the spirit in which it is written,—but for that there is no remedy. To write it, at least, consoles me now; that is all I ask of it at present, for the state into which this place has thrown me is inconceivable. Do not speak of my weaknesses; but you must love and respect my tears, since they proceed from a heart which is wholly yours.

II

FRIDAY EVENING, April 24th, 1671.

I MEANT to tell you that the King arrived at Chantilly last evening. He hunted the stag by moonlight; the lanterns were very brilliant; and altogether the evening, the supper, the play,—all went off marvelously well. The weather to-day makes us anticipate a worthy close to such a beginning. But I have just heard something as I came here from which I cannot recover, and which makes me forget what I was about to write you. Vatel—the great Vatel—*maître d'hotel* of M. Fouquet, and who has recently been in the service of M. le Prince—the man

above all others in ability, whose good head was capable of carrying the affairs of a State — this man, such as I knew him, finding that at eight o'clock the fish had not arrived, and unable to sustain the humiliation which he foresaw, stabbed himself. You can imagine the horrible disorder into which such a dreadful accident threw the fête.

PARIS, Sunday, April 26th, 1671.

THIS letter will not go before Wednesday; but this is not a letter,— only an account of what Moreuil has just told me for your benefit, concerning Vatel. I wrote you on Friday that he had stabbed himself: here is the story in detail.

The King arrived on Thursday evening; the promenade, the collation,— served on a lawn carpeted with jonquils,— all was perfect. At supper there were a few tables where the roast was wanting, on account of some guests whose arrival had not been expected. This mortified Vatel, who said several times, "My honor is gone: I can never survive this shame." He also said to Gourville, "My head swims. I have not slept for twelve nights. Help me give the orders." Gourville encouraged him as well as he could. The roast had not been wanting at the King's table; but he could not forget that there was none at the twenty-fifth. Gourville told M. le Prince, who went immediately to Vatel's room, and said to him, "Vatel, everything is going on well. Nothing could be finer than the King's supper." He replied, "My lord, your goodness overwhelms me. I know that the roast was missing at two tables." "Not at all," said M. le Prince. "Don't disturb yourself: everything is going on well." Midnight came; the fireworks, which cost sixteen thousand francs, did not succeed, on account of the fog. At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel, going through the château, found every one asleep. He met a young steward, who had brought only two hampers of fish: he asked, "Is that all?"—"Yes, sir." The lad did not know that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waited some time; the other purveyors did not arrive: his brain reeled; he believed no more fish could be had: and finding Gourville, he said, "My dear sir, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville ridiculed him. Vatel went up to his chamber, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart; but only on the third attempt — for he gave himself two thrusts which were not

mortal — did he fall dead. Meanwhile the fish arrived from every quarter; and seeking for Vatel to give it out, they went to his room, knocked, burst in the door, and found him drowned in his blood. They ran to M. le Prince, who was in despair. M. le Duc wept; his father told the King in sorrow. It was said that this occurred because Vatel had a high sense of honor. He was praised; and his courage both praised and blamed. The King said that he had deferred going to Chantilly for five years because he knew how much trouble his visit would cause. He told M. le Prince that he ought only to have two tables, and not provide for everybody. He vowed that he would no longer permit M. le Prince to do so; but it was too late for poor Vatel. Gourville, however, tried to make up for his loss, in which he succeeded. They all dined very well: had a collation and a supper — walked — played — hunted. Everything was perfumed with jonquils; all was enchantment.

III

. . . . . .

LES ROCHERS, September 30th, 1671.

AS FOR La Mousse, he catechizes on holidays and Sundays; he is determined to go to Paradise. I tell him it is only for curiosity, that he may discover once for all whether the sun is a mass of dust violently agitated, or a globe of fire. The other day he was catechizing some little children; and after a few questions they got everything so mixed up that when he asked who the Virgin was, they answered one after another, "The creator of heaven and earth." He was not convinced by the children; but finding that the men, the women, and even the old people, said the same thing, he was persuaded of the fact, and gave in to the general opinion. At last he knew no longer what he was about; and if I had not appeared on the scene, he would never have recovered himself. This novel opinion would have created quite another disturbance from the motion of the little atoms.

IV

PARIS, Wednesday, March 16th, 1672.

YOU ask me, my dear child, if I am as much in love with life as ever. I confess it has many troubles; but I am still more disinclined to die. Indeed, I am so unhappy because everything must end in death, that I should ask nothing better than to turn back if it were possible. I am involved in a perplexing engagement: entering upon life without my own consent, I must at last leave it. The thought overwhelms me. How shall I go? Where? By what gate? When will it be? In what manner? Shall I suffer a thousand thousand griefs, and die despairing? Shall I be delirious? Shall I perish by an accident? How shall I stand before God? What shall I have to offer him? Will fear, will necessity, turn my heart to him? Shall I feel no emotion save fear? What can I hope? Am I worthy of Paradise? Am I fit for hell? What an alternative! What a perplexity! Nothing is so foolish as to be uncertain about one's salvation: but then, nothing is so natural; and the careless life which I lead is the easiest thing in the world to comprehend.

I am overpowered by these thoughts; and death appears to me so horrible, that I hate life rather because it leads thither, than for the thorns with which it is sown. You will say that then I want to live forever. Not at all: but if I had been consulted, I should have preferred to die in my nurse's arms,—it would have saved me from so many annoyances, and secured salvation very easily and very certainly. But let us talk of something else.

V

LAMBESC, Tuesday, December 20th, 1672.

WHEN one reckons without Providence, one must reckon twice. I was all dressed at eight o'clock; had taken my coffee, heard mass, made all my adieus; the packs were loaded, the bells of the mules reminded me that it was time to mount my litter; my room was full of people, all of whom begged me not to start because it had rained so much during the last few days,—since yesterday continually,—and at this very moment more violently than ever. I resisted sturdily all this persuasion,

out of regard to the resolution I had taken, and because of all that I wrote to you yesterday by the post, assuring you that I should arrive on Thursday. Suddenly M. de Grignan appeared in his dressing-gown and spoke seriously to me of the foolhardiness of my enterprise: saying that my muleteer could never follow my litter, that my mules would fall into the ditches, that my people would be too drenched to help me; — so that in a moment I changed my mind, and yielded completely to these wise remonstrances. Therefore, my child, boxes are being unloaded, mules unharnessed, lackeys and maids are drying their clothes, after having merely crossed the court-yard, and I am sending you a messenger, — knowing your goodness and your anxiety, and wishing also to quiet my own uneasiness, — because I am alarmed about your health; and this man will either return and bring me news of you, or will meet me on the road. In a word, my dear child, he will arrive at Grignan on Thursday instead of me; and I shall start whenever it pleases the heavens and M. de Grignan. The latter governs me with good intentions, and understands all the reasons which make me desire so passionately to be at Grignan. If M. de La Garde could be ignorant of all this, I should be glad; for he will exult in the pleasure of having foretold the very embarrassment in which I am placed. But let him beware of the vainglory which may accompany the gift of prophecy on which he piques himself. Finally, my child, here I am! don't expect me at all. I shall surprise you, and take no risks, for fear of troubling you and also myself. Adieu, my dearest and loveliest. I assure you that I am greatly afflicted to be kept a prisoner at Lambesc; but how could one foresee such rains as have not been known in this country for a hundred years?

VI

MONTELIMART, Thursday, October 5th, 1673.

THIS is a terrible day, my dear child. I confess to you I can bear no more. I have left you in a state which increases my grief. I think of all the steps you are taking away from me, and those I take away from you, and how impossible that walking in this manner we shall ever meet again. My heart is at rest when it is near you; that is its natural state, and the

only one which can give it peace. What happened this morning gave me keen sorrow, and a pang of which your philosophy can divine the reasons. I have felt and shall long feel them. My heart and my imagination are filled with you. I cannot think of you without weeping, and of you I am always thinking: so that my present state is unendurable; as it is so extreme, I hope its violence may not last. I am seeking for you everywhere, and I find that all things are wanting since I have not you. My eyes, which for fourteen months have gazed upon you, find you no more. The happy time that is past makes the present unhappy — at least until I am a little accustomed to it; but I shall never be so wonted to it as not to wish ardently to see and embrace you again. I cannot expect more of the future than of the past. I know what your absence has made me suffer. I am henceforth still more to be pitied, because I have made the habit of seeing you necessary to me. It seems to me that I did not embrace you enough when we parted: why should I have refrained? I have never told you often enough what happiness your tenderness gives me. I have never enough commended you to M. de Grignan, nor thanked him enough for all his courtesy and friendship towards me. In a word, I only live for you, my child. God give me the grace some day to love him as I love you. Adieu, my beloved child: love me always. Alas! we must be content now with letters.

VII

PARIS, Friday, December 8th, 1673.

I MUST begin, my dear child, with the death of the Comte de Guiche, which is the interest of the day. The poor boy died of disease and weakness, in M. de Turenne's army; the news was received on Tuesday morning. Father Bourdaloue announced it to the Maréchal de Gramont, who suspected it, knowing the desperate condition of his son. He sent every one out of his room — he was in a small apartment which he has in the Capuchin monastery. When he was alone with the Father, he threw himself on his neck, saying that he well knew what he had to tell him; that it was his death-blow; that he would receive it as from the hand of God; that he had lost the only, sole, and true object of his tenderness and of his natural affection; that

he had never experienced real happiness or violent grief save through this son, who had admirable qualities. He threw himself upon the bed, unable to say more, but not weeping; for in that condition one cannot weep. The Father wept, and had as yet said nothing; but at last he spoke of God, as you know he can speak. They were six hours together; and then the Father, to have him complete his sacrifice, led him to the church of these good Capuchins, where vigils were being said for this dear son. The Maréchal entered tottering, trembling, rather carried and pushed than on his own limbs, his face no longer recognizable. M. le Duc saw him in this state, and wept in telling us about it at Madame de La Fayette's house.

The poor Maréchal at last returned to his little room; he is like a condemned man; the King has written to him; no one sees him. Madame de Monaco is entirely inconsolable; as is also Madame de Louvigny, but it is because she is not at all afflicted. Do you not admire the happiness of the latter? Madame La Chancelière is transported with joy. The Comtesse de Guiche behaves very well. She weeps when told of the kind words and the excuses uttered by her husband when dying. She says: "He was lovable; I should have loved him passionately, if he could have loved me a little. I have endured his contempt with regret; his death touches my heart and awakens my pity. I was always hoping that his feelings towards me would change." This is all true, and not a farce. Madame de Verneuil is genuinely touched by it. . . . The good D'Hacqueville has gone to Frazé, thirty leagues distant, to announce the tidings to the Maréchale de Gramont, and to deliver to her a letter from the poor boy, in which he tries to make an honorable apology for his past life,—repenting of it and asking pardon publicly. He begged Vardes to forgive him; and told him many things which may be useful to him. Finally, he ended the play very well, and has left a rich and happy widow.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1673.

VERY well! very well! Lamentations over the Comte de Guiche! Alas! my poor child, here we think no longer of him; not even the Maréchal, who has returned to his occupation as courtier. As for your princesse [de Monaco], as you cleverly remark, "After all that she has forgotten, there need be no anxiety as to the effects of her emotion." Madame de Louvigny

and her husband are beside themselves with joy. The Comtesse de Guiche is not disposed to remarry, but a tabouret may tempt her. There is nobody but the Maréchale who is dying of grief.

VIII

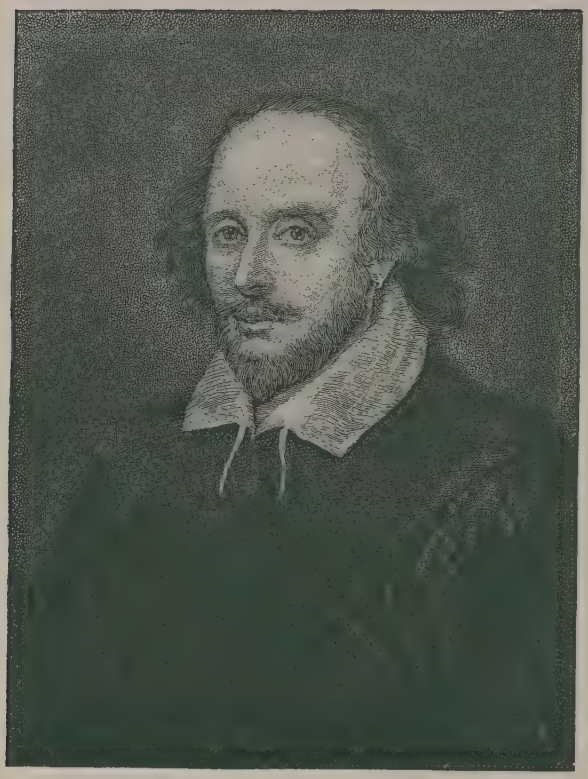
PARIS, Friday, January 5th, 1674.

M. DE GRIGNAN is right in saying that Madame de Thiange no longer wears rouge or low dresses. You would hardly recognize her in this disguise, but nothing is more certain. She is often with Madame de Longueville, and quite on the higher plane of devotion. She is always very good company, and not at all a recluse. The other day I was near her at dinner: a servant handed her a large glass of wine; she said to me, "Madame, this man does not know that I am religious,"—which made us all laugh. She speaks very naturally of her good intentions, and of her change of mind; takes care of what she says of her neighbor, and when some unkind word escapes her, she stops short, and cries out against her evil habit. As for me, I find her more amiable than ever. People are willing to wager that the Princesse d'Harcourt will not be *dévote* a year from now,—having been made lady of the palace,—and that she will use rouge again; for rouge is the law and the prophets,—Christianity itself turns upon rouge. As for the Duchesse d'Aumont, her fad is to bury the dead: it is said that on the frontier, the Duchesse de Charost killed people for her with her badly compounded remedies, and that the other promptly buried them. The Marquise d'Auxelles is very amusing in relating all that, but La Marans is better still. I met Madame de Schomberg, who told me very seriously that she was a *dévote* of the first rank, both as regards retreats and penitence: going no longer into society, and even declining religious amusements. This is what is called "worshiping God in spirit and in truth," with the simplicity of the Early Church.

The ladies of the palace are under strict discipline: the King has had an explanation with them, and desires that the Queen should always have them in attendance. Madame de Richelieu, although she no longer waits at table, is always present at the Queen's dinner, with four ladies who serve in turn. The Comtesse d'Ayen, the sixth, is in dread of this office, and of not going

every day to vespers, to the sermon, or to *salut*. Indeed, nothing in this world is so saintly. As to the Marquise de Castelnau, she is fair, fresh, and consoled. *L'Eclair*, people say, has only changed apartments, at which the first floor is ill pleased. Madame de Louvigny does not seem sufficiently pleased with her good fortune. She cannot be pardoned for not loving her husband as much as she did at first,—which is certainly the first occasion on which the public has been scandalized at such a fault. Madame de Brissac is lovely, and dwells in the shadow of the late Princesse de Conti. Her affairs with her father are in arbitration; and poor M. d'Arnusson says he has never seen a woman so honest and so frank. Madame de Cresqueu is very much as you have seen her. She has had made a skirt of black velvet, with heavy embroidery of gold and silver, and a mantle of flame-colored tissue, with gold and silver. This costume cost enormous sums: but although she was really resplendent, people thought her dressed like an actress; and she was so unmercifully laughed at that she did not dare to wear it again.

La Manierosa is somewhat chagrined at not being lady of the palace. Madame de Dura, who does not wish the honor, ridicules her. La Troche is, as you have known her, passionately devoted to your interests. The ladies of the palace have been slandered in a way that made me laugh. I said, « Let us revenge ourselves by abusing them. » Guilleragues said yesterday that Pelisson abused the privilege which men possess of being ugly.



SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

IF AN Academy of Immortals chosen from all ages could be formed, there is no doubt that a plébiscite of the English-speaking peoples would send Shakespeare as their chief representative to that august assembly. He alone could speak on their behalf of life and its joys in the presence of Homer, of death and its mysteries in Dante's presence; he alone could respond to the wisdom of Goethe with a broader and a sunnier wisdom; he alone could match the laughter of Molière with a laughter as human and more divine. There is a grace in literature which corresponds to the theological grace of charity: he who loses his life in his vision of the world shall save it; he who does not clamor, or assert himself, or thrust forward his individuality, yet is forever operating over the entire field of nature like light,—illuminating, interpreting, kindling, fructifying,—he it is who while remaining unknown is of all men best known. We are familiar with the thews and bulk of Shakespeare's great contemporary Ben Jonson; we stand in his shadow and are oppressed by his magnitude; we know him as a huge and impressive, if somewhat ungainly, object. Shakespeare disappears from view, because he plays around us like the intangible air and sunshine, and has entered into us and become a portion of our own life.

He came at a fortunate time, when it was possible to view the world in a liberal spirit, free from the harshness of the ascetic and the narrowness of the sectary. A mediæval Shakespeare might have found that seriousness implied severity, or that mirth meant revolt and mockery; he might have been forced to regard the mundane and the supermundane as hostile powers; he might have staggered under a burden of theology, or have thrown it off and become militant and aggressive in his vindication of the natural man. Had he lived when Milton lived, he could hardly have stood neutral between two parties which divided the people of England: yet transformed to a political combatant, Shakespeare must have given to party something that was meant for mankind; the deep human problems which interest him might have been replaced or obscured by temporary questions urgent for the moment, by theories of government, of popular rights, of ecclesiastical organization, of ceremony and ordinance, of Divine decrees, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, as formulated in dogma. Born in the eighteenth century, Shakespeare would have

breathed with difficulty: for the higher enthusiasm of poetry, the age of Addison was like an exhausted receiver; the nobler wisdom of Elizabethan days had cooled and contracted into good sense. Even as a contemporary of Byron and of Wordsworth he would have been at a disadvantage: the poetry of social movement was turbid with passion or doctrinaire in its theories of revolution; serenity was attainable, as Wordsworth proved, but it was to be attained rather through the spirit of contemplation than by dealing with the insurgent forces of modern life.

In the age of Bacon and Spenser and Shakespeare, three great streams, afterwards to be parted, had united to form a broad and exultant flood. The new ideals of the Renaissance, the new sense of the worth of life on earth, the new delight in beauty, had been deepened and enriched by the seriousness of the Reformation; the sense of national power, the pride of country,—suddenly enhanced by the overthrow of the naval might of Papal Spain,—had coalesced with these. For the imagination, the glories of Italy and of ancient Greece and Rome; for the conscience, the words of Hebrew prophets and singers and Christian teachers; for the heart,

> «This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise, . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.»

During one brief period, Englishmen discovered that gravity might be gay and gayety might be serious, while both gayety and gravity were supported by an energy of will which enabled them to do great things; they could be stern without moroseness, and could laugh aloud because such laughter was a part of strength, and of their strenuous acceptance of the world as good.

It was a fortunate moment for a dramatic artist. The epic breadth and the moral purport of the mediæval religious drama had not been lost; but they had submitted to the new and happier forms of Renaissance literature. Italian and classical models had served to make tragedy and comedy shapely, organic, vertebrate. But the pedantry of scholars had not suppressed the instincts of popular pleasure. The spectators of the theatre included both a cultured minority, and the ruder mass that desired strong appeals to pity and terror, and a frank invitation to mirth. The court favored but did not dominate the theatre; the stage remained essentially popular, but it showed how a common pleasure could be ennobled and refined. Shakespeare's predecessors had prepared the way for him in tragedy, comedy, and chronicle play. He received from Marlowe that majestic instrument of poetic expression, blank verse; it was his triumph to discover in time how to extend the keyboard, and to touch its various stops. The years from 1590 to 1610 were the high midsummer of the English drama, when the fruitage was maturing from its

early crudities, and was still untouched by that overripeness which streaked and spotted the later Jacobean and Caroline drama, and gave it the sick-sweet odor of decay. Nor as yet, in the struggle for existence between literary species, had the novel entered into competition with the drama. When it did so, in the eighteenth century, the high tragedy of the age was Richardson's 'Pamela,' the most genial comedy was Fielding's 'Tom Jones.'

These advantages Shakespeare gained from his environment and from the moment when he appeared; all else that contributed to his work may be assigned to his own genius. If he became the most learned man of his generation, the most learned man of all generations, in one department,—the lore of the passions,—it was not because he was born in this age or in that. It was because he possessed the genius of discovery; he directed his prow across the voyageable ocean of the human heart, and from a floating weed he could infer America. Each man contains all humanity in his own breast; the microcosm exhibits the macrocosm in little: but most men cherish what is peculiar to themselves, what is individual; and if they express themselves in song they are apt to tell of their private joys and griefs: we capture from them what is theirs, and appropriate it to our own uses. Shakespeare used his private experience as a chink through which he saw the world. Did he feel a momentary pang of jealous affection? There was the opening, as of an eyelet-hole, through which to discover the vast spasms of Othello's anguish. An experience no larger than a mustard-seed, a sense for all the obscure affinities of things, imagination with its dilating and its divining powers—these were the sources of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear,' rather than Saxo Grammaticus and Holinshed. As Goethe in a leaf could recognize the type of plant life and start upon his research into all its metamorphoses, so Shakespeare, discovering in what seems insignificant the type of a passion, could trace it through its varieties by the divining power of the imagination. He observed himself and he observed the world, and each served to interpret the other. Not that which bulked largest in his external life was necessarily of most significance for his art: that which contained a vital germ, to be fostered by his imagination, was of capital importance. The attempts that have been made to connect the creations of such a man of genius as Shakespeare with incidents in his career are often labor spent in vain: what looks considerable from an external point of view may have been an aggregation of insignificant accidents—mere dross of life; the true career was invisible: some momentary joy or pain, of which we shall never hear, may have involved, as in a seed, the blossoms and the fruit of art. We all contain within us the ova of a spiritual population,—philosophers, saints, heroes, lovers, humorists, fantasticoes, traitors, cowards, assassins,—else

Shakespeare were unintelligible to us: but with us the germs remain mere protoplasm; with the man of genius they may mature to a Hamlet, a Jaques, a Romeo, a Rosalind, an Imogen, a Cleopatra.

Shakespeare's outward life — of which we know more than of the life of any other Elizabethan dramatist, except perhaps Ben Jonson — shows him to us as passionate and as eminently prudent. His marriage at nineteen with a woman probably uneducated, several years his elder and of inferior social position, was rash; he fled from Stratford under a cloud, to avoid the consequences of a youthful escapade; if we accept as historical the story outlined in the 'Sonnets,' we must believe that he was capable of extravagant devotion to a disloyal friend, and was for a time, against his better judgment, the victim of feminine wiles and of his own intemperate heart. But Shakespeare returned to Stratford, wealthy, honored, and beloved; he did not wreck his life, like some of his fellow-dramatists, on the rocks or quicksands of London; he never gave offense to the authorities as Jonson and others did, by indiscreet references to public persons or events; he had no part in the quarrels of authors; he neither lavished praises on his contemporaries nor stung them with epigram and satire; he neither bribed nor bullied; his amiability and high breeding earned him the epithet "gentle"; he desired the ease and freedom which worldly substance brings, and by pursuing his own way with steadfastness and good sense he attained his object. Below his bust in Stratford Church he is characterized as "in judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates."

He lived in two worlds, — the extended world of the imagination, and the contracted world of his individual material life. Which was the more real? Perhaps the positive, material life was the dream:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

But he would dream the dream well. And is it after all a dream? Was it not something to possess his soul in sanity, to dismiss his airy spirits, to break his magic staff, and moving amid his fellow-townsmen, by the side of his wife and daughters, to be only a man? Only a man, but enjoying within himself the light and wisdom won through his great adventures of the imagination. His book of magic, not sunk like Prospero's below the waves deeper than ever plummet sounded, was for all the world. His personal life was for himself and those whom he loved. And even for his art, was it not well that he should be attentive to the lesser things of worldly wisdom? He had a vast burden of thoughts and visions to carry, and he must needs carry it steadily. Were it better if he had confused his art with the feverish and mean anxieties that attend on reckless living?

No: let the two lives aid each other; let his life as an imaginative creator effect a secondary and subordinate purpose in rendering his material life secure and substantial; let his life in the positive world be such as to set free, rather than pull down or embarrass, his life of the imagination. He might play the two games together, and play both with success.

What moved within the great brain and the great heart of the prosperous Stratford gentleman,—more deep and wise perhaps than all his tragedies and comedies,—we shall never know: it was a matter for himself, and he kept his secret with the taciturnity of Nature. But we can follow his adventures in the realms of fancy. In these also there was a wise economy of power: he did not dash into deep water, as has often been the way with youthful poets, before he had learnt to swim. At first he was content to take lessons in his craft: he put forth no ambitious manifestoes; he did not pose as a leader of revolt, or belabor the public, in Ben Jonson's fashion, with a doctrine of dramatic reform; he did not read lessons in ethics to his age: he began by trying to please, he ended by trying to please in a nobler manner; he taught a generation which had laughed at 'The Comedy of Errors' how to smile with Prospero in 'The Tempest'; he taught a generation which had snuffed up the reek of blood from 'Titus Andronicus' how, with pity lost in beautiful pride and sense of victory, to gaze upon the dead body of Cordelia. The great work of his life was to show how pleasure can be converted into a noble exercise of the soul; how mirth can be enriched by wisdom; how the primitive brute cry of pain may be transformed into a pure voice bearing a part in the majestic symphony of the world's mourners; how the terror that arises at the sight of violated law may be purified from gross alarms, and appear as one of the dread pillars of order which sustain the fabric of God's world.

The English people need, perhaps in a special degree, wise schooling in the pleasures. They are not lacking in seriousness; but they are prone to leave their pleasures pawing in the mire like Milton's half-created beasts, or to avert their eyes sourly and walk past in self-complacent respectability. Even Emerson, who uttered admirable sentences in his discourse on Shakespeare as the representative poet, laments the fact that he employed his lofty powers so meanly, «leading an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement;» «he converted the elements that waited on his command into entertainments; he was master of the revels to mankind.» But what if Shakespeare proved that the revels may be sacred mysteries? The service of joy in such art as his, at its highest, is something more than amusement. In Sandro Botticelli's 'Nativity' the angels circle above the manger in the gracefulest of dances; but are they only amusing themselves? In the old Italian pictures of

Paradise, the celestial company are not engaged in attending to a sermon on theology or a lecture on ethics: they are better employed in touching their harps or breathing through loud uplifted trumpets. Shakespeare's highest work does not resemble this "undisturbèd song of pure concent" sung before "the sapphire-colored throne"; but it expresses the music of the earth — with adagio and allegro, discords resolved into harmony, imperious suspensions, rain of laughters, rain of tears — more adequately than the work of any other master. Does it lessen his service to the world that such work is also a beautiful play?

Shakespeare's attainment was not snatched in haste: it was won through long and strenuous endeavor. In his early comedies he moves brightly over the surface of life. 'Love's Labour's Lost' is a young man's good-humored and confident satire of the follies and affectations of the day. How are we to learn our lesson, he asks, in the high-school of the world? Not through the pedantries of erudition, not through the fantastical subtleties of romance, not through a high-flying philosophy which disdains the plain old lore of mother Earth: such methods will only make ingenious fools. There is a better way, simple in appearance, yet really needing all our strength and skill: to accept the teaching of life itself in a manly spirit, to let both head and heart task themselves in studying the book of nature; to laugh and love; but also to temper the laughter and joy of youth by acquaintance with the sorrows of the world. Biron, the courageous jester, with seriousness beneath his mirth, is dismissed for a twelvemonth to try how mocks and flouts will sound among the speechless sick and groaning wretches of a hospital. He will laugh at the end of his period of probation, but it will be with a wiser, a braver, and a kindlier laughter. He will love the better for a year's instruction in the lessons of pain. "This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring": the song of the cuckoo and the song of the owl are alike songs of the earth; let us cheerfully attend to both.

Such was Shakespeare's starting-point. He was a scholar, in love with the book of life, and in time he would understand its meaning. But as he turned the pages he found obscure and awful things, and it may be that for a while his vision grew perplexed. When 'Measure for Measure' was written, it seems as if he moved in some valley of the shadow of sin and death, amid encompassing gloom, and could sustain his courage only by the presence of strength, severe and virginal but not joyous, as seen in the person of Isabella. In 'Troilus and Cressida,' — the comedy of disillusion, — he gazes on life with a bitter irony, finding young love a fraud, and pretentious heroes only vulgar egoists beneath their glittering armor: if there is virtue anywhere, it must be sought in such worldly wisdom as that of Ulysses; the penetration and insight of a Machiavelli is indeed a kind

of virtue amid sham splendors, mercenary wiles, and the deceits of sensual passion.

But Shakespeare could not remain content with the poor philosophy of disenchantment. Vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, self-deceptive imaginations,—he had come to know them all; but he could not accept as final the shrunken wisdom of such a discovery. Nor would he retreat to the untenable refuge of a shallow optimism. He went forward courageously to a deeper inquisition of evil. He ceased for a time from comedy: one great tragedy—'Julius Cæsar,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Macbeth,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Timon of Athens'—succeeded another. And searching profoundly into the mystery of evil, he rediscovered, and in a deeper way than ever before, the mystery of good. Cordelia suffers a shameful death; but she has given her life as a free gift, to win a victory of love. Othello, in the blinding simoon of passion, has struck her whom he best loved, and Desdemona lies on the bed "pale as her smock": but her spirit has conquered the malignant spirit of Iago; and Othello enters into a great calm as he pronounces the doom of a justiciary against himself, and falls where his lips can give his wronged wife the last kiss of union.

Into such a calm, but serener and more bright, Shakespeare himself passed after he had completed his studies of terror and pity. The serenity of the latest dramas, beautiful romances rather than comedies,—the plays of Prospero and Imogen and Hermione,—has in it something of the pellucid atmosphere of early autumn days; the air is bright and transparent, but below its calm there is a touch of surrender and detachment: the harvest is well-nigh gathered; the songs of spring and the vivifying midsummer ardors are withdrawn: yet the peace that is present is a vivid peace; and Shakespeare in these plays sees the spectacle of life—its joys of youth, its victories of mature wisdom and the patience of hope—with a sympathy deeper and more pure than that of his earlier exultant years:—

"Uranian clearness, come!
Give me to breathe in peace and in surprise
The light-thrilled ether of your rarest skies,
Till inmost absolution start
The welling in the grateful eyes,
The heaving in the heart."

These are the dramas of reconcilement; like the masque of his great enchanter, "harmonious charmingly." It is as if Shakespeare had solved the riddle at last, had found the secret; or not having found it, but assured that its meaning is good, could be content to wait.

Edward Dowden.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE THE MAN AND THE ACTOR

(1564–1616)

BY JOHN MALONE

THE life records of the actor-poet Shakespeare are not less ample than those of his contemporaries not in public life. The place of his birth and something of his family are known,—more than can be said of Spenser, Chapman, or Ben Jonson. Though of the marvelous industry of his pen there be only five signatures of his name to witness, yet not that can be said of Sydenham, whose works are the study of all who have a care for the health of men. It is a convincing testimony to the gentle worth and modesty of the man that the earliest notices of his life, except such as are of purely domestic character, are the results of envy and detraction. Had not William Shakespeare been early a victim to that hurt of all true and simple-hearted great ones, the sting of venomed slander, the admirers of his incomparable genius had not known how to fix with certainty the first lights of his unfading day.

"He was not of an age but for all time." Shrewd old Ben Jonson never wrote a phrase which contributes more to his own immortality than this, in which he describes Will Shakespeare's greatness, and foretells his everlasting fame. It is one of the evidences of the conviction with which true personal character forces itself upon the mind, that Jonson, who bore such a relation to Shakespeare in the affairs of their every day that he could not help expressing his jealousy during the time the latter lived, was yet willing, after Shakespeare's death, to admit all the truth and greatness of the gentle-minded man against whom, living, he had been willing to practice the art and cunning of a court-favor-seeking rival.

This "mighty line" of rare old Ben is true both of the man and of his work. Drama is not an invention: it is innate in the heart of man; it began under the roof-tree of the first family, and its life will last so long as there shall be prattling of children upon the earth.

Knowledge of Shakespeare as a man and an actor is the best starting-point for earnest study of his work. From failure to begin their survey from this point, most of those who have voluminously written about him have floundered into the bogs and quicksand of mistake and misrepresentation.

It is a plain and simple tale:—

Born in the year 1564 at or near Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, England, he was married in 1582 and had three children, born

within the early years of his wedded life. He left Stratford suddenly, and became an actor and writer of plays famous enough to be noticed by detraction in 1589, and cited amongst the foremost men of letters in England in 1592. He followed the calling of an actor in honor and eminence from early youth until a period as late as three years before his death. He made money and accumulated property both in London and in Stratford; was the companion, associate, and friend of the greatest and wisest men of his day, and was admired and beloved by them. Finally, while yet in active life, he died in the quiet of Stratford in his prime of years and fame, in the year 1616, and was buried there in the chancel of the parish church of the Holy Trinity.

Beyond these facts all that we are told of the man Shakespeare is inference, more or less valuable according to its logical method; yet much do we know by invincible deduction from a strong array of known and recorded facts. What is positively told of him by the living witnesses of his own time may be written within the space of a visiting-card. What may be warrantably offered as logical presumptions from the circumstances of his life and times extend that space to volumes. As with all men, some of the most useful presumptions going to show his character and place in life spring from his family relations.

The natural fortress or dune upon which stands the modern Castle of Warwick was in the Roman time a præsidium or camp of guard, on the wooded frontier beyond which the free Britons had taken refuge. In the time of William of Normandy there was in the possession of this stronghold a certain Turkhill of that free race, called Turkhill of Warwick. He took no part in the contest between Harold and the Norman, and believed, upon the accession of the Conqueror, that he would be allowed to retain his possessions in peace. William, when making his 'Domesday Boke,' set down the fact that nearly all of the property in Warwickshire was held from Turkhill; but sent out his own Earl of Warwick, William of Newburg, and Turkhill was dispossessed of all his holdings, except some inconsiderable properties in what was known as Hemlingford Hundred, in the centre of the forest. To this small estate he retired, relinquishing the name of Warwick; and was thereafter known, himself and his successors, by the name of "Arden," or "of the wood Arden," signifying high or great forest. "This is the forest of Arden;" and Mary Arden, of Turkhill's race,—a woman of gentle and loving character,—was the mother of our poet and a careful and devoted spouse to her husband John, called by home people "Shaxper." It was the officers of heraldry who made invention of a punning meaning for this name; which like its woodland neighbor "Shuckborough" came evidently from the old

British combination of "Shacks"—a word well known to woodmen who use split timber for their shelter—with the term used for a settlement or colony. The shortening of this termination has analogy in the use of "Kesper" for Kexborough in Yorkshire. When John and Mary Shakespeare were married in 1555 or 1556, the father of Mary Shakespeare, Robert Arden of Wilmecot, was a substantial farmer, owning several homesteads; of one of which the father of John Shakespeare, Richard, was tenant.

Upon Robert Arden's death, Mary Shakespeare inherited two of these farms,—one called Asbies, and a smaller one in the little town of Snitterfield. John Shakespeare had given up the life of a husbandman to which he was born; and having entered into business in the market town of Stratford, was at the time of his marriage an active, prudent, and money-making man.

When William, the first son, was born in 1564, the neighborhood of Stratford was afflicted by the plague, and many of the inhabitants were carried away; but that wise Providence which watches the fall of a sparrow sheltered the life of the infant who was to become the greatest poet of our tongue.

John Shakespeare, in addition to his business, which was that of a glover and wool merchant, occupied an important position in the government of the borough. In the year 1558 he was appointed to one of the minor offices of his town, and passed through several years of service as an able alderman; until he became on September 4th, 1568, the chief magistrate or High Bailiff of the borough. It was at this period that he obtained from the Herald's Office the right to bear a coat of arms,—a gold shield with a spear in bend impaled with the arms of the family of Arden. The crest assigned him was a falcon holding a spear erect. About the year 1578 he ceased to perform any of the functions of his office of alderman; and finally, in the year 1584, after having been for nearly six years absent from the meetings of the board, though frequently requested to appear, his name was removed from the roll of alderman, and his friend John Sadler was elected in his place. This removal of John Shakespeare from the board of town governors of Stratford, which was in fact a resignation, has been attributed by many writers to a sudden and inexplicable condition of poverty. It was in 1578 that the Oath of Supremacy was enforced upon all persons holding office, and the right to be sworn according to the custom of the borough abrogated. As John Shakespeare was and remained a recusant, it must be concluded that his absence from the board of aldermen was a direct consequence of the prohibition established by law.

That John Shakespeare was a member of that class of persons who desired to practice the old religion, and that he lived in the respect

of his neighbors, under the protection of some one powerful enough to prevent the application of the penal law in its severity, is clearly established by the 'Warwickshire Book of Recusants' made up by Sir Thomas Lucy and others, the Queen's Commissioners, in 1592.

Traditions must be very carefully studied before being let into the company of facts. About William Shakespeare's youth there are several stories of a very misty kind. When we consider that there were in and around Stratford three other William Shakespeares in his time, but little faith is due to statements made half a century after his death about deer-stealing, lying drunk under roadside trees, and other tales of the simple country folk who but repeated hearsay. Whatever the cause for that single but not ill-natured instance of ridicule of his neighbor, indulged in by the gentle actor who made Justice Shallow and Sir Thomas Lucy twin laughing-stocks, it certainly was not all the memory of a merited punishment for wild and boyish pranks.

In October of the year 1583, John Somerville, a gentleman living at the manor-house of Edston, within three miles of Stratford, was arrested for some inflammatory words uttered by him against Queen Elizabeth. As this was a time when plots were rife in England for the release of Mary Queen of Scots, and the advocacy of her claim to the throne of England, every individual who had any sympathy for her was most jealously watched. Somerville had been known to express himself strongly in favor of the claims of Mary; and when he gave voice to strong language against Queen Elizabeth, he was immediately arrested, sent up to London, and a commission was appointed from the Privy Council to go into Warwickshire for the arrest of all persons related to, or in any way connected with, the Somerville family. Somerville's wife was the daughter of Edward Arden of Park Hall, the head of the family of Shakespeare's mother. This commission held its sittings in Sir Thomas Lucy's house of Charlecote, and Sir Thomas was himself most active in securing the arrest and prosecution of all persons connected with the accused. Amongst others brought before him was a boy, companion or confidential page to Somerville, not mentioned by name in any of the records, but who is referred to as having written down over his own hand an account of the proceedings of the day upon which Somerville was arrested. He must therefore have been a boy of more than common education, and of a family in a condition of life above the common sort. Somerville was about twenty years of age at this time, and was most carefully watched by his family because of his tendency to «midsummer madness.» His family preserved a tradition that William Somerville, his brother,—who after John's death in prison, while under sentence for treason, became the head of the family,

and was High Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1610,—had an exquisite miniature of Shakespeare painted, which he transmitted to his descendants as a precious heirloom of the affection which existed between himself and our gentle Will. This miniature, the only portrait of Shakespeare which has lawful evidence to support its character, is now in the possession of a gentleman in London. The family, which guarded it sacredly to the opening of this century, has so far passed away that one of the most celebrated of the dormant peerage cases has waited long to put one of the race in possession of the title of Lord Somerville.

From Charlecote, Mrs. Somerville, her sister-in-law Elizabeth, Mary Arden,—daughter of Sir George Throckmorton and wife of Edward Arden,—with all their servants and dependents, were sent up to London. Edward Arden had been previously taken there, and was hanged at Tyburn on November 23d. Somerville died in Newgate, it was said upon the rack. The others were kept in prison for weary months. Of the household of Mrs. Somerville was one whom Thomas Wilkes, the clerk of the council, writes down "Wm. Chacker."

Our young poet,—at this time but nineteen years of age, newly married to a neighbor, Anne Hathaway, and father of an infant daughter, Susanna,—a close kinsman of these Ardens, was liable to be suddenly and most unexpectedly obliged to answer the serious charge of aiding and abetting an overt act of treason; and in consequence of that charge to be sent, through the ministration of Sir Thomas Lucy as committing magistrate of the county, to one of the many prisons in London in which at that time all persons charged with these political offenses were confined, and from which many of them were from time to time taken out to execution. The natural disposition of all persons who were friendly to the family would impel the neighbors and friends on such an occasion to endeavor to cover or hide the real reason; and out of this, some boyish prank, which had perhaps excited the temporary anger of Sir Thomas Lucy, was made the traditionary cause of William Shakespeare leaving his home at this time.

Evidences of the date of Shakespeare's marriage are entirely inductive. The only fact positively known is, that in February 1582 he made an application to the Bishop of Worcester for a dispensation from the usual publication of the banns, which, upon his giving bond against impediments, was granted; but whether the marriage took place before or after this dispensation, no one at present knows. It was common custom at this time, and for long before and after, to marry privately without asking dispensation, and even without going to the parish church or having the marriage registered. The presence of "old priests," as they were called, who lived in Arden in hiding,

or went from house to house as tutors of the young, made such marriages easy. In the face of such patent facts, the notion that there was anything irregular in Shakespeare's marriage is vicious.

The family of Shakespeare, at the time of his separation from his native home, consisted of his wife Anne Hathaway; his daughter Susanna, born in 1582; his twin son and daughter Hamnet (or as the name was altered in Warwickshire speech, Hamlet) and Judith, born in 1584; his father and mother; a brother Gilbert, born October 1566; a sister Joan, born April 1569; and a brother Edmund, who, born in May 1580, afterward became a player with him in London.

There are vague traditions which tend to explain the disposition of the young stranger towards the theatre when he found himself in London city. It is said that he began in a humble capacity by holding horses at the door. He is said to have been expert in the rudiments of acting, expressed in what was a common country sport known as "killing the calf." This was a homely exercise of dramatic effort, which consisted in standing behind a screen and imitating the talk of a farmer (who had brought a calf to market) with the butcher to whom it was sold, and by whom it was killed,—interspersed with the bleatings of the victim as it went through the various stages of transport and transfer. That—

> "'Twas a brute part of him
> To kill so capital a calf there,"

he had remembered as the best compliment of his fitness for the actors' calling before he looked up his former companions, then engaged in the fascinating work of the theatre under the patronage of such powerful men as the Earl of Leicester, Lord Strange, the Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Arundel.

It is an important fact that Shakespeare's companions of the theatre were Warwickshire men. Many of them had been boys, who, before the monasteries at and about Coventry were secularized in Henry VIII.'s time, learned the rudiments of dramatic art under the guidance of the monks of those institutions. The Burbages, the Fields, the Greenes, the Underhills, are mentioned frequently in the records of the dramatic entertainments given in Coventry, in Chester, in Stratford, in Leicester, and in other neighboring towns, by companies traveling under the protection and patronage of different members of the county gentry. Most and the best of the companies of players were made up of West of England men. Their patrons, with the exception of the Earl of Arundel, were all from that part of the country. In 1574 James Burbage, joiner and actor, had builded The Theatre in the fields between the city of London and Shoreditch; and had established a company there under the patronage of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and the warrant of a royal license.

Shakespeare himself, ten years of age in 1574, could have been a witness of the gorgeous pageants at Kenilworth, which were arranged and conducted by the Earl of Leicester, with the assistance of musicians and actors whom he was proud to protect, and who in their association bore the name of his servants and wore his livery. There might this wonderful boy have been himself an actor, and acquired the impulse of that dramatic spirit which has given us the inestimable privilege of enjoying in our generation the greatest of all human works of the dramatic character. If not there, in the entertainments given by the Leicester company, or by the company of the Earl of Derby, or by the Lord Chamberlain's company in the Guildhall at Stratford, under his father's patronage, he might well have taken part, and formed acquaintance with the playfellows of his after life, and established a reputation as a player which stood him in good stead when he was subsequently obliged to take shelter in the busy city of London from the danger of persecution in his own home.

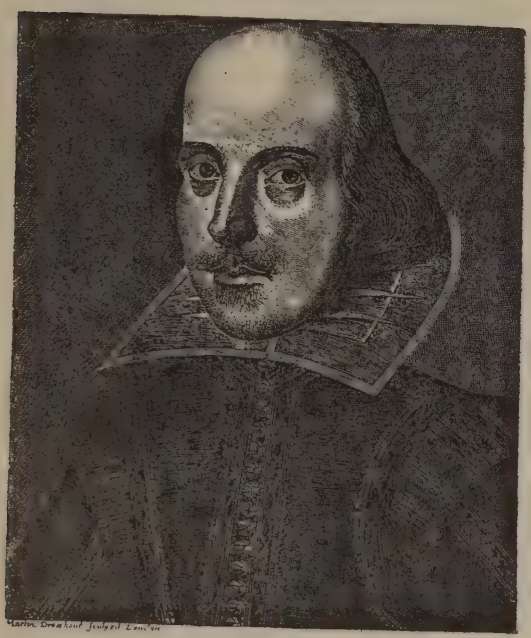
The silence of contemporary record as to Shakespeare's education is apt to mislead those who do not realize how easy it was, in the unsettled social condition of the England of his day, to obtain an education without attendance at the schools. The old Oxford and Cambridge men — men who had studied at Padua and Rome and Paris and Salamanca — were scattered all over England in the houses of the great and low: in forest cells, in shops, in farm-houses, and in fishing-cots, ostensibly following the work of the poor, but in reality teaching the young in secret. The papers of the Record Office are filled with accounts of the huntings of them. When the history of the society and letters of England shall have been rewritten, as it must be, it will be known that the best of England's schools were sometimes in the hidden recluse's cell. To conclude that Shakespeare was an ignorant country lad, without the rudiments of polite learning, is only possible to those who ignore this living social power of his, and after, times. The very wood of Arden was filled with men who had been dishoused in the general secularization of religious establishments in Henry VIII.'s time, and who earned their bread by teaching the children of families connected with them by blood or by old association. Shakespeare gives us an intimation of this in the play of 'As You Like It.' When Orlando and Rosalind meet in Arden wood, and Orlando, finding the strange youth quick of wit and sharp of tongue, says that his speech savors rather of the city and the court than of the country, her answer is, "I have been told so of many, but indeed *an old religious uncle of mine here in the forest* taught me to speak." Shakespeare himself was not without an old religious uncle. Many of his name were connected with the religious institutions of Warwickshire. Isabella Shakespeare, perhaps namesake of the sweet nun of 'Measure for Measure,' had been

Mr. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies



LONDON

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

prioress of Wraxhall Convent, to which a Shakespeare had been bailiff. Roger Shakespeare, at the dissolution of the monastery of Baddeley, in Gloucestershire, a neighbor county to Warwick, retired upon a pension of forty shillings in the year 1553, eleven years before the poet's birth.

Be it as it may for the means, it is sure that before 1589 William Shakespeare had proved himself the foremost master of English speech. It is to be noted here that but four of those who professed play-making at this time were older than the Warwickshire boy. George Peele was born in 1552, John Lilly in 1553, George Chapman in 1559, and Robert Greene in 1561. Marlowe, who is most often referred to as a predecessor of Shakespeare, was only two months his elder, and did not leave his college at Cambridge until 1587. Marlowe, who was affectionately remembered by Shakespeare in 'As You Like It,' began in London as an actor, and if likelihoods are to be considered, was rather a pupil than a master. Shakespeare, like all simply great men, was the maker of the school of his time. He struck at once and unaided into the perfectest way of expression,— that sublime mastery of drama which was no man's before, and will be no man's again. He knew intuitively the purpose of playing. He became at once what he will always be, and what his actor ought to be,— champion of English speech.

It was then considered the duty of every scholar who could obtain the means, to travel in Italy for the purpose of finishing his education in that language, which it was believed would displace all other languages of Continental Europe, and rival Latin in the struggle to restore a universal tongue. English was the language of the common people. Many of the best writers of Elizabeth's time had no faith in the perpetuity of English as a literary language. The common speech was left to the actor, and his drudge the play-poet. But Sackville the courtier, by grafting the blank verse — and the poet Spenser the sonnet of Italy — to the sturdy English stock, had shown a way which Shakespeare the actor made safe and sure for the generations coming after, to keep all exotics from the garden of their thoughts.

The power of the drama of Elizabeth's day is never fully understood by the student of mere literature or history. Drama is a distinct thing, bearing such a relation to literature as the moving and speaking man does to an outline sketch of him. The trained actor is the only maker of drama. This Will Shakespeare well understood, as he understood most things; and so he went on with patience in his chosen work, while Greene, Marlowe, and Nash made faces at him, and called him rude and unlettered because he was nearer the great heart of nature than they were.

Drama had, in 1492, been established under royal patronage in Spain by Isabella of Castile; and one of the earliest English companies of players (1530), not tradesmen or minstrels, was that of the Lady Princess, her granddaughter, afterwards Queen Mary. The method of establishing a distinct guild of players came from Spanish example. It was the custom of the actors to divide their gains according to certain interests which were called shares. Thus James Burbage, the owner of the first established theatre, and his rival Philip Henslowe,—who set up at 'The Curtain,' so called because built in that part of the ruin of the old monastery of Holywell which was called the Curtain, just across the field from Burbage's Theatre,—paid the actors in their companies by giving certain of them a lease for a term of years of a share of the receipts. Burbage's house, a spacious playing-place, was built of wood in octagonal form, with a stage projecting from one of the sides into the middle of the yard, as the inclosed space was called. There were two galleries or stories which were roofed over. The stage was also partly roofed, and the yard was open to the sky for air and light; for performances were given only in the afternoon from one to three o'clock. There were but two doors to the structure: one at which the public entered, and the other to the actors' tiring or dressing room. There being no women actors, the common dressing-room of the theatre was a very exclusive sort of club. The stairs to the galleries or rooms were on the inside; and a fee of twopence was paid for the privilege of going above the place of the groundlings, and sixpence for a seat. To the boxes or lords' rooms, which were next the stage on either side, entrance was obtained from the stage itself or through the tiring-room. At first the actors had only a moiety of the money that was paid at the doors. As the fees were only twopence for entrance at the public door, and a shilling for the more exclusive privilege of passing through the actors' private way, it will readily be seen that the manager or owner had quite the best of the count. Yet out of their store the actors paid all costs of running the house, including the price of poets,—the least considerable of expenses, for no play was worth more than five pounds. The wages of the minor actors, called the hirelings, as well as those of the minstrels and mechanicians, were also paid by the actors. Perspectives, as scenes were then called,—painted cloths, curtains, tombs, houses, mounds, and rocks, as well as the *flies* or cloths which hung from the roof of the stage, to imitate sky and conceal the ropes by which the various machines used for the descent of gods or goblins were lowered from the property man's quarters in a little house on the roof of the stage,—belonged to the owner of the house and were provided by him. Yet a share in a company of players was highly valued, and was often divided

into many fractions, and made the subject of profitable barter. This kind of share must be kept in mind apart from another sharing first introduced by the sons of James Burbage, when they built the Globe Theatre in 1599, at which time they divided the leasehold into sixteen shares, eight of which they disposed of to Shakespeare, Heminge, Condell, and Philips.

To enter such a company in any capacity except as a hireling was impossible except by purchase of some part of a share; and shares could only be obtained by him who could show merit and experience. Even with such influence as would flow from boyhood acquaintance, and a known ability to "pen a part," the boy Shakespeare must have spent some years in the condition of apprenticeship before he could seriously be considered a person important enough to be a sharer.

When therefore, in 1589, it is found by Nash's petulant preface to Greene's 'Menaphon' that some skilled and formidable actor-poet had incurred the writer's sarcasm by putting forth a play called 'Hamlet,' instead of sticking to the trade of *noverint* or scrivener to which he was born, we have to remember that there was but one 'Hamlet,' Shakespeare's; and that Arden Waferer — a lawyer of London and counsel to Edward Arden in 1584 — was in the same degree of kindred to Walter Arden, their common ancestor, as William Shakespeare. 'Hamlet' was sold by Shakespeare to the players before he became a member of the company of the Lord Chamberlain, with which he had been some time identified when 'Romeo and Juliet' was published in 1597. The Lord Admiral's Company, which was under the management of Philip Henslow in 1589, owned 'Hamlet' in 1603, when they became the Prince's (his Highness's) players. This then old play was no longer of sufficient value as dramatic property to prevent its being published as a History "diverse times acted" in the city of London, at Cambridge and Oxford Universities, and elsewhere. New plays were plentiful, and public appetite for novelty as keen as now. There was no copyright; and a play once printed, the actors no longer held exclusive right over it. This consideration is of the first importance, and too often ignored in dealing with the history of Shakespeare's work.

The long continuance of the plague in 1593–4 gave occasion for the publication of 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece.' Shakespeare's days were days of a very busy life, wherein the study and playing of a multitude of new parts was blithely done, while he was forming the strange and bodiless creatures of imagination which sing to the ages the glory of his name. The habit of such days gave way in 1593 to an idle seclusion. In that time Shakespeare busied himself by getting out his version of old Ovid's wildwood song of 'Adonis,' — a thing done in his own boyhood, "the first heir of his invention," —

and to it he wrote a companion poem on the story of the Roman matron.

Francis Meres tells us the «Sugard Sonnets» were known as early as 1598 amongst Shakespeare's private friends. They were the whimsical recreations of a busy brain, done in the fashionable spirit of the time, to amuse himself and to please and assist his companions. That they were gathered up for a publisher eleven years after Meres first praised them, gives no reason to think they were addressed to any one person. The printer applied the sentiment of one of the sonnets to Master W. H., who had helped him to obtain them. William Hewes, a popular singer, had been the favorite minstrel of the old Earl of Essex; and to a man of his name Sonnet 20 seems to have been addressed.

Looking then from 1589 and 1592, when we get the first glimpses of his work, we must find the personal history of Shakespeare in the practice of the actor's calling. That he was of the company which went with Lord Leicester to the Low Countries in 1585, and traveled to Denmark, Germany, and it may be to Italy, are fascinating conjectures, but valueless at present for want of evidence. That he was one of the young players who went to various patrons during the first decade of his career is certain. 'Titus Andronicus,' one of the first of his plays to be printed (1594), and consequently old in public favor, was written for the company which had been Lord Derby's. 'Henry VI.' and 'The Taming of the Shrew' were written for the Earl of Pembroke's,—the company to which James Burbage belonged before 1585.

To 'Henry VI.' we owe the best evidence of Shakespeare's early industry and reputation as an actor. In 1592 Robert Greene, who, on account of dissipated habits and disregard for his obligations, had failed in his efforts to obtain recognition as a writer of plays, uttered his disappointment in the most rancorous terms, designating the players as «burrs, puppets, antic crows, apes, rude grooms, buckram gentlemen, peasants, and painted monsters.» Following these extravagant terms, and urging his companions, scholars of the university like himself, to cease writing for the stage, he says:—

«For unto none of you like me sought those burrs to cleave, those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colors. Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country.»

The expression «his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide» is an unequivocal reference to a play written by Shakespeare, in which

a similar line occurs: the 'History of Henry VI.,' in the third part of which occurs the line spoken by the Duke of York to Queen Margaret:—

«O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.»

The scene in which this line occurs is one of the most dramatic in the scope of Shakespearean work. It is the description of the humiliation of the Duke of York after his capture by Queen Margaret, in one of the latest battles of the long series of bloody contests of the Wars of the Roses. This history, as arranged to suit the situations of the stage, was already old enough in 1594–5 to go into print as the 'Contention' (2 Henry VI.) and 'The True Tragedy' (3 Henry VI.).

That Jonson spoke truly when he said of Shakespeare that it was necessary to suppress much that he wrote is true in fact, but not in the inference spitefully left by him. A clear-headed study of the early prints of Shakespeare's plays shows that these greatly misunderstood works were acting copies made by Shakespeare himself from the longer and therefore unplayable originals. 'Hamlet,' 'Henry VI.,' 'Richard III.,' cannot even to-day,—when a patient public will give three instead of two hours to the theatre,—be played in their entirety. The use of unnecessary speech, a fault of the young Shakespeare, was avoided, as experience of his calling gave the actor mastery of every element of his art.

In the study of his plays for actual performance, it will be found that they show abundant corroboration of this fact. A few show plainly the marks of the author's own cutting, merciless to mere making of speeches, but always enhancing dramatic force. In the present condition of evidences it is useless to apply to them any other test of chronological order.

The slander uttered by poor Greene produced an evidence of the integrity of Shakespeare's life, as well as a further record of the fact that he was at this early period of his career known and recognized as an actor. Chettle, who had published Greene's 'Groatsworth of Wit' in 1594, very soon afterward published a pamphlet called 'Kind Heart's Dream,' in the preface to which he took occasion to apologize for the harshness of Greene's attack upon Shakespeare. He spoke of Shakespeare in these words:—

«The other, whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had: for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion,—especially in such a case, the author being dead,—that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen *his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the*

quality he professes. Besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art.»

Four important statements: That Shakespeare was an excellent actor («the quality he professes»), that he was befriended by «divers of worship,» — that is, by influential nobles, — that he was upright in his dealings, and that he wrote with grace and wit. These are not three-hundred-year-after theories: they are the spontaneous declarations of his contemporaries.

It is not important to discuss Spenser's reference in 1591, in the 'Tears of the Muses,' where Thalia laments to her sisters of the sacred choir the intrusion of distasteful plays into the «painted theatres,» and the enforced silence of —

«— the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy.»

Shakespeare's fellow actors called him «a happy imitator of Nature.» Camden, who knew him well, spoke of him in 1619 as the «late eminent tragedian.» The royal license for the establishment of the King's players in 1603 names him second in the list. Cuthbert and Winifred Burbage in 1635 testify that Shakespeare was an active player in 1613. A most convincing evidence of Shakespeare's excellence as an actor is given by Sir John Davies, who declared himself a lover of players and their quality. Writing about 1607, «To our English Terence, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare,» he said: —

«Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hadst thou not *played some kingly parts in sport*,
Thou hadst beene a companion for a king,
And beene a king among the meaner sort.
Some others raile: but raile as they thinke fit,
Thou hast no rayling, but a raigning wit;
And honesty thou sow'st which they do reape,
So to increase their stocke which they do keepe.»

In all Shakespearean or contemporaneous literature, the parts of Prince Hal and Henry V. are the only ones which can be called «kingly parts in sport.» The conclusion from Davies's lines must be that Shakespeare was their original actor. The reference to being a king among the meaner sort, alludes to an effort to obtain the place of court poet finally conferred upon Jonson. The storm of opposition which followed the production of Shakespeare's 'Henry IV.,' upon the part of the Puritans, who took great offense at the character of

Sir John Falstaff, supposed by them to be conceived in ridicule of the Protestant martyr Sir John Oldcastle, fell upon Shakespeare, and undoubtedly interfered with any good-will evinced toward him by King James; who, besides taking the company to which Shakespeare belonged into the royal household as the King's Players, never would, even when the Puritan influence became strongest at court, consent to give up his attachment for these actors, however he might be prevented from advancing one of them from his humble station.

It would have been worth all the inconvenience of living in that time, to have seen and heard Will Shakespeare making merry with the fair Catherine of France, or provoking the drolleries of Falstaff!

In a play, author unknown, but produced by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1601 or 1602, the then general estimation of Shakespeare is voiced through the mouth of Will Kempe, who speaks thus of university-bred poets:—

"Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe, ay and Ben Jonson too!"

Of Shakespeare's domestic life we know only that his wife was eight years his elder, and gave him but the three children already named. That he was attached to his home and family is plainly shown by the fact that he bought for them in Stratford in 1597 the "great house," which was regarded as the most respectable residence in the town. His son Hamnet died in 1596, and he must then have been without expectation of a male heir. Yet there is absolutely no reason to believe that he was estranged from his wife. His will, made but a short time before his death, shows him to have been prudent and careful of the interests of his family to the last.

In worldly property he was, according to the chances of his time, —though not to be compared in wealth to Edward Alleyn, the Burbages, or his fellow player John Heminge,—fairly fortunate. He accumulated an estate of about £2,000 value, most of which was in lands and leaseholds in the vicinity of Stratford. His great popularity as a play-writer brought him little money until 1599; when, upon the removal of The Theatre from the fields on the north of the city to the bankside, Southwark, where it was re-edified and called The Globe, he was admitted by Richard and Cuthbert Burbage (who had succeeded their father James upon his death in 1596) to an interest in the larger profits of his work, as one of the actors holding a share in the ownership of the house. The importance of this increase in his resources is shown by the fact that in 1602 he invested £380 in lands near Stratford, and in 1605 £440 more in a moiety of a thirty-one years' remainder of a lease of certain tithes, an investment which gave him an income of £120 per year. On March 12th, 1613, he bought land in the Blackfriars in London, for which he paid £120;

and in the same year had been admitted by the Burbages to a share in the Blackfriars Theatre, which they owned in fee, and which they then took up from Evans, the manager of the company of Paul's Boys who had leased it in 1596–7. These shares in the Globe and Blackfriars were disposed of by Shakespeare at some time between 1613 and the date of his death, April 1616. There is a hint in the purchase of the Blackfriars estate; for £80 only was paid down, and a mortgage was executed for £60 by Shakespeare and two of his fellow players,—John Heminge and Henry Condell. These two, as appears by subsequent dealings with the Globe and Blackfriars stock, became the owners of all the shares in both theatres not accounted for by the Burbages and Augustine Philips.

Shakespeare had never been a manager, although an important actor in the company. He was in the prime of life, and his investment in London property might well have set him at the head of a theatre of his own had not his death been sudden.

It is a mistake to suppose that Shakespeare retired to a life of inaction in Stratford, as some say, early in the first years of the seventeenth century, although he was buried there in April 1616. The modest, gentle player-man, known to his friends as "Sweet Master Shakespeare," simply and justly complied with the obligations of a humble and contented life,—neither the companion of kings nor an envier of their greatness. He bore the same cares which beset the lowly, with unfailing constancy; and though death took from him one by one the men-children of his own and his father's house, he uttered no vain or querulous cry against the dispensation which caused the extinction of his name. For a brief space, undoubtedly, his soul quivered at the untimely loss of his only son, when in the year 1597 he followed his little ten-year-old Hamlet, as he was fondly called, to the church-yard of Holy Trinity; but when in the early spring of 1616 the last call came to him, he was still an active player of that sublime part for which great Mother Nature had cast him,—a teacher of men by the simplest yet subtlest of arts, the drama.

ARIEL

From 'The Tempest'

Present: Prospero. *Enter* Ariel

ARIEL—
All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Prospero— Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ariel— To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,—
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Prospero— My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ariel— Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leaped; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Prospero— Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel— Close by, my master.

Prospero—
But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel— Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Prospero— Of the king's ship,
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ariel— Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And all upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

ARIEL'S SONGS

Ariel *enters, invisible, playing and singing;* Prince Ferdinand *following him*

Ariel sings

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Burden — Bow, wow [*dispersedly*].
The watch-dogs bark:
Burden — Bow, wow.
Hark. hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Ferdinand —

Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth? —
It sounds no more; — and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; — but 'tis gone. —
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burden — Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand —

The ditty does remember my drowned father. —
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes — I hear it now above me.

Ariel, singing, helps to attire Prospero

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch. When owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Prospero —

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom; — so, so, so. —
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ariel — I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit Ariel.*

MARRIAGE SONG

From 'The Tempest'

JUNO — Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clustering bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Rain come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres's blessing so is on you.

SILVIA

From 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise as free:
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness. —
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

FALSTAFF TORMENTED BY THE SUPPOSED FAIRIES

From the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'

EVANS—
Lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Falstaff [*to himself*]—Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pistol— Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.

Queen— With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pistol— A trial! come.

Evans— Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn Falstaff with their tapers.*]

Falstaff—
Oh, oh, oh!

Queen— Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG BY ONE

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

CHORUS

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out!

SONG: TAKE, OH! TAKE

From 'Measure for Measure'

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,—
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

BALTHAZAR'S SONG

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Or dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

LADY HERO'S EPITAPH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

Scene: The Inside of a Church. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

CLAUDIO — Is this the monument of Leonato?
Attendants — It is, my lord.
Claudio [*reads*] —

EPITAPH

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin bright;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb we go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

WHITE AND RED

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

MOTH — If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

LOVE'S RHAPSODY

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thine eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows.
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,—
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far thou dost excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

SONG: SPRING AND WINTER

From 'Love's Labour's Lost'

SPRING

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,—
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,—
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—oh, word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,—
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

PUCK

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

Scene: A Wood near Athens. Enter a Fairy *and* Puck *at opposite doors.*

PUCK— How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fairy— Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips all her pensioners be:
In their gold cups spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck— The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight:
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fairy— Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labors in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck— Fairy, thou speak'st aright:
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me:
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Oberon—My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck— I remember.

Oberon— That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower,—the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that is seen.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck— I'd put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

THE DIVERSIONS OF THE FAIRIES

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

OBERON—
Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck— Ay, there it is.

Oberon— I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;

Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these bowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,—
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck— Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene: Another part of the Wood. Enter Titania, *with her train.*

Titania— Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG

First Fairy— You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,

Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy— Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offense.

CHORUS

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good-night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy— Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon

Oberon— What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Anointing Titania's eyelids.*]

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

THE FAIRIES' WEDDING CHARM

From 'Midsummer Night's Dream'

Enter Puck *with a broom on his shoulder*

PUCK— Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon *and* Titania *with all their train*

Oberon— Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier:
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania— First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we:
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be,
With this field-dew consecrate.
Every fairy take his gait,

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.

WHERE IS FANCY BRED

From the 'Merchant of Venice'

A Song [*the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself*]

TELL me, where is fancy bred,—
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All— Ding, dong, bell.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

From 'As You Like It'

AMIENS— Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall we see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

All together—Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques — I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens — And I'll sing it.

Jaques — Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens — What's that *ducdame?*

Jaques — 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

From 'As You Like It'

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

LOVE IN SPRINGTIME

From 'As You Like It'

IT WAS a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that our life was but a flower,
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

ONE IN TEN

From 'All's Well That Ends Well'

WAS this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth it was:
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighèd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

SWEET AND TWENTY

From 'Twelfth Night'

O MISTRESS mine! where are you roaming?
Oh, stay, for here your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting:
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,—
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

LOVE'S LAMENT

From 'Twelfth Night'

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH

From 'Twelfth Night'

Clown sings, to pipe and tabor

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still I had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

From the 'Winter's Tale'

Enter Autolycus, *singing*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, heigh! the sweet birds, oh, how they sing!—
Doth set my prigging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WHAT MAIDS LACK

From the 'Winter's Tale'

Enter Autolycus, *singing*

LAWN, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the peddler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

SWEET MUSIC

From 'King Henry VIII.'

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play—
Even the billows of the sea—
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

DOUBT NOT

From 'Hamlet'

DOUBT thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

DEAD AND GONE

From 'Hamlet'

Enter Horatio, *with* Ophelia *distracted*

OPHELIA—
Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen—How now, Ophelia?

Ophelia [*singing*]—How should I your true love know
From another one?—
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen— Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?
Ophelia— Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Singing*]—He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a green grass turf,
At his heels a stone.
Oh, ho!

Queen— Nay, but, Ophelia—
Ophelia— Pray you, mark:—

[*Singing*]—White his shroud as the mountain snow—

Enter King

Queen— Alas! look here, my lord.

Ophelia— Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

OPHELIA'S LAMENT

From 'Hamlet'

OPHELIA [*sings*]—
They bore him bare-faced on their bier;
Hey, non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rained many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes—Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia—You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes—This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia—There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies; that's for thoughts.

Laertes—A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia—There's fennel for you, and columbines;—there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with á difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—They say he made a good end.

[*Sings*]— For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes—Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Ophelia [*sings*]—And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God.—God be wi' you!

[*Exit Ophelia, dancing distractedly.*

IN THE CHURCH-YARD

From 'Hamlet'

Scene: A Church-Yard. Enter two Clowns *with Spades, etc.*

FIRST CLOWN — Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clown — I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clown — How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

Second Clown — Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown — It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches,— it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second Clown — Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clown — Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clown — But is this law?

First Clown — Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's-quest law.

Second Clown — Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clown — Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown — Was he a gentleman?

First Clown — He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown — Why, he had none.

First Clown — What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

Second Clown — Go to.

First Clown — What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown — The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown — I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

Second Clown — Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clown — Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown — Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown — To 't.

Second Clown — 'Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a distance*

First Clown — Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to yon'; fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit Second Clown.*

First Clown [*digs, and sings*]

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract. Oh! the time, for, ah! my behove,
Oh! methought, there was nothing meet.

Hamlet — Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horatio — Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet — 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clown

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Hamlet — That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, — one that would circumvent God, — might it not?

Horatio — It might, my lord.

Hamlet — Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Horatio — Ay, my lord.

Hamlet — Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

First Clown [*sings*]

A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For — and a shrouding sheet:
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Hamlet — There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Horatio — Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet — Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

Horatio — Ay, my lord, and of calfskins too.

Hamlet — They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clown — Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] — Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet — I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in 't.

First Clown — You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet — Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

First Clown — 'Tis a quick lie, sir: 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet — What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clown — For no man, sir.

Hamlet — What woman, then?

First Clown — For none, neither.

Hamlet — Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clown — One that was a woman, sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet — How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord! Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clown — Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet — How long is that since?

First Clown — Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet — Ay, marry: why was he sent into England?

First Clown — Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet — Why?

First Clown — 'Twill not be seen in him there: there, the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet — How came he mad?

First Clown — Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet — How strangely?

First Clown — Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet — Upon what ground?

First Clown — Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet—How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clown—Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet—Why he more than another?

First Clown—Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now: this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet—Whose was it?

First Clown—A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Hamlet—Nay, I know not.

First Clown—A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet—This? [*Takes the skull.*

First Clown—E'en that.

Hamlet—Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,—he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen. Now, get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio—What's that, my lord?

Hamlet—Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio—E'en so.

Hamlet—And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Horatio—E'en so, my lord.

Hamlet—To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio—'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet—No, faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander

died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

IAGO'S SOLDIER-SONGS

From 'Othello'

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span:
Why then let a soldier drink.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor—lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

DESDEMONA'S LAST SONG

From 'Othello'

Desdemona [*singing*]—
A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,—
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones.—

Lay by these.—

Sing willow, willow, willow.—

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
Emilia—It is the wind.
Desdemona—
I called my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

From 'Cymbeline'

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

FEAR NO MORE

From 'Cymbeline'

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

TIME'S GLORY

From the 'Rape of Lucrece'

TIME'S glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;
To cheer the plowman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

SONNETS

WEARY with toil I haste me to my bed,—
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

LET me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one;
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame:
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name;
But do not so: I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

WHEN most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,

When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
His rider loved not speed being made from thee.
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear:
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,—
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,—
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the Judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
Oh! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
Oh, fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
Oh, none! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry;—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disablèd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

OR I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him;

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

THE forward violet thus did I chide:— [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? the purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair:
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a cónfined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,—
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action: and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof—and proved, a very woe:
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
Oh, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

BEAUTY

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good:
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found;
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress:
So beauty blemished once, for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

LIVE WITH ME

From 'The Passionate Pilgrim'

LIVE with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And the craggy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

THRENOS

From 'The Phœnix and Turtle'

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phœnix's nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she:
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

SHAKESPEARE

[Additional Selections.]

DOGBERRY CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH

From 'Much Ado About Nothing'

Scene: A Street. Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the Watch.*

DOGBERRY — Are you good men and true?

Verges — Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogberry — Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verges — Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogberry — First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch — Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogberry — Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Second Watch — Both which, master constable,—

Dogberry — You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Second Watch — How, if 'a will not stand?

Dogberry — Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges — If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogberry—True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

Second Watch—We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry—Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Second Watch—How if they will not?

Dogberry—Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Second Watch—Well, sir.

Dogberry—If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Second Watch—If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry—Truly, by your office you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verges—You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogberry—Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges—If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Second Watch—How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear it?

Dogberry—Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verges—'Tis very true.

Dogberry—This is the end of the charge.—You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges—Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

Dogberry— Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verges— By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogberry— Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night. Come, neighbor.

Second Watch— Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogberry— One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

SHYLOCK—

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is a badge of all our tribe.
You called me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help.
Go to, then,—you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this?—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time

You called me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

Antonio— I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shylock— Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys,
And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

LAUNCELOT AND OLD GOBBO

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Venice. A Street. Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

LAUNCELOT — Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No: take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo"—or as aforesaid—"honest Launcelot Gobbo: do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most contagious fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend: "'fore the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son: for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend; "Budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the

Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the Devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very Devil incarnation; and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

[*Going out in haste.*

Enter Old Gobbo, *with a Basket*

Gobbo — Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot [*aside*] — O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not; — I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo — Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot — Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo — By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Launcelot — Talk you of young master Launcelot? — [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. — [*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo — No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot — Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gobbo — Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Launcelot — But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gobbo — Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Launcelot — *Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father: for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased; or as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo — Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot [*aside*] — Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gobbo — Alack the day: I know you not, young gentleman. But I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Launcelot — Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo — Alack, sir, I am sand-blind: I know you not.

Launcelot — Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gobbo — Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot — Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo — I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot — I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gobbo — Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshiped might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot [*rising*] — It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gobbo — Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Launcelot — Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man; — to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Venice. A Court of Justice.

PORTIA—
I am informèd throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke— Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia— Is your name Shylock?
Shylock— Shylock is my name.
Portia— Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
[*To Antonio*]—
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Antonio— Ay, so he says.
Portia— Do you confess the bond?
Antonio— I do.
Portia— Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock— On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia— The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock— My deeds upon my head. I crave the law;
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

LORENZO AND JESSICA

From 'The Merchant of Venice'

Scene: Belmont. The Avenue to Portia's House. Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

LORENZO —
The moon shines bright.— In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise — in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica — In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica — In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jessica — In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo — In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica — I would out-night you, did no body come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano

Lorenzo — Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Stephano — A friend.
Lorenzo — A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Stephano — Stephano is my name: and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo— Who comes with her?

Stephano— None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lorenzo— He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot

Launcelot—Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo—Who calls?

Launcelot—Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lorenzo—Leave hallooing, man: here.

Launcelot—Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo—Here.

Launcelot—Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.

[*Exit.*

Lorenzo—Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit Stephano.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress's ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica—I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

ROSALIND, ORLANDO, JAQUES

From 'As You Like It'

Scene: The Forest of Arden.

CELIA — Oh, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Rosalind — Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Celia — So you may put a man in your belly.

Rosalind — Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia — Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind — Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia — It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Rosalind — Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Celia — I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind — Orlando?

Celia — Orlando.

Rosalind — Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia — You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind—But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia—It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind—It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia—Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind—Proceed.

Celia—There lay he stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind—Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia—Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind—Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia—I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Rosalind—Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques

Celia—You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Rosalind—'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Rosalind and Celia retire.*

Jaques—I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando—And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques—Good-by, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlando—I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques—I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando—I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaques—Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando—Yes, just.

Jaques—I do not like her name.

Orlando—There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaques — What stature is she of?

Orlando — Just as high as my heart.

Jaques — You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando — Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques — You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orlando — I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques — The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando — 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques — By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando — He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques — There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando — Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaques — I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando — I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit Jaques.* — *Rosalind and Celia come forward.*]

Rosalind [*aside to Celia*] — I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

Orlando — Very well: what would you?

Rosalind — I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orlando — You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind — Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orlando — And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind — By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando — I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind — Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orlando — Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind — With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orlando — Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind — With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando — Who stands he still withal?

Rosalind — With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orlando — Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind — With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando — Are you native of this place?

Rosalind — As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando — Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind — I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando — Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind — There were none principal: they were all like one another, as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orlando — I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Rosalind — No: I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our

young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind; — if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando — I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind — There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orlando — What were his marks?

Rosalind — A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; — but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. — Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando — Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind — Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando — I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind — But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando — Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind — Love is merely a madness: and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando — Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind — Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me:

at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him: that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love, to a loving humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando — I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind — I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orlando — Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Rosalind — Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando — With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind — Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

RICHARD II. IN PRISON

From 'King Richard II.'

Scene: Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle. Enter King Richard.

KING RICHARD —

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humors like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,

As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word;
As thus,—"Come, little ones;" and then again,—
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last: like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am; then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king.
Then am I kinged again; and by-and-by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives;
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string,
But for the concord of my State and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made me his numbering clock;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, for the sound that tells what hour it is,

Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

FALSTAFF AND PRINCE HAL

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern. Prince Henry, Poins. *Enter* Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, *and* Peto.

POINS — Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff — A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince Henry — Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff — You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver: I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry — How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Falstaff — A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore

thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince Henry—Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Falstaff—Are you not a coward? answer me to that! and Poins there?

Poins—Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Falstaff—I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

Prince Henry—O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Falstaff—All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince Henry—What's the matter?

Falstaff—What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince Henry—Where is it, Jack! where is it?

Falstaff—Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince Henry—What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff—I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum.* [*Drawing it.*] I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

Prince Henry—Speak, sirs: how was it?

Bardolph—We four set upon some dozen,—

Falstaff—Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bardolph—And bound them.

Peto—No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff—You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bardolph—As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Falstaff—And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince Henry—What! fought ye with them all?

Falstaff—All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince Henry—Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff—Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

Prince Henry—What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff—Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins—Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff—These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince Henry—Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff—In buckram.

Poins—Ay, four in buckram suits.

Falstaff—Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince Henry [*to Poins*]—Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Falstaff—Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince Henry—Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff—Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

Prince Henry—So, two more already.

Falstaff—Their points being broken,—

Poins—Down fell their hose.

Falstaff—Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince Henry—Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Falstaff—But as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back, and let drive at me; —for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince Henry—These lies are like the father that begets them: gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Falstaff—What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince Henry—Why, how couldst thou know these men were in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins—Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff—What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince Henry—I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Falstaff—Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stockfish,—oh for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck—

Prince Henry—Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins—Mark, Jack.

Prince Henry—We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins — Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff — By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.

FALSTAFF'S ARMY

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: A public road near Coventry. Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

FALSTAFF — Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bardolph — Will you give me money, captain?

Falstaff — Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph — This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff — An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all,— I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bardolph — I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Falstaff — If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded

unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old pieced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat; — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one: they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Westmoreland

Prince Henry — How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Falstaff — What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your Honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

Westmoreland — Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Falstaff — Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince Henry — I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack: whose fellows are these that come after?

Falstaff — Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince Henry — I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Falstaff — Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Westmoreland — Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Falstaff—Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince Henry—No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff—What, is the King encamped?

Westmoreland—He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff—Well—

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

FALSTAFF IN BATTLE

From First Part of 'King Henry IV.'

Scene: Plain near Shrewsbury. Prince Henry *fights with* Hotspur. *Enter* Douglas: *he fights with* Falstaff, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* Douglas. Hotspur *is wounded, and falls.*

HOTSPUR—O Harry! thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool:
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. Oh, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince Henry—
For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough;—this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favors hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.—
[*Seeing Falstaff on the ground.*]
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spared a better man.
Oh! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Emboweled will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff [*rising*]—Emboweled! If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me; therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*He takes Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry *and* Prince John

Prince Henry—
Come, brother John: full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.
Prince John— But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
Prince Henry—
I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive, or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seemest.

Falstaff—No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing down the body*]: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince Henry—Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Falstaff—Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it—'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Prince John—

This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince Henry—

This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*

Falstaff—I'll follow as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him: if I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, dragging out Percy's body.*

HENRY'S WOOING OF KATHARINE

From 'King Henry V.'

Scene: An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

KING HENRY—Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katharine—Your Majesty shall mock at me: I cannot speak your England.

King Henry—O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Katharine—*Pardonnez moi*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

King Henry—An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Katharine—*Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice—*Ouy, vraiment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit il.*

King Henry—I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Katharine—*O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

King Henry—What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice—*Ouy;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

King Henry—The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you, in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Katharine—*Sauf vostre Honneur*, me understand well.

King Henry—Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife; or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off: but before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee

plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy: for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katharine—Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

King Henry—No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but in loving me you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Katharine—I cannot tell vat is dat.

King Henry—No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi* (let me see, what then? St. Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Katharine—*Sauf vostre Honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois leguel je parle.*

King Henry—No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Katharine—I cannot tell.

King Henry — Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, — the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt), I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Katharine — I do not know dat.

King Henry — No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?*

Katharine — Your *Majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

King Henry — Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear; my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou

shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Katharine—Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

King Henry—Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Katharine—Den it shall also content me.

King Henry—Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Katharine—*Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

King Henry—Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Katharine—*Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur noces il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

King Henry—Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice—Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France—I cannot tell what is *baiser* in English—

King Henry—To kiss.

Alice—Your Majesty *entend* bettre *que moi.*

King Henry—It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice—*Ouy, vraiment.*

King Henry—O Kate! nice customs curtsey to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

GLOSTER AND ANNE: GLOSTER'S SOLILOQUY

From 'King Richard III.'

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain Devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royal—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

LOVE SCENE FROM 'ROMEO AND JULIET'

Scene: Juliet's Chamber. Enter Romeo *and* Juliet

JULIET — Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo — It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet — Yon light is not daylight: I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo — Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so—
How is 't, my soul? Let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet — It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes;
Oh! now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
Oh! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Romeo — More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

From 'Julius Cæsar'

Scene: The Roman Forum.

ANTONY —

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. — Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen—
We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All— The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony— Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it? . . .
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen—O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen—O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen—O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen—O traitors! villains!

First Citizen—O most bloody sight!

All—We will be revenged. Revenge! about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!—let not a traitor live. [*They are rushing out.*

Antony—Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen—Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen—We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony—Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All— We'll mutiny.

MACBETH BEFORE THE DEED

From 'Macbeth'

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor: thus even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.—

. . . . . .

Go: bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee;—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleeper; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

From 'Hamlet'

To be, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more;—and by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons,
Be all my sins remembered.

OTHELLO'S WOOING

From 'Othello'

HER father loved me; oft invited me:
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;—
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;—
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.— On this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.